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THE
GROWTH OF FREEDOM
IN THE
BALKAN PENINSULA.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER IN MONTENEGRO, BOSNIA,
SERVIA, BULGARIA, AND GREECE.

*WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES
OF THE PEOPLE.*

By JAMES GEORGE COTTON MINCHIN,

LATE (FIRST) CONSUL-GENERAL OF SERVIA IN LONDON.

WITH A MAP.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1886.

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TO

RICHARD SIMS DONKIN, M.P.

AND

MRS. DONKIN

This Book

IS DEDICATED BY THEIR FRIEND.

P R E F A C E.

IN this book I have endeavoured to give the national point of view of Montenegrins, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks. I have treated the Eastern Question, not as it affects English interests, but as it affects the interests of the small independent States of the Balkans. This is, properly speaking, no work on the Eastern Question, which is the grandiloquent title for the selfish interests of the Great Powers in the small States of the Peninsula, but a work on the views and habits of the people of those countries. By the courteous permission of the Editors of the *Times* and the *Morning Advertiser*, the letters, which I wrote for their columns, form the groundwork of the present book. Those letters have been remodelled and in great measure rewritten, while the chapters, which refer to the social life of the Bulgarian, have not appeared before.

Arm-chair readers little know the trouble authors have with their titles. "The Free Balkans" might have been a more taking title, but would have conveyed a false impression to the reader. The Balkans are not free. There is more freedom on the Peninsula than existed fifty years ago. This is the utmost that can be said. I have, therefore, entitled my book, "The Growth of Freedom," and hope that the Serb and Bulgarian statesmen of the future may be permitted by the Great Powers to make "the bounds of Freedom wider yet."

It is impossible for me within the limits of a preface adequately to discharge my debt of gratitude to all, who have been hospitable and kind to me upon my travels. I can only name those who have placed me under special obligations. I shall never forget the kindness of my friend Mr. William Kirby Green (H.B.M.'s Envoy Extraordinary at Morocco), of Captain Jones, V.C., and Sir Frank Lascelles. I gratefully remember the hospitality of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Merlin, our Consuls respectively at Serajevo and the

Piræus; and of Mr. Blunt, C.B., our Consul-General at Salonica. I have to thank for many useful hints and letters of introduction my friends Mr. Arthur Busch, Mr. Arthur Evans, and Captain Gambier, R.N. I am especially indebted to Mr. Augustus Baker (our Consul at Vera Cruz) for having introduced me to M. Philip Christitch (late Serb Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James's), and for having first led me to the study of Serb language and history. M. Philip Christitch has been to me more than kind, and I am most grateful to him. It is, indeed, doubtful whether this book would have ever been written, if it had not been for the advice and encouragement of my old tutor, Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, who has been my life-long friend. This catalogue of my "Peninsula heroes" would be incomplete without the names of my two partners, Mr. Magnus Pyke and Mr. William Pyke, who have sympathised with me in what has been my labour of love.

October 25th, 1886.

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Agnes Smith
Mar. 1884

THE GROWTH OF FREEDOM IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

CHAPTER I.

The Stones of Montenegro—Njeguschi—Montenegrians Free Traders—Treaty with Great Britain—Peter Petrovitch Njegusch—"The Crown of the Mountain"—Past and Present Form of Government—History—Stephen Dūshan—Kóssovo—Danilo Petrovitch—Montenegrin Occupation of Cattaro—Assassination of Prince Danilo and Prince Michel—The Montenegrin abroad—Cettinje—Diplomatic Dinner—Treatment of Prisoners—Mutilation—Women of Cettinje—State Salaries—Montenegrin *versus* Bulgarian—Religion of Soap—The Press of Montenegro—Tree of Justice—Serb Marriages—Montenegrin Graveyard—Dulcigno and Antivari—Hostages to Fortune—Story of the National Debt—Prospects.

THE stranger who enters Montenegro by night is not likely to forget it. The few figs and pomegranates that struggle among the rocks near Cattaro, disappear as we approach the stone that marks the boundary between the Empire of Austria and the Principality of Montenegro. We had no sooner crossed the frontier than the guide, who accompanied us from Cattaro, and who was an

Austrian subject, slipped from his horse and knelt and kissed the consecrated soil. The soil of Montenegro may well be called consecrated; for what higher form of consecration can the fatherland receive than the blood of its sons shed in its defence? Yet it was not for fertile fields that the Montenegrins fought, but for barren mountains. As you enter Montenegro, you see nothing but stones. In daylight the stones of Montenegro weary the eye with their gray colour, but at night, under the moonlight, they take to themselves weird and ghostly shapes, and peer at you like the gargoyles of some northern cathedral. Here and there a beech-tree stands erect, looking for all the world like a sentinel, though you have now entered a land that needs neither sentinel nor policeman. Civilisation has not yet brought the thief in her train to Montenegro. The old tradition of England under King Alfred, that a child could travel through the land, purse in hand, unguarded, without harm or hurt, is certainly true of the Montenegro of to-day. Revolving many things in my mind, I rode, on a fine frosty night of September 1882, to Njeguschi. This is only a little village of well-built stone cottages, yet surely its history should make it remarkable among the

cities of Europe. Njeguschi stands on virgin soil that the foot of the invader has never desecrated. Four times have the Turks burnt Cetinje, but Njeguschi they have never succeeded in taking. Of how many towns of Europe can it be said that no stranger has ever entered it, save in peace! Another thought may also occur to the stranger in Njeguschi, that though he is now approaching the capital of Montenegro, he has seen no building resembling a Custom House. The fact is, from one of the severest protective States in the world, he has entered what is, perhaps, the only State in Europe that maintains the free-trade principles of England. A ten-years' treaty of commerce has recently been concluded between this country and Great Britain. This is a matter for congratulation, and whatever may be the political future of the little Principality, her commercial treaty with us will be respected, until it expires by effluxion of time. Unfortunately our high diplomatists overlooked this very vital matter, when they authorised the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austrian troops. Before the Treaty of Berlin, about half-a-million sterling of English goods used to be imported annually into Bosnia. This trade with England has been entirely destroyed by the

Austrian Government placing an 80 per cent. duty on all imported goods. It might very easily have been provided by the Berlin Treaty that the occupation of the Turkish villayet of Bosnia was in no way to interfere with her commercial relations, but this was overlooked by plenipotentiaries more accustomed to *la haute politique* than ledger balances. Probably the oversight with respect to Bosnia opened the eyes of our Foreign Office to the importance of keeping a market for British goods; hence the treaty under which all English goods are imported free of duty into Montenegro, the Montenegrins only reserving to themselves the right of levying a *maximum* duty of 8 per cent. At present the only charge on foreign products in Montenegro is a tax of 4 per cent. *ad valorem* on all sales effected by storekeepers. The tax-gatherer makes a round of the stores every three or four months, and ascertains the amount of goods actually sold. The storekeeper, therefore, only pays duty on his realised profit. In Austria there is a prohibitive duty, and in Turkey an 8 per cent. duty. There is no wonder then that the border towns of Montenegro drive a roaring trade, and that the subjects both of Austria and Turkey flock in to purchase foreign goods.

But to continue our journey. As we first came in sight of Cetinje, we saw on the right a small chapel on the summit of a lofty mountain. It is there that the greatest poet who ever wrote in a Slav tongue lies buried. He was buried there at his own wish—a fitting spot in which to bury a poet. For there on “the crown of the mountain,” the name of his greatest poem, he peacefully slumbers in the calm moonlight, and there he receives morning’s first light. This man is known in Slav literature as Peter Petrovitch Njegusch, and in Montenegrin history as Peter II. He was not only in his poetry a forerunner of Darwin—for his poem, “The Crown of the Mountain,” is as full of thought as it is of imagination—but he was a wise ruler, ruling by the true divine right of being the best man in his country. On his death in 1851, Prince Danilo, the uncle of the present Prince, went to Russia, as the custom then was, to be consecrated the spiritual Prince and Bishop of Montenegro. The Emperor Nicholas seems to have laughed him out of this ancient practice, and the late Prince, instead of converting himself into monk and bishop, returned to his own country and married. Of course, there was a great uproar. Half the leading personages in the State, who are

naturally Conservative, were put in prison ; but the storm soon blew over, and now the episcopal rulers of Montenegro are a thing of the past. The present form of government in Montenegro is at once the most despotic and the most popular in Europe—despotic, because the will of the Prince is the law of the land ; and popular, because the personal rule of the Prince meets all the wants and wishes of his people. No Sovereign in Europe sits so firmly on his throne as the Prince of this little State, and no Sovereign is so absolute. The Montenegrins have no army ; they are themselves a standing army. They go to war with the same zest that an English school-boy takes to cricket. We should have to go back to times before the Norman Conquest to find an Englishman of the same stamp as the modern Montenegrin. In the late war, the Prince found a Montenegrin of eighty years of age in the ranks. The Prince told him he was too old to fight ; the man said, “ No ; ” and when the Prince insisted, the octogenarian drew a pistol from his belt and shot himself. The Prince is naturally proud of his subjects, and often speaks of his capital as being more secure than either Belgrade or Bucharest. Cetinje is, indeed, only an open village, but it

possesses that best of fortifications—brave men. But before we make the personal acquaintance of some of these Spartans of modern Europe, we will very briefly trace the history of their country.

Montenegro formed part of the empire of Stephen Dūshan, the famous “Emperor of the Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians.” It was not necessary for Stephen Dūshan to proclaim himself Emperor of the Montenegrins, as the term Serb then, as now, included Montenegrins. If you ask a Montenegrin what language he speaks, he replies, “Serb.” The Serb Emperor Lazar fell gloriously fighting at Kóssovo in 1389. The number of ballads written on this battle is legion, and to this day the Montenegrin wears a strip of black silk upon his head-gear in memory of that fatal day. The lowlands of Servia having lost their independence at Kóssovo, the highlands of Servia became a city of refuge to which all Serbs might fly, and these highlands came to be known as Montenegro. Thus Montenegro became an independent Principality. In 1516, the last of its hereditary princes abdicated, and for a period of one hundred and eighty years Montenegro was governed by elective bishops. This was a period of incessant fighting, and although their alliance was sought

and obtained by Austria, Russia and Venice, whenever one of those Powers was at war with Turkey, the Montenegrins were always abandoned by its ally to the Sublime Porte, when peace was made. No wonder that Danilo Petrovitch at first refused the honour of being hereditary Vladika or Bishop. The throne of Montenegro nearly proved to him a martyr's throne. He was condemned to be crucified by a Turkish pasha, from whom he had purchased a safe-conduct. He bore the cross a day's journey, and must have already felt the agony of death, when he was ransomed by his subjects. This happened in 1702. Happily for the Christians of the East, the cruelty of Turkish pashas had been tempered by their venality. As only the land-marks of her history are being given here, the incident of Stephen the Little, the Perkin Warbeck of Russia, must be passed over; suffice it to say, that her soil would be rich indeed, were it as fertile in produce as her history in incident. In 1813, Cattaro was (with the aid of a British fleet) taken from the French, and thus the Montenegrins secured an outlet to the sea. By the Treaty of Vienna this rocky shore, which merely forms the basis of the Black Mountain, was taken from Montenegro and given

to Austria. England was in favour of Montenegro retaining the coast-line of the Bay of Cattaro, but Russia supported the pretensions of Austria. No wonder my guide so fervently assured me that he was no Austrian, though had he known Montenegrin history better, he would have loved Russia as little as Austria. "A curse on both your Houses" might well be the exclamation of a Montenegrin.

The Conservatives, who objected to the abolition of the post of Vladika, or hereditary bishop, were perfectly right, and for this reason. Up to 1851, the Montenegrins had been wont to look up to the Prince of Servia as the head of the Serb race, while Serbs of the Danubian Principality looked up to the Vladika as the spiritual head of the Serb Church. On the instigation of the Czar all this was changed. The Prince of Montenegro thus became the rival of his neighbour in Servia. Danilo was, however, so great a man, that he could afford to take a second place. He declared himself the first soldier in the army of the head of his race, Michel, Prince of Servia. The close alliance of the two Serb princes would have been fruitful in blessings to their own subjects, and would have strengthened a hundredfold the prospects of European peace. Soon after his famous utterance of

goodwill and unity with Serbia, Prince Danilo was assassinated at Cattaro. In 1868 Prince Michel was assassinated at Belgrade. The secret springs of these nefarious deeds have never been made public, but it is at least significant that prior to Danilo's murder Russia withdrew the annual allowance she had been in the practice of making him. The withdrawal of this allowance produced a deficit in the national revenue, which Prince Danilo endeavoured to cover by fresh taxes. These taxes caused disturbances, and the disturbances were followed by Prince Danilo's assassination. A few lines among its Reuter's telegrams is all the space that even the *Times* could find for the murder of Prince Danilo. Columns have been filled by the recent kidnapping of the Prince of Bulgaria. It is decidedly better policy to murder and not to kidnap. Live stolen goods are always difficult to warehouse, and have an awkward knack, like the proverbial chickens, of returning to roost. Danilo was assassinated by a Montenegrin. It is a painful fact, that while the Montenegrin on his native rocks is a loyal, brave, and tender-hearted man, when he once leaves his mountain, he too often sinks to the very lowest level of humanity, and becomes the worst type of

cut-throat, private and political. There is a wide difference between the Montenegrin at home and abroad. The accomplices of the Russian officer, who murdered General Skobeleff's mother near Philippopoli, were Montenegrins. The would-be assassins of Prince Alexander in the Bourgas conspiracy of 1886 were Montenegrins. These facts are no mere coincidences, but the results of centuries of passive obedience and incessant warfare.

The traveller who formerly entered Cetinje at night might have mistaken (as I did) the Palace for the inn. A courteous sentinel prevented my forcing an entrance, and directed me to the tavern, where (unlike Shenstone) I had but an indifferent welcome. Indeed the traveller, who wakes up in Cetinje, will have difficulty in believing that he is in one of the capitals of Europe. What Athens was fifty years ago, that Cetinje is to-day. Under King Otho, Athens was only an Albanian village, with 8000 inhabitants; under Prince Nicholas, Cetinje is a Serb village with 2000 inhabitants. The traveller will look out of his window down a straggling street. To his left, rising above the cottages of Cetinje, he will see the Prince's Palace. Above the

Palace is the Cloister, and above the Cloister the belfry, where the heads of decapitated Turks used to be impaled in days gone by. To his right he will see the Hospital. Except these buildings, a girls' high school, maintained at the charge of the Empress of Russia, and a few houses that have recently been erected for the Foreign Legations, all in Cetinje is squalid and unpicturesque. And yet to this village Ministers are accredited from the leading Courts of Europe, and the diplomatic communication between Vienna, or St. Petersburg, and Cetinje is even more vigilant and frequent than that between those capitals and London. If but a few years ago you had entered one of these Legations, you would not have found the comfort of an English cottage. You would perhaps have been fortunate enough to receive an invitation to dine at the Legation of one of the Great Powers. The dinner would be served on an unopened whist-table, and so close would be your quarters, that the four soup plates touched. The only other pieces of furniture in the room besides the chair you sat on were a sofa and a bed. It was with good reason that your host exclaimed that nothing but a sense of patriotism could induce a man to live in such a country; as for a dog or horse, he added,

they died here. The Montenegrins enjoy a bad reputation for their treatment of prisoners and animals. This reputation is undeserved. The Montenegrins treat horses and cattle well. The country is a bad country to travel in; hay and corn are not abundant, and therefore their horses have rather a cab-horse appearance. A Montenegrin talks to his ox, calls him his feeder, and never maltreats him. As for dogs, in the country they are too valuable as sheep-dogs to be cruelly used; in Cetinje they are somewhat numerous, and are not as indulgently treated as in Stamboul. A few words on the more serious charge of mutilating prisoners. It is easy for us, enjoying all the good things of civilisation, to rebuke the Montenegrins for returning in kind on their pitiless enemies those very cruelties which they suffered themselves at their hands. Nose-cutting, as we learn from the *Odyssey*, is an ancient custom. It was undoubtedly practised by the Montenegrins, but from motives not altogether bad. The Montenegrin, who is a Christian, and by nature of a gentle disposition, felt scruples about taking the life of his Turkish prisoner. At the same time, he did not wish the Turk to boast that he had discomfited a Montenegrin. He therefore put this

mark upon his face, that all might know the Turk was a vanquished man. That this was a common practice in Montenegro within recent years I will not deny; but what I do assert is, that no Turkish prisoner has been mutilated by the Montenegrins since the last battle of Medun in 1876. On that occasion several Turks were brought into Scutari in a mutilated condition, and our Consul there, Mr. Kirby Green, wrote a report which drew the attention of Europe to the subject. This report was read by the Prince of Montenegro, and he forbade the practice under the severest penalties. The result was that this abomination went out of fashion with the Montenegrins. They began to take Turkish prisoners, and by the end of the war 6000 had passed through their hands. The best proof that the Montenegrins no longer mutilate their prisoners is the fact that not one of those 6000 Turks was in any way maltreated. The Albanians have not, however, followed the example set them by the Montenegrins. Only two years ago the Albanians cut off and impaled the heads of all Montenegrins, who fell into their hands. It is a pity that those who so freely censure the Montenegrins for their misconduct in the past, should be silent on the atrocious con-

duct of the Turkish irregular troops of the present day.

It is time, however, that we should commence our walk through Cetinje. There is nothing that strikes the foreigner more than the respectful bearing of Montenegrins to strangers. The late Turkish Plenipotentiary here used to say that there was one good trait in the Montenegrin character, and that was their respect for rank. The important little man used to waddle along the streets of Cetinje, revelling in the tokens of respect paid to him. In fact, Englishmen who like to have the hat touched to them, should go to Cetinje, where this custom still exists. They will, however, be disappointed with the beauty of the women. The women of Cetinje, except the Princess, are not beautiful, and Her Highness confirms me in an opinion I have long formed, that feminine beauty is the product of civilisation. But how can you expect beauty from women who are used as beasts of burden by the men? From such treatment you can only expect premature age and preternatural ugliness. The well-grown, handsome men, who are playing at ball before the palace of the Prince, are the husbands and brothers of the poor creatures who are carrying

wood and water to their homes. This jovial-looking man that so civilly accosts us is Navica Cerovitch, the father of the Minister of Finance, and a famous slayer of Turks. It seems fitting to Montenegrins that heroes should rest in peace, and leave the work to wives and daughters. The stout man with Cerovitch, with a good rug thrown over his shoulder, is the Minister of the Interior; and the dapper little man behind him, who greets you with so much cordiality and in such good French, is the President of the Senate. The Senate of Montenegro is nominated by the Prince, and, it is needless to add, says "Wow" to his "Bow." The President of the Senate is a cousin of the Prince, and, though a young man, is second only in importance to the Heir Apparent. This gentleman is the best paid official in the State. He receives £120 a year. Montenegro is not a wealthy country. A Montenegrin, who is worth £40 all told, would pass here for well-to-do. They are not ashamed of their poverty. They have too much sense for that. A relation of the Prince will frankly admit that he is poor; but unfortunately, from the highest downwards, the Montenegrins expect and accept gifts from the stranger. Prince Nicholas's nominal yearly in-

come is £4,100 ; to this sum Russia adds an annual allowance of £4,800. This, however, is exclusive of large sums expended by the Russian Government in purchases of arms for the Prince's army. It is to be hoped that both Prince and people may reach that point in civilisation, when a man dislikes to receive favours which he cannot return. Like all mountaineers, they by no means despise money, and if you were to offer a Montenegrin the choice of a sovereign or a napoleon, he would at once choose the former as the more valuable.

Unfortunately, they are not at present very industrious. The Montenegrins are Serbs, and form the flower and aristocracy of the Slav race. Physically they are both big and handsome, and they tower over all visitors to their country, except indeed the Prince of Bulgaria, who, when he visited Cetinje, was visibly taller than the tallest of Prince Nicholas's subjects. The Montenegrins are the antithesis of the Bulgarians. Place a Montenegrin and a Bulgarian in a London drawing-room, the Bulgarian would appear what he is—a peasant; the Montenegrin, a gentleman. Montenegro no more possesses a peasantry than it possesses a standing army. All the Montenegrin peasants are gentlemen

quite as much as they are soldiers. But place this same Montenegrin and Bulgarian in a field, and the Bulgarian will convert the field into a garden, while the Montenegrin will saunter like a gentleman. The brave inhabitants of this country must mend their ways in this respect, or we shall see enacted in this peninsula the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. Time is needed, however, to work this great change in the character of the people. It is difficult for them to believe that fighting, which has been their business in the past, will not be their business in the future. The Montenegrins have always paid special attention to their weapons, but they are satisfied with the same plough that their ancestors used a thousand years ago. It cannot be supposed that such exclusive attention to muscular force has not injured the mental power of the country. A Montenegrin school can no more be compared to a Bulgarian school than it could be to a Board-school in London; and one of the worst signs of retrogression in this country is, that while there were fifty-eight schools in Montenegro before the late war, there were in 1882, even with her enlarged territory, only nineteen schools. It is not only in actual expenditure of money that a war can

make a people suffer, but much more in directing their energies into unproductive channels. The last war with Turkey lasted five years. It was fought with money which undoubtedly did not come out of the pockets of Montenegrins, yet it left them poorer than they were before the war—poorer not only in money, but poorer in self-help. It is hard for a Montenegrin to become a man of peace. The present postmaster of Cetinje lost his leg in the late war. The poor man preferred dying as a soldier to living as a civilian with one leg, and it was only at the request of the Princess that he submitted to amputation. Of this lady it is difficult to speak too highly. During the war, she used, in order to give courage to the sufferers, to be present at operations which drove every other woman from the ward. In peace and war she is the mother of her people.

Montenegro is the only spot of ground (unless it be the Berlin Stock Exchange) where the Russian Government is trusted. The main reason for this is the dread the Montenegrins have of Austria. They value their national independence, and they consider that more in danger from Austria than from Turkey. It is not Turkey, but Austria that hems them in and that still shuts

them out from the Bay of Cattaro. If they could, they would gladly take England as their patron saint; but English statesmen very naturally regard the protection and financing of Montenegro as no part of their duty. Prince Nicholas feels bound to place his country and himself under the protection of one of the Great Powers, and regards Russia as the best available bulwark against Austrian annexation, and against national bankruptcy. He does not wish to become Russian, but he objects to become Austrian. This is his point of view. Austria has also earned an evil reputation among Orthodox Slavs for the zeal with which she has enforced a Catholic propaganda in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Montenegrins are not great church-goers, but they resent most bitterly any attempt to favour the Catholic Church at the expense of their own. On every ground, practical and sentimental, Montenegro has no desire to become an occupied province.

Still the Montenegrins do not show their distrust of the Austrian Government by unfriendly treatment of Austrian subjects. In 1882, both the chief physician and the head inspector of schools were Austrian subjects, but since then a military doctor has been lent to the

Montenegrin Government by the French. All who are acquainted with both countries must have been struck with the remarkable difference between the reception which the Russians meet at the hands of Bulgarians, and that which Austrian Slavs meet at the hands of Montenegrins. In Bulgaria ever since the war the Russians have been objects of suspicion (to give the feeling a mild term) to the Bulgarians; but in Montenegro with the Austrian Slavs it is quite otherwise. The difference arises mainly from the gentle and unassuming character of Southern Slavs—a disposition which their relations in Russia do not share with them. There are two newspapers published in Montenegro—one the official journal, and the other a popular medical paper. Sixty copies of the latter are sold in Montenegro. When you read the paper and find that its articles are on the way to live in health throughout the year, the evil consequences of wearing ear-rings, the proper treatment of infants, you are surprised, not that so few, but that so many copies of such a paper should be bought by Montenegrins. It is earnestly to be hoped that the laudations upon soap which this paper (*Health*) contains, may have some influence on

those who read it. I regret to state that after their baptism the majority of Montenegrins do not often come in contact with water, except when it rains. If any one objects to an unwashed Montenegrin being called a gentleman, he must remember that the Grand Monarque himself rarely washed his hands, and that the religion of soap is quite of recent date, and very English in its cult.

Perhaps the most interesting institution in Cetinje is the tree of justice. Here the Prince sits, and to him come the meanest of his subjects. Our English law has a maxim—*De minimis non curat lex*. The present Prince of Montenegro said, "If you suffer injustice to the value of one farthing, and you do not come and complain to me, you are not yourself worth a farthing." Justice is well administered in Montenegro, but all who have, or think they have, suffered wrong, can go direct to the Prince, and the Prince will either decide the case himself or will direct a new trial. The expression "new trial" is one of such ill-omen in English ears, that I may at once state that Montenegrin law is cheap and speedy. It is needless to add, there are no lawyers in Montenegro. The law of Montenegro has been codified more than once, but the real law of the land are the decrees

of the Prince. From his patriarchal tree you see on your right the palace of the Prince, and on the left a grass-plot, on which several Montenegrins are lazily lounging. These persons are the criminals of the State. They are self-guarded. Should any of these prisoners think fit to return to his native village before his term of imprisonment has expired, he can do so, but he will at once be recognised and re-incarcerated. It is extremely rare for them to attempt to escape from the house and grass-plot which has been allotted to them by their Prince. Most of these men are homicides, and rarely thieves. There are a few female prisoners. I am told the majority are in prison for murdering their husbands. As beauty is a flower that blooms but in civilised climes, so are marriages for love a product of civilisation. An affair of the heart, culminating in marriage, is almost unknown among the Serb peasantry. In Servia, in Bosnia, in Montenegro, the parents arrange these matters, and often a maid has not seen her future husband until she meets him at the altar. In Bulgaria a custom even more ancient than the *mariage de convenance* holds good. I will not say positively that these *mariages de convenance* are the cause of the prevalence of

divorce in Montenegro, but it is a striking fact that during the year 1882 there were as many as two hundred divorces in this little country.

If you visit a churchyard in Montenegro, you are struck by its wretched and untidy appearance. There are no flowers, hardly a cross, nothing to show love and respect for the dead. A God's acre such as this seems un-Christian, and worse than a Turkish burial-place. You are tempted to charge the Montenegrins with want of affection, but you must remember that their long wars with the Turks and their poverty have prevented them adorning either the homes of the living or the graves of the dead. Look around you on the stones of Montenegro, and you will forgive the Montenegrins all their shortcomings. They have fought for and won their liberty, and now let us hope that all good things will be added thereto. Among such good things an Englishman will naturally reckon Dulcigno and Antivari. It is not quite certain that a Montenegrin, or rather it is quite certain, that a Montenegrin of the present day would not. It is not merely on the principle that realisation never equals anticipation, that the Montenegrin is dissatisfied. He has really obtained what he never wanted. The accession of

territory that Montenegro desired was a slice out of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and not a strip of land from Podgoritzá to the sea. The Montenegrin knows he might as well cry for the moon as ask for the lovely Bay of Cattaro. The new territory given him by the Treaty of Berlin is mainly inhabited by aliens, and by exposing the State to the attacks of her enemies, compels her to remain at peace. We have simply given Montenegro a frontier that it is almost impossible to defend. Montenegro has now given hostages to fortune. She is no longer a little mountain State with nothing to lose and everything to gain from going to war, but a State with a sea-board and a territory that lies outside the charmed circle of her rocks. Confined to her former small limits, Montenegro has done great things in the past; but she might have become a source of danger in the future, standing, as she did, like an entrenched camp in the midst of Europe. All this has been remedied by the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. There may, indeed, have been more brilliant strokes of policy; but seldom has the foreign policy of England been more just to all concerned or more fraught with good to the whole of Europe. In giving Dulcigno to Montenegro, Mr. Gladstone

has given this principality a window through which it can peep into Europe, and, with seeing it, may come to imitate. A few miles of mountain land to the north would have better suited strategical purposes, but it is as well that Montenegro should know that Europe values peace, and is resolved to maintain it.

The accession of territory has brought its usual concomitant—a national debt. The history of this loan is instructive, as it shows how closely the affairs of this little State are watched by the Great Powers. The Montenegrin Government succeeded in obtaining favourable consideration of its wish to contract a loan in London. As soon as this fact transpired in Vienna, immediate steps were taken to prevent any financial relations arising between Montenegro and England. With this object a loan of one million florins (£100,000) was made to Montenegro by the Länder-Bank of Vienna, on terms much more favourable than those of the English financiers. It is needless to add that as these terms—viz., 6 per cent. at par—were more favourable even than those that can be obtained by the Austrian Government itself, the arrangement of this loan must have been carried through under very high auspices. The money

was ostensibly obtained to buy the lands of those Mahomedans who preferred leaving their country to becoming Montenegrin subjects. It is to be hoped that a balance may be left to push on the useful works, such as good roads, already begun in this country. There is not the slightest doubt that with industry, care, and a little money, Montenegro might become a prosperous country. The name itself of the country has been long misunderstood. Zrnagora does not mean Black Mountain (Montenegro), but Black Forest. By the very simplest of means—by preventing the goats from browsing among the rocks—some of the hills around Cetinje are already black with wood. The goats of Montenegro have played an important part in her history. While the men have been away on the wars, the goats have been busy at home disforesting the land. Thus every year the country became more barren and the men more estranged from peaceful pursuits. The hour has now come for the Montenegrin to learn that peace has her triumphs no less renowned than war. He has only to apply himself to agriculture with a tenth part of the energy which he has displayed in war, to make his country quite the equal of the neighbouring lands of Styria or Istria in

productive power. But the Montenegrin of the future, while living under his own vine and his own fig-tree, will never forget the immense debt of gratitude, which he owes to that rude ancestry who so bravely defended the stones of Montenegro.

CHAPTER II.

Discontent in Bosnia—Klek—The Narenta-valley Scheme—Austria's Commercial Policy—Austrian Mistakes—Austrian and Turkish Law Procedure—Austrian Officials—Count Kallay—The Appointment of Baron Nicolitch—Travelling and some Travelling Companions—Insurgents—Result of Disarmament—Sale of Raki near a Mosque—Official *Care* of Foreigners—Experiences of Messrs. Hamilton & Haigh—The Director of Police.

THE first question that an Englishman would ask respecting Bosnia would be, Is the country in a more prosperous condition, and are the inhabitants better off under Austrian than under Turkish rule? A Bosnian would answer this question with a decided negative. Before the Austrians occupied Bosnia there was a strong Austrian Party here, even among the Mahomedans. It is extremely doubtful whether an Austrian Party now exists among the natives. Whatever may be their religious differences, all creeds seem at one in their dislike of the Austrian occupation; and, if there be any exception to this universal feeling, it is the Roman Catholic, whose priest has taught him to submit

to every or any master. I shall now endeavour to trace the causes of the present discontent in Bosnia.

The small steamer which brings you from Gravosa to Metcovitch passes a peninsula, which, with the strip of land that faces it, still nominally belongs to the Sultan, for it forms a part of Herzegovina. The shore looks as barren as the rest of the Dalmatian coast, but within this bay lies one of the best natural harbours in the world—the port of Klek. In the old days of Turkish independence no one reaped much profit from this gift of nature, as Austrian guns planted on the point of the peninsula and on the mainland (both being Austrian territory) completely commanded the mouth of the harbour, and forbade the entrance of Turkish merchant vessels. Occasionally, in times of war, the Austrians permitted a Turkish man-of-war to disembark its troops, but no merchant vessel was permitted to discharge its goods in the port of Klek; for had not the Austrian Government and Providence determined that Trieste should be the only port of the Adriatic? Things have now changed, and Austrian statesmen may possibly regret the policy of the past. In the future Klek may become the

spoilt child, as formerly she was the well-whipt child, of Austrian statecraft. Klek forms part of the Narenta-valley scheme. The Narenta is a river that flows into the Adriatic a little to the north of Klek. The Austrians formerly possessed its mouth; they now occupy its banks to the source. The magnificent scenery of the Narenta valley has been often described, but its commercial value has been little dwelt upon. It is now proposed to cut a canal from the Narenta to the Bosna, and to deepen the channel of the latter. The Bosna is at present a pretty trout stream that flows into the Save, and the Save, as all the world knows, flows into the Danube. Thus a complete water communication would be brought into existence between Vienna and the Adriatic; and the exports of Austria, which have now to find their way to foreign markets either by German railways or by the Lower Danube, which belongs to alien Powers, would go in safety to the sea through Austrian territory. This is at present only a dream, but it is a dream which only needs a Lesseps to become a fact. The scheme is mentioned here to show that there are men in Austria, who do not regard Bosnia merely as a recruiting ground for the Austro-Hungarian

army, or, to use the now famous words of Baron Bylandt in the Austrian Reichsrath, as “a dam to any aggressive Power in the Balkans,” and who have ideas as beneficial for the Bosnians themselves as for the Empire.

These merchant-statesmen cannot, however, carry out their ideas so long as the present anomalous condition of Bosnia lasts. Bosnia, as it is, is “neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.” Bosnia must become part and parcel of the Austrian Empire before she can make any real progress. At present she enjoys the conscription, like other parts of the Empire, but post-office savings-banks, which have been introduced into Austria, are not established here. This is only one out of many examples that might be given of the line of demarcation drawn between Bosnia and Austria—a line of demarcation which did not exist between Bosnia and her former master. Whatever may have been the faults of Turkish rule in Bosnia, the country formed part of the Turkish Empire, and carried on a trade uncontrolled by Custom-houses with the rest of the Turkish Empire. Now all this is changed. The trade with Novi Bazar and Albania has been entirely cut off, and no new trade has

replaced it. Bosnia has to trade with Austria as other foreign nations trade, and the high tariffs of Austrian Custom-houses exclude Bosnian as they do all foreign goods. The traders who have come into this country since 1878 are nine-tenths Jews, of whom the inhabitants, either with good reason or from prejudice, do not speak well. It will be seen, therefore, that the commercial advantages derived from Austrian occupation are not obvious. The same remark may be made of Austrian law, Austrian police, and Austrian officialism in Bosnia. Turkish law has become a by-word in Europe, yet, strange to say, the Bosnians look back on it almost with regret. The decisions of the Cadi were often venal, but they were speedy. The Cadi used to decide off-hand; the Austrian Court requires written pleadings. The law's delay is becoming one of the curses of this country. Legal proceedings are as dilatory and verbose in Serajevo as they used to be in Chancery. Nor is the character of the new Austrian lawyers such as to inspire confidence. It is a misnomer to call them lawyers at all. They are men who, having failed in all honest callings, take to the law. One of the present lawyers in Serajevo was an actor, and a very bad

one, too. Having failed to amuse the inhabitants of Serajevo, he now instructs them in the superiority of Austrian to Turkish law.

It may at once be stated that few good officials come to Bosnia. This beautiful country is the Botany Bay of Austrian officials. The better class do not like coming here. The result is that you find two classes of officials here—either young men without experience, or old men without character. Officers who have left the army under a cloud, or officials who have got into some scrape, or young men anxious to get on, betake themselves to Bosnia. The Austrian Government is great at the art of hushing up, but still some instances of misbehaviour by high officials have come to light, and (it must be added) have been properly punished. Count Kallay intends, it is believed, to abolish the practice of lengthy written pleadings in the courts of law, and is certainly endeavouring to raise the character of Bosnian officialism. He has united in one official—the *Hauptmann* of the District—the administrative, financial, and judicial duties hitherto intrusted to distinct officials, and at the head of each department he has appointed a director in Serajevo. Count Kallay has filled these latter posts with men from the Consular

Service. The Chief Judge Anger was Consul in Belgrade, while Kutchera, the head of the administrative department, was first dragoman to the Embassy in Constantinople. The Director of Police, a young man of 26 years of age, was an *attaché* at the Austrian Embassy in Rome. He has been advanced to his present important post without any kind of previous training. But the most important change of all in the administrative machinery of Bosnia is the appointment of Baron Nicolitch as civil adlatus to General Appel, the Governor-General of Bosnia. The Governor-General of Bosnia has hitherto had a military adlatus, and the appointment of a civilian to this post is the virtual deposition of General Appel from the actual to the nominal headship of Bosnia. Baron Nicolitch, the new civil adlatus, is the nephew of the late Prince of Servia. He is orthodox by religion and Slav on his mother's side. The appointment was intended as a sop to the Slavs of the Greek persuasion, but it is doubtful whether Orthodox Slavs regard the Baron with an eye of favour. The Baron has married a Catholic wife, and is proud of being a magnate of Hungary. In fact, the Slavs consider his appointment as a clever move of the Hungarians, who,

with that energy which distinguishes the Magyar, daily increase their influence and control over the dual empire. It is not to be supposed that the military party in Bosnia look on in silence, while the best posts are taken away from soldiers and given to civilians. The officers already sneer at the new officials as consuls, and predict the confusion into which these "dilettantis" (as they call them) will throw the country. We will now consider the country itself, which these Austrian Consuls have been summoned to set in order.

Before the revolt against the Turks in 1875, Bosnia was one of the safest countries in Europe to travel in. It is now one of the most unsafe. It is a mistake to suppose that the Austrians made the excellent road which connects Metcovitch and Serajevo. The Turks made the road; the Austrians have improved it and added iron bridges. The Austrians have also constructed a railway from Mostar to Metcovitch. On the other hand, travelling is more dangerous under Austrian than it was under Turkish rule. The Turkish police knew how to track the brigands to their lairs in the mountains; the Austrian police do not attempt it. The road from Metcovitch to Mostar is, however, perfectly safe.

My sole travelling companion on this journey was a Mahomedan Slav merchant of Mostar. The term Mahomedan Slav is long, but no shorter will suffice. To speak of my friend as a Turk would be misleading. It would tend to perpetuate the error that the Mahomedans of Bosnia are aliens in the country of their birth. This is not so. The genuine Osmanli are a mere handful in Bosnia, while the bulk of the Mahomedan inhabitants are as proud of their Slav descent as the Christians around them. My Mahomedan friend was reputed to be the richest man in Bosnia; he certainly was one of the cleanest, and a delightful companion to share a carriage with. He never fidgeted. This merchant was very superior to two young Begs whose acquaintance I made in a Bosnian railway carriage. These country gentlemen of Bosnia kept on reiterating in bad French that they were "noble," and that in Austria they would be called "Grafs." One of the said "nobles" sat with his boots off, exhibiting his natural foot through his stocking. They both professed great loyalty to Austria, and the Austrian Government certainly merits their loyalty, if she does not enjoy it. It is a singular fact, however, that both the officers

and privates with whom I have spoken, have told me that the insurgents were Mahomedans or Turks (as the privates would call them). The Austrians do not like to admit that it is the Christians of Bosnia who rebel against their rule. A completely impartial authority has informed me that the insurgents are mainly recruited from the ranks of the Greek Christians. In consequence, according to M. Laveleye, of the unfair preference shown by the Austrian authorities to Catholic Slavs.

I do not suspect that the insurgent leaders trouble themselves about the nationality or the religion of their followers. The warfare they carry on is purely a guerilla warfare. They never meet the Austrian troops in the field. During the daytime the insurgents live like peaceful peasants in their own villages; in the nighttime they return to their mountains and seize the weapons they have secreted there. It is needless to say that the Austrians do not regard the insurgents as patriots, but as robbers. The insurgents, they say, are not particular what race or what creed they plunder, and tales of mutilation of Austrian soldiers by insurgents are rife. There is no doubt that brigand bands have increased in

number in Bosnia. In the summer of 1882, a wealthy Turk was robbed by Zekanovitch, a creature half patriot and half bandit. This happened within half a mile of Serajevo, and so leisurely did Zekanovitch go about his business, that he tied up with ropes the Turk, his wife and his family. The attention of the Director of Police was too much taken up by suspicious foreigners to leave him any time to look after rogues of a home growth. Unfortunately, the natives are unable to protect themselves as they did of old from such intrusive visitors. The Austrian Government suppressed the insurrection of 1882 with signal clemency. They were satisfied with imprisoning the rebels, and neither shot nor hung their prisoners. They were compelled, however, to disarm the population. This appears to be a reasonable measure, yet in its results it is unfortunate. The country has not reached that stage of civilisation in which weapons are unnecessary. The Bosnian needs his arms, not only to guard his flocks from wolves, but his home from robbers. The Pravoslavs, or Orthodox Slavs, already complain that the Mahomedans are being allowed by the Government to arm themselves, and consequently, to assume too much power in the land.

On dit, that at Cajnica the Mahomedans have forbidden the sale of raki near a mosque. If this statement is true, and I have been unable to verify it, the Government are not unfairly preferring Mahomedan to Christian, but only enforcing a wholesome Turkish law, which forbids the sale of spirits within a certain distance of mosque or school. The Austrian Government are honestly endeavouring to act fairly between Christian and Mahomedan. Nay, more; they are endeavouring, so far as they can fairly do so without trenching on Christian rights, to respect Mahomedan prejudices. The Sultan's flag still flies from the minarets of Serajevo, and as the Mahomedans object to wear any hat but the fez, the new Bosnian troops all wear fezes. But mere equality and toleration does not satisfy the Mahomedan. He regards equal rights with Christians as mere badges of servitude. The Begs would leave Bosnia to-morrow, if they could sell their land. Yet if they love not Austria, they love Turkey less. Were Turkey again to resume possession of Bosnia, the Beg would behave as he has always behaved—he would rebel; and a Turkish Governor of Mostar would be lucky, if he escaped the fate of the last Governor. The Mahomedan Slavs cut

his body into little pieces, when the Austrian troops crossed the Save.

The official Post takes two days to run from the capital of Herzegovina to the capital of Bosnia. We started at six in the morning, with an escort of six soldiers. Our road lay along the banks of the Narenta. The scenery was magnificent. The mineral wealth of Bosnia is well known. But the Austrian occupation has in no way quickened the mineral trade of Bosnia. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is itself so rich in minerals, that it needs all the foreign capital it can secure for the development of its own mines, and can spare none for Bosnia. Nor do the Austrian officials encourage foreigners to come to Bosnia. On the contrary, they throw every obstacle they can in their way. Any foreigner, who attempts to trade or even travel in Bosnia, must procure as many safeguards as if his country were actually at war with Austria. I will give one or two examples of official care for foreigners. Loupe is an excrescence that grows on walnut trees, and is used for veneering. Bosnia is very rich in walnut trees. M. Meyer, a commercial traveller, was commissioned by a French house to procure some. He came to Herzegovina for this object, and al-

though his passport was properly *visé* at Mostar, he was so often arrested that he left Bosnia, despairing of carrying out his commission. In the summer of 1882, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Haigh, two Oxonians, fell into the clutches of the youthful, but by no means gentle, Director of the Bosnian Police. These Englishmen intended to travel from Belgrade to Cettinje by way of Niksitch. They proposed to travel through Servia, and then by Novi Bazar and Ipek to Niksitch, and in this way to reach Cettinje without touching Austrian territory at all. They travelled through Servia and reached Novi Bazar in perfect safety. The Austrian Government wished the Turks to arrest them, but the Turks declined to do the dirty work of their neighbours. The Englishmen travelled on, I believe, to Ipek, but here they were told that their proposed route was dangerous, and that they must give up the idea of pushing on further west. They therefore turned northwards, crossed the Lim, and came to Plewlye. They were then in the enemy's country, for Plewlye enjoys a mixed occupation of Austrian and Turkish troops. The guide they had engaged at Belgrade was an Austrian subject. This man was arrested at Plewlye as "a suspicious person."

Being ignorant of Slav and Turkish, our countrymen had no other course than to follow their guide toward Serajevo. They had not gone far before they were themselves arrested. This happened in Cajnica, the first town of Austro-Bosnia they reached. The next morning they were released, and an apology was made to them. The Director of Police seems, however, either to have been unaware of the release or to have regretted it, for as soon as the military cavalcade escorting the Englishmen and their guide reached Serajevo, he informed the Englishmen that they must at once quit the country. Count Kallay was then in Serajevo, but he declined to interfere. The Director of Police, when remonstrated with by our Consul, proved obdurate. The Englishmen must leave, and that without delay. The Director of Police would give no reasons for his conduct, save that the *entourage* of the English travellers was suspicious. It is noticeable that as soon as the Austrian authorities had the Englishmen in their power, they at once released the servant. The "suspicious subject" was only arrested to decoy these two Oxonians into Bosnia—a country they had never intended to visit.

The behaviour of the Director of Police in thus

first entrapping, then arresting, and finally bundling out of the country two harmless Oxonians, would have disgraced a Chinese mandarin of the last century. In fact, travelling in the two countries—Bosnia and China—is very similar. The real obstructive is not the peasant, who (in Bosnia) hates only his foreign ruler, not his foreign visitor, but the official class which in both countries cumber the soil. Of late there have been complaints, even from Austrian sources, of “brigandage” in Herzegovina. These “brigands” are Montenegrin bands, whose enthusiasm for their brethren in Herzegovina their prince has been unable or unwilling to restrain. “The mere fact of travelling in these parts,” said the Director of Police to a gentleman of position, who remonstrated with him upon his conduct, “is in itself suspicious. The truth is, we do not want foreigners just now in Bosnia.” This remark, so ingenuously made, very neatly expresses the views of the native Bosnian.

CHAPTER III.

Serajevo, "the Damascus of the North"—Municipality—Tobacco Monopoly—Tithe-Tax and House-Tax, Turkish and Austrian—Income-Tax—Capitation-Tax—Oath of Bosnian Recruit—Proclamations of the *Sultan*—No Turkish Consul—General Philippovitch at Serajevo in 1878—The Magla Massacre—The School-master across the Save—Education Statistics and Cottage-Roofs—Miss Irby's School for Girls—Dr. Ivan Zoch and Dr. Johannovitch—Dream of the Philoslav—Austrian Jealousy of Things Serb—Ljepova—Roman Catholics of Bosnia—Mahomedan Slavs—Policy of Non-confiscation—Land Agitation—Co-operative Land System—Destruction by Fire of State Records—*Austrian* Shortcomings—Claimants to Bosnia—*Servia's* "Rights."

SERAJEVO stands under the hills in the corner of the largest plain in Bosnia. Its situation is similar to that of Sofia, but the capital of Bulgaria is surrounded by loftier hills than the capital of Bosnia. In all other respects "the Damascus of the North" is far superior to the capital of new Bulgaria. On the 4th October, 1882, Serajevo was united by rail with Vienna, and the journey from England can now be made in four days. It is strange that a town so Eastern in its habits and its appearance—the most Eastern in Europe—

should be within so short a distance of Western civilisation. The hotel in which I was staying is Oriental both in name and nature. A handsome new hotel has since been built in Serajevo by an Orthodox Christian, at the cost of £10,000, but such confidence in the stability of Austrian rule is rare. The rise of the first book-shop in a country should always be recorded. There is now a book-shop in Serajevo. The owner complained to me that business was bad, but from the high opinion I have formed of Bosnian intelligence, I should say it will not long continue so. As for the inhabitants of Serajevo, they seem to be an industrious and frugal people, opening their booths at sunrise and not closing them until sunset. The knives sold here are indifferent, but the leather of the town is excellent. In fact, Serajevo might be called the Northampton of the East. The town is better lighted now than it was in Turkish times, and some attempts have been made to introduce water-pipes, and thus save passers-by from being flooded from the house-tops. In other respects, the town remains much as it was under the Turks. The Austrians appointed a municipality when they entered Serajevo in 1878, and nominated a Mahomedan as mayor of the town. Accusations

of jobbery and corruption are freely made against this municipality, but they are not worse than the charges brought against the municipality of Philippopoli and many other towns on the peninsula. I assured my friends in Serajevo that such suspicions were not peculiar to Bosnian soil, and that the only wonder was not that their corporation jobbed, but that it did not job more. There is no doubt that, with the improvements that are now being carried out, especially in public education, the rates of the town have risen very considerably.

The Austrians have established an *octroi* for all goods that enter Serajevo and other large towns in Bosnia. This does not injure the peasants, who simply charge higher prices for their goods. The same remark applies to the tobacco duty. The Austrians have made tobacco a State monopoly. It is generally supposed in England that this measure was one of the causes of the recent insurrection. I do not think it had much to do with it. On the contrary, the monopoly has enriched the peasantry, while it has inconvenienced only the officials and the general public. In 1881 the peasants of Herzegovina sold their tobacco to the Austrian Go-

vernment at an enormous price. This year the Government have been compelled to give the peasants less for their tobacco. The taxes are no longer raised in the oppressive manner which disgraced Turkish rule in this and every other land under their dominion. For instance, the Turkish tithe-tax on produce used to be most unjustly assessed and most cruelly raised in Bosnia. The crops of the rayah would lie rotting on the ground, and the rayah would not dare to carry in the harvest until the tax-farmer (usually a Phanariote from Constantinople) had appeared and exacted his eighth. The tithe-tax is now most fairly assessed by the Austrians, and is not farmed out. The peasant pays in money and not in kind. The result is, that the peasant, by keeping his produce till the following spring, often makes a profit out of the transaction, selling his taxed tenth for more than the same was valued by the tax-collector. The house-tax is for the towns what the tithe is for the country. The house-tax is higher than it used to be under the Turks, and justly so, because land has gone up in value since the Austrians entered Bosnia. House proprietors in Serajevo get higher rents than they used to get. The tax-rate of four per thousand is the

same as under the Turks, but the valuation set on house property is higher than it used to be. Bosnia is also blest with an income-tax. The Turks used to apportion the town into districts, which had to pay a lump sum each; but the amount that each individual had to pay was left entirely to the inhabitants themselves. The result was that under the Turks the poor used often to pay no income-tax at all. The Austrians have abandoned this system, and raise the income-tax from every individual. Naturally, the complaints of unjust assessment of income are frequent; and, as far as I could learn, an aggrieved person is without a remedy against the income-tax assessor. My views as regards Austrian taxation in the occupied provinces have been pronounced by some Philoslavs "unduly optimistic." According to some, out of the eight million florins of taxation—double the amount extorted by the Turks out of Bosnia and Herzegovina—one-fourth is devoted to "Finance Officials," whose object is to suppress commerce. I have no means of checking the accuracy of this statement. The capitation-tax that Christians had to pay of 4s. 6d. yearly for every male in lieu of military service has, of course, been abolished. Christians and

Mahomedans have now both to serve in the Christian army. This compulsory service, though the insurrection would have burst forth without it, aided in kindling the flame. The Austrians are loud in their assertions that the Bosnians will only have to serve in Bosnia, and not in other parts of the Empire; but the oath the Bosnian recruit takes is to defend not Bosnia, but the Empire. This is a distinct infringement of the Treaty of Berlin, and (what should be even more binding) of the rights of human nature. Thus we see Austria levying from Bosnian Serbs the same blood-tax she formerly levied from Italians; an historical parallel which has drawn from the imprisoned Ragusa correspondent an eloquent quotation from Leopardi:

“Oh misero colui che in guerra è spento,
Non per li patrii lidi e per la pia
Consorte e i figli cari, .
Ma da nemici altrui,
Per altra gente, e non può dir morendo:
Alma terra natia,
La vita che mi desti ecco ti rendo.”

Farcical as is the so-called Occupation of the two Provinces, I can scarcely credit the following, which has been related to me as a fact, viz., that when a proclamation is to be issued by the

Austrian Government, the same is submitted to the Porte for approval. The proclamation is altered and then approved as altered by the Turkish Minister. After all these formalities have been gone through, the Austrian Government issue the proclamation in its original form. The Turks understand a firm negative, but they detest what savours of their own diplomacy. If Austria were now to annex the provinces she has occupied, no serious opposition would come from Turkey; but every year's delay makes their annexation more difficult.

Another anomaly is that Serajevo, being by treaty the capital of a Turkish province, is without a Turkish Consul. Indeed, judging from the manner in which the Austrian authorities hustled out of the country the pasha who was sent to receive the Turkish arms and ammunition from the fortresses ceded to Austria, no Turkish Consul could well live in Bosnia. It would have been well, if the Austrians had only hustled out of the way a Turkish pasha. The large hospital which you see on your left as you enter Serajevo from Ilidge was built by the Turks. When General Philippovitch entered the town in 1878, he found this hospital occupied by Turkish soldiers. The

Austrian Commanding Chief turned the Turkish patients out of the hospital and put his own wounded in their place. This fact is mentioned here, as, with wise forethought, General Philippovitch, before he marched on Serajevo, drove away by his vexatious conditions every English Correspondent with his army, except the Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who pleaded hard that he was not a correspondent. His brutal treatment of the Turkish wounded has not, therefore, found its way into an English newspaper. If any excuse can be made for General Philippovitch, it must be remembered that his soldiers were maddened by the Magla massacre. On the march to Serajevo from the Save, a Hungarian regiment of Hussars trotted on in advance and entered the town of Magla. They came as the deliverers of Bosnia from the Turkish yoke. But there, in the shadow of castle walls, built in days of old by a king of Hungary, they fell into an ambuscade and perished almost to a man. The effect of the Magla massacre on public opinion in Hungary, till then the most Turcophil of nations, was immense. It is needless to say that the Bosnians make good soldiers. The Austrian Press speak with pride of

their soldierly qualities. But, as an Austrian officer said to me, "we must educate these men as well as drill them." "At present," he added, "they would shoot us at the first opportunity."

The progress of education in Bosnia and Herzegovina since the Austrian occupation has been immense. The schoolmaster has crossed the Save. Since 1878, no less than forty schools have been established under Government auspices. It is difficult accurately to compare the present schools of the country with what existed before the occupation. The Turkish Government kept no record of the Serb schools, and the teaching in the Mahomedan schools was mainly restricted to the Koran. As to the Serb, or Orthodox schools, very few existed, and only in the principal towns. There was no system of Christian education in the country; only a few scattered and separate efforts. The Vladika or bishop was a Phanariote, and did nothing for the Serb schools. As to Catholic schools, statistics are forthcoming. There now exist 54 Catholic schools in Bosnia and Herzegovina, as against 34 in 1875. The reports of the Real-Gymnasium at Serajevo for the years 1879 to 1882 show a steady increase in the number of boys attending the school. In 1879 the school

began with 79 pupils; by 1882 that number had grown to 130. Unfortunately against this must be set the denationalising effect of Austrian education, which makes an educated Croat a worse man, a worse patriot and a worse citizen than an uneducated Herzegovinan. In 1882 there were only 12 Mahomedans in the Real-Gymnasium at Serajevo. Greek, Latin, German, French, history, mathematics, zoology, mineralogy, botany, free-hand drawing, &c., are all taught and (let us hope) learnt. I spoke with the director of the school, and he assured me that the most intelligent boys in the school came from Herzegovina. The Herzegovinans, though they live in a rude and primitive fashion, like their cousins of Montenegro, are renowned for their intelligence. In Herzegovina, especially near Mostar, you see cottages with roofs of the roughest-hewn slate, with stones to keep the slates from blowing off. In Bosnia you see the roofs of neatly-cut timber. In Croatia you see cottages slated as in England. The intelligence of the peasantry of these lands is, I find, almost in inverse proportion to the goodness of their cottage-roof.

The country is not sufficiently settled for education to be compulsory, but its education is

free, and more than free. The children of poor parents are not only educated gratis, but they receive a weekly allowance during term time for board and lodging. There are also now good girl-schools in Bosnia. In 1865 there was only one school for girls in both the provinces. It was kept at Serajevo by a poor Bosnian woman who had learnt to read. Afterwards one of her pupils opened a school at Mostar, and subsequently Miss Irby's admirable school was established. Care is taken not to proselytize in Government schools. Roman Catholic, Orthodox, Mahomedan, and Jew have each their separate teacher paid for by the tax-payer. It is to be regretted that the religious convictions of the teachers should not be equally respected. Dr. Ivan Zoch, Director of the Serajevo Gymnasium, was removed apparently for no other reason than that he was a Protestant. The removal of this excellent man is the worst condemnation of the Austrian school system in Bosnia. Dr. Johannovitch, one of the best professors in Bosnia, was dismissed for his alleged Serbic tendencies. In conversation at dinner, an Austrian officer called this learned professor "a mere Servian," "a terrible fellow." The Austrians have, and not unnaturally, as great a jealousy of

Servians as they have of Montenegrins. They know that the bulk of the Bosnians speak Servian, and that it is one of the traditions of Servia to extend her monarchy over Bosnia. On the other hand, the Prince of Montenegro has more personal adherents than the King of Servia. It was only the extraordinary energy of Baron Thoemmel, the Austrian Minister at Cettinje, that prevented the Montenegrins, after one of their victories over the Turks in the late war, occupying Mostar, as they afterwards occupied Dulcigno. The dream of the Philoslav is to have one kingdom from the Save to the Bocche di Cattaro, whose language shall be Serb, and whose name shall be Servia.

Sometimes the Austrian jealousy of things Serb shows itself in a very ridiculous manner. Mr. Haigh and Mr. Hamilton (whose adventures have already been referred to) visited the tomb of Saint Saba, a Servian saint. They did so at the suggestion of their dragoman, as they would have visited any other curiosity. This visit brought on them their subsequent arrest. It would be well, if Austrian officials reserved their jealousy of Servia for foreigners and Government *employés*; unfortunately, they sniff treason in the conduct of the most orderly. Several instances of Govern-

ment interference with private schools might be given, but one will suffice.

Ljepova, a teacher in a Servian communal school at Mostar, was recently not only dismissed from his post, but expelled from Herzegovina, merely for signing a petition to the Government. Ljepova now lives in Montenegro. The Austrian Government discourage in every way they can the private schools of the Orthodox religion. For the teaching to be carried on in Servian is tantamount to its being bad in the eyes of Austrian officialism. The young idea can only be instructed how to shoot "under the ægis of the Emperor Francis Joseph." Anything like independence is discouraged. All must be taught to walk in the K. K. path.

The Roman Catholics of Bosnia are poor and of small account. They are at best but a feeble bantling under Austria's fostering hand. Their priests, the Franciscan monks, are better educated than the Orthodox clergy, but they are reputed to lead ill lives. The Mahomedan Slavs adhere to their religion, and will continue to do so, so long as their adhesion to the old faith entails upon them no loss of property. There are only about six large Christian landowners in Bosnia. There

was a wide-spread feeling among the lack-land rayahs when Austria first occupied these provinces, that she came to take away the land from the Begs, and to give it to the Christians. When it was discovered that this formed no part of Austria's policy, great was the discontent. The non-confiscation policy of the Austrian Government was one of the causes of the insurrection. The Bosnians had expected the creation of a peasant proprietorship, and instead of that, they found that the Austrians enforced the payment of rent more stringently than the Turks. In Herzegovina the peasants have refused to pay their rent, and the military have been called out. There is, in short, a land agitation in Bosnia, and no better proof could be given of her progress under Austrian rule. In the good old days of Turkish rule, a rayah thought himself lucky if he could save ever so little from the clutches of Beg and tax-farmer. Now the rayah not only enjoys personal immunity, but he even claims the soil itself. When compared with the systems of land tenure of other countries, the system in force in Bosnia and Herzegovina gives little ground for complaint. Indeed, States far more civilised than the occupied provinces might

well take lessons from these Mahomedan landlords and their Christian tenants. In one word, the system in force is co-operative. A Bosnian gentleman, writing recently to the *Times*, has so accurately and briefly described this system that I shall here quote his own words:—

“In these provinces land is never leased for farming purposes on fixed cash rents, and in the leases money payments are not mentioned; the landlord receives annually a share of the produce, in kind if he mistrusts his tenant; but if he has faith in the probity of his tenant, he permits him to sell the entire produce, and he receives the value of his share. The leases are drawn up by the authorised tribunals, and are registered by them. They minutely detail how the land leased is to be cultivated, what the landlord has to maintain or contribute, what the tenant has to do, and what share of the produce he has to give in annual payment to the landlord.”

The writer then proceeds to give an outline of the system or custom, which he thinks, will be sufficient to show its value.

“No. 1.—Cleared land—that is, land ready for the plough, the tenant finding the seed for sowing and the implements and cattle for working it; for

this the annual payment is fixed at one-fourth to a little under one-third of the net produce.

“No. 2.—When seed is given with the land, the annual payment is fixed at from one-third to about three-eighths of the net produce.

“No. 3.—When seed, implements, and cattle are given with the land, the annual payment is calculated at one-half of the net produce.

“The above are the ordinary general terms; there are modifications of them to meet varying circumstances, such as quality of land, situation (remoteness from a market), difficulties of cultivation (land on steep hills or in rocky places), and so on.

“In simple terms, the custom holding in Bosnia and Herzegovina is this—that under certain conditions the tenant becomes the partner of the landlord. Under such an arrangement both sides feel the benefit of a good harvest, and the losses caused by a bad one are shared alike. It is in the interest of the tenant to make his land as productive as he can, and to battle hard against adverse circumstances, and the landlord has an equal interest in watching him and helping him in his effort.

“So long as a tenant fulfils the conditions of

his lease, the landlord cannot eject him from his holding. It is not, consequently, at all rare to find in these provinces farms which have been held for more than 100 years by one family."

The Austrians are not neglecting the land question. They are making a survey of the land and investigating the titles of the landowners. The Turks made such a survey before the occupation. When General Philippovitch entered Serajevo, he converted a public building of the Turks into a stable. That public building was full of State documents, and among others there was a survey of the country. General Philippovitch burnt all the archives. In addition to specific complaints against her officials, the Austrian Government has to bear the blame of the shortcomings of Providence. The cattle disease, the failure of the plum crops, the decrease of cultivated land owing to the disturbed state of the country, the reckless destruction of forests by the peasants—all these are clearly caused by the Austrian Government.

That there is something rotten in the state of Denmark is admitted on all hands. The writer for the *Neue Freie Presse* points this out quite as clearly as the writer of the *Montenegrin Gazette*. He is not anti-Austrian who expresses the views

of the Austrians themselves. But different remedies are suggested. It is doubtful whether Turkey would take back Bosnia, even at the bidding of Europe. Happily, there is no prospect of European diplomacy (whimsical as it is) restoring its former subjects to the Porte. Turkey, then, being disposed of, Servia advances her claim. The claims of Servia to Bosnia and Herzegovina are both ethnographically and historically just. The occupied provinces belong of right to Servia; but we live in days, when, for nations as for individuals, there exist no such things as rights. Force is the ultimate Court of Appeal in international affairs, and a nation that cannot back its rights (if need be) with physical force, is divested of its rights. The rights of a nation are, in other words, what it can enforce. Servia cannot enforce her rights to Bosnia, as such a step would meet with the most determined opposition of both Austria and Russia. As for Montenegro, Austro-Hungary would resist her pretensions as long as she had a Magyar to wear her uniform. Other claimants standing aside, we are left with the man in possession. It is useless to say that Austria has no principle of Government, save that of dividing and ruling

—of setting the Catholic against the Orthodox Christian. The fact remains that these divisions do exist among Bosnians, and that Christians do not love one another. This being so, an independent principality for Bosnia and Herzegovina is not yet feasible. In the future, Bosnia may become independent, like a second Bulgaria, possibly with an Austrian archduke for its prince, as some sort of guarantee against “Russian intrigues,” and (what is more important) of payment back to Austria of the moneys she has expended in this country. But if any re-opening of the Bosnian question is to be discountenanced as fraught with danger to the peace of Europe, and only leading to the shedding of innocent blood, still less can the present administration of Bosnia be long continued. When the Emperor was at Trieste, he informed the Bosnian deputation that he hoped soon to visit their country. It would be well if the Emperor were to tell his officials in Bosnia that they must set their house in order, and that this beautiful country was not intended for their happy hunting ground. Events are hastening to a conclusion. The present condition of these provinces is a bridge leading none know where.*

* See Appendix II.

CHAPTER IV.

Modern History of Servia—Karageorge—Panslavism and the “Great Servian Idea”—Napoleon’s Plans counteracted by Russia and Turkish Occupation of Servia—Prince Milosch and Takova — Russian Intrigues to weaken Milosch—A *Constitution* concocted by Russia and Turkey—Resignation of Milosch and Succession of Prince Michel—Karageorgevitch Alexander—Milosch and Michel—Assassination of Michel—Obrenovitch Dynasty as compared with Karageorgevitch—Last Flitting of the Turks—Michel Archbishop of Belgrade—His Ingratitude to his Predecessor Peter—Intrigues against Prince Milosch—Opposition to Prince Michel and Prince Milan—Ministry of M. Pirochanatz—Servian Finance and Taxation—Poll-Tax—Tax on Officials and Professional Men—Action of Archbishop repudiated by Synod—Deposition of Archbishop Michel.

IN 1804, Karageorge headed a rising in Servia, and drove out the Turk. In this he was unaided by the foreigner, and succeeded, thanks to native valour and his own indomitable will. Karageorge was not born in the purple, but belonged to that class of men who are born to win and adorn it. Karageorge was by calling a swineherd, and by the grace of God a hero. In comparing him with his great contemporary Napoleon, it must not be

forgotten that the laurels of Karageorge were never stained with murder, as were those of Napoleon. It may seem ridiculous to compare a swineherd, whom few out of his own country have ever heard of, to the great Emperor; yet if we consider the means that were at the disposal of the two men, and the results of their labours, we are constrained to admit that the Servian overcame greater difficulties than the Corsican, while the good Black George did in his lifetime has not been interred with his bones. When Napoleon died at St. Helena, he left behind him the legacy of Imperialism, which was to cost France so much blood and treasure. When Karageorge died, his mantle fell on Milosch. To these two men Servia owes her great idea, which means the independence and greatness of her people. Some well-informed journals instruct us that the great Servian idea and Panslavism are the same. They are about as much the same as fire and water, and consort as well together. Panslavism is the great Russian idea, and would be entitled to all respect if it stopped short with the formula "Russia is great;" but unfortunately it has its corollary,—“therefore, the lesser Slav States must be dependent on her.” The dependence of Servia is, in the opinion of

Russian Panslavists, a natural sequence to the greatness of Russia. They would be indifferent to this greatness, if it were not accompanied by the degradation of every other Slav State. Such being their view, it was not to be supposed that the Russians would smile on the heroic efforts of Karageorge. When, therefore, Napoleon was urging Turkey to invade Russia from the south, while he invaded her from the north, the Czar carried out a master-stroke of policy. He made peace with Turkey, and by a secret treaty authorised her to invade and to reconquer Servia. In this manner Russia hoped to teach Servia that she could not stand without her, while she deprived Napoleon of a most useful ally. To render Servia all the more defenceless, the Russian agent at Belgrade, M. Nedoba, by persuasion, threats, and fraud, induced Karageorge to accompany him to Russia. Hounded on by Russia, the troops of the Sublime Porte flooded Servia, and acted in the manner that usually characterises the troops of that sublime Power. Then indeed ensued a scene of woe, which no tongue can adequately tell. Whole streets in Belgrade were lined with impaled peasants, and dogs ate the bodies of men still breathing. Yet who is the most to blame for

these atrocities? Turkey, the stupid agent, who treated the Servians as rebellious vassals, or Russia, who, with words of friendship on her lips, suborned others to do her deeds of darkness? Such treason to a kindred and allied people may seem impolitic on the part of Russia, but it was not so; it was as politic, as it was odious. I will here quote from a work on *Servia*, written by M. Bystrzonowski in 1845, and published in Paris. There is probably not a copy of this useful book in England. M. Bystrzonowski says:—

“*Servia* had regained her independence by her own unaided efforts: *Servia* then possessed all the elements necessary for forming a nation, since she was victorious, free, and under the authority of a national chief who enjoyed her entire confidence. An independent *Servia* formed a centre for all the Slavs of the south to group themselves around. Russia would thus have lost the fruit of her ruinous campaigns in Turkey and of her intrigues among the southern Slavs. To banish the possibility of such a catastrophe, *Servia* must at all hazards be convinced that she could only secure her independence by the aid of Russian protection. Russia made use of every means to lead astray the simple character of Karageorge; she

dazzled him with brilliant promises, and she finally succeeded in inducing him to desert the national cause and the country. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg felt sure that the Porte, weak, and therefore vindictive, would abuse its victory, reduce the Servians to despair, and thus compel them to throw themselves into the arms of Russia. If we think over the conduct of Russia, and find that she makes use of the same weapons to-day as then, we may be permitted to believe that she entertains the same views and works for similar results. Let the Servians judge the present by the past; let them see the abyss into which the astute Cabinet of St. Petersburg would precipitate their country."

Providence raised up a deliverer to Servia in her hour of darkness. On Palm Sunday, in the year 1815, Milosch raised the standard of revolt in the village of Takova. The Servian decoration of Takova has been called after this event. Milosch, like most of the great men of history, was a most imperfect character; yet on that day when the founders of dynasties will appear to give an account of their actions, few will have a cleaner record than the founder of the present reigning house of Servia. If at the close of an eventful

life, his conscience reproached him with some offences, he might have uttered the prayer of Peter the Great, "I pray God to forgive my sins in consideration of the good I have done my country." Milosch was a despot, but he was one of those despots to whom his countrymen look back with grateful recollection. He first made his country independent, and then prevented her dismemberment. His victory over the Turks, who were in complete possession of the country, was due as much to diplomacy as to valour. Indeed, if Karageorge is the Achilles of Servian story, Milosch is the Ulysses. It was in 1815 that Milosch elbowed the Turks out of Servia, and at the Congress of Vienna several Serbs petitioned the Czar to use his influence with the Powers, to prevent the repetition of Turkish cruelties. The Turks were then, and for many years afterwards, in possession of all the strong places of the country. To remove the Turks from Servia for the benefit of the Servians themselves, has never been the policy of Russia. The Czar turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the Serbs. He did more; he instigated Milosch's companions-in-arms to claim equal powers with their old leader. Russia thus carried out that policy of dividing and ruling

which has kept Servia weak, while it has kept alive Russian influence in that country. Milosch also incensed Russia by consulting with Mr. Hodges, the English Consul at Belgrade. Russia, therefore, determined to depose Prince Milosch. In this she ultimately succeeded, through vesting the rivals of Milosch with extraordinary powers. She effected this by the stale device of a constitution. Milosch was a personal ruler. He consulted no will but his own, and such a rule entirely suited the temper and condition of the Servian people. Their civilisation was not sufficiently advanced to require a constitution. At the instigation of Russia, the Porte presented its vassal Servia with a constitution. Nothing more monstrous and more ludicrous could be conceived. Russia and Turkey, two barbarous States, with nothing in common but their own misgovernment, concoct a constitutional draught for little Servia, a country in perfect health, if her self-constituted physicians would only have left her alone. This constitution did the work it was meant to do, for it checkmated Milosch. It vested the actual government of the country in a Senate composed of Milosch's rivals, and entirely independent of that Prince.

It was not likely that a ruler such as Milosch

would tamely submit to the control of such a body, and in 1839 he was compelled to resign. His son, the young prince Michel, was too much of a patriot to satisfy Russia and the Porte, and in 1842 he too was sent upon his travels. Russia then produced Karageorgevitch Alexander, the son of Black George, and until 1858 he reigned in Belgrade. Karageorgevitch was a feeble creature, and for a time perfectly suited Russia. But the moment he displayed a partiality, or was supposed to display a partiality, for Austria, the Russians at once discovered the merits of the deposed family of Obrenovitch. An *émeute* was stirred up in Belgrade, and the son of Karageorge gave place to Milosch. The aged Milosch died in 1860, and was succeeded by Michel, who had been deposed in 1842. Michel is the most charming character in Servian history. He was a man with a most attractive presence, a cultivated mind, and a most unselfish character. Of him Béranger's words are true, that his people only learnt to weep when he died. Unfortunately, he did not die like his father, full of years and honours, but at the very commencement of his reforms. Prince Michel was murdered by convicts in the park at Topchidera, near Belgrade. His assassination is alleged to have

been an act of private vengeance, of the Karageorgevitch family. The governor of the prison, a notorious partisan of the Karageorgevitch family, was found guilty of complicity, and was executed, and a special clause in the constitution that was promulgated by the Regency under Prince Michel's successor, excluded for ever from the throne of Servia the family of Karageorge. That the descendants of one who freed his country should be for ever outcasts from that country is sad indeed, but the safety and honour of Servia alike required it.

It may be mentioned here that the dynasty of Obrenovitch have twice been proclaimed the hereditary ruling house of Servia. This has never been the case with the Karageorgevitch family, though two of that family have been princes of this country. If the Servians were to be polled as to which King they would have to rule over them, Karageorgevitch or Milan, they would almost to a man vote for their present King. Every step in Servian progress is connected with the Obrenovitch dynasty (the reigning family). The liberation of the country from the Turks, the evacuation of Belgrade and other fortresses by the Ottoman troops, the independence

of the country, the extension of its territory, and the making of its railways—all of these are the beneficent results of the Obrenovitch rule. If you turn to the other side of the picture, and ask what the Karageorgevitch family have done for Servia, you find that Black George (Karageorge)—the only great man that family ever produced—deserted his country in the hour of danger, and thus sacrificed any claim he had upon her. His son did become Prince of Servia, and lived in Belgrade—he can not be said to have reigned—for seventeen years. During that period the son of Black George did absolutely nothing for his country. On the other hand, in his short life and reign, Prince Michel did confer some inestimable blessings on his country. He abolished the Ottoman constitution which Russia had forced on reluctant Servia. His first Ministry succeeded in ridding the country of this incubus without any resort to arms. Knowing that Russia would not allow the open abrogation of the constitution, they sent round M. Marinovitch to the leading Courts of Europe. Having thus enlightened the great Powers on the real nature of the Servian Constitution, the Ministry proceeded to pass a number of laws, which practically abrogated and stultified the Ottoman constitution

of the country. In Michel's reign the last flitting of the Turks took place. It was a peaceful one. At a conference held at Constantinople, a compensation was arranged to be paid by Servia to all Turkish landowners for their land. A Turkish quadrilateral still remained on Servian soil. The garrisons from these four fortresses were at last withdrawn by the Porte, but not at the request of Russia. The only Power that assisted Servia in knocking off this last chain of Turkish rule was Austria. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this deliverance. By the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops, Servia was at length freed from Turkish control. This happy event took place in 1862. A money indemnity was decreed to be paid by Servia to the Turkish proprietors of Belgrade. The money was paid to the Porte, and remained with that sublime Power.

King Log having been got rid of, some of the frogs were foolish enough to favour the pretensions of King Stork. The leader of this unpatriotic faction was the late Archbishop of Belgrade. "Holy Russia" is the loadstone of the Orthodox clergy. Few indeed are patriotic enough to resist its fatal attractions, or to prefer the interests of their country to those of their class. On the

principle of the corruption of the best being the worst, there is no reptile more repulsive than the plotting priest. Before referring to Servia's two campaigns against Turkey, it may be instructive to sketch the career of her Thomas à Becket.

Michel, the ex-Archbishop of Belgrade, was born some forty-five years ago. He was a favourite pupil of Peter, the late Archbishop of Belgrade. Peter sent him to be educated in Russia, and consecrated him on his return, while still a very young man, Bishop of Shabatz. In personal appearance Michel reminds me of Fox's *mot* that Thurlow must be a humbug, for no one could be so wise as Thurlow looked. I have known English clergymen, who visited Belgrade, bowing down to make obeisance before a primate who looked so good. His saintly appearance evidently imposed on Archbishop Peter; but the youthful Bishop Michel was soon to show his patron, that if he had the appearance of a Timothy, he had the heart of a Judas. His consecration took place towards the close of Alexander Karageorgevitch's reign. That Prince abdicated in 1858, and the Obrenovitch dynasty was restored. Milosch, who had an old grudge against Peter, deposed

him from his archbishopric, and Michel, instead of defending his early friend and benefactor, joined in the cry that was raised against him, and succeeded in being nominated archbishop in his stead. Since Bacon held a brief for the Crown against the unfortunate Essex, history does not record a blacker act of ingratitude than this. Something may be said in defence of Michel's treason to his sovereign, but nothing can be said even in extenuation of his treason to his friend and benefactor, Peter, Archbishop of Belgrade. Peter died in exile in Hungary, while his pupil, Michel, filled the archiepiscopal throne of Servia. It might well be supposed that having reached the height of his ambition, Michel might at least have rested from the labours of intrigue and rebellion. Michel has the oriental weakness for conspiracy. He is as much a born conspirator as Zankoff himself. All government was to him a rock of offence. He had supported Milosch while in exile, but as soon as he became Prince, he intrigued against his government. His episcopal palace became a Cave of Adullam, to which all the discontented spirits of Servia betook themselves. This did not escape the notice of Milosch. That veteran, who, like Mehemet Ali, could sway a sceptre, but had never

learned to hold a pen, used to write to Michel, through his secretary, letters which that holy man could not have liked perusing. Milosch told him in those letters that he was a traitor to the government whose salt he ate. Milosch was naturally an immense favourite with his people, and when he made his progresses through the country, vast crowds used to collect to see him and hear him speak. Against such a temporal ruler even so wily a cleric as Michel could not make much headway. But Milosch died, and was succeeded by his son Michel, and Servia bade fair to prosper under Michel's mild and peaceful sway. Archbishop Michel opposed Prince Michel to the uttermost. But it was under the reign of his successor, the present King, that his opposition to the Government became positively malignant. Much may be said for the Russian Panslavist. His policy is a species of diseased patriotism. He at least aims at the greatness of his country; but what are we to say of the Servian who prostitutes his talents to betray his own? Of such an one it is difficult to speak with moderation, even if he be poor and ignorant. What, then, are we to say if we find him not a Lazarus, but a Dives; not a proletarian, but a highly-paid official; not a youth without

culture and without experience, but a learned and venerable ecclesiastic?

“Who would not laugh if such a man there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?”

Michel was born to play a worthier part on the world's stage than that of puppet to the Moscow Committee. Few archbishops have ever spoken their mother-tongue with more eloquence than the ex-Archbishop of Belgrade. But instead of employing his great abilities to the advancement of his country and her Church, Michel totally neglected his religious duties, and only advanced the interests of a foreign Power. The empty appearance of the Belgrade Cathedral during his archbishopric was a matter of public notoriety. The male part of the population seemed to have given up attending any place of worship. “The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.” But the head of the Servian Church was thoroughly indifferent. Never was religion of so little account in Servia, as during the period of his archbishopric.

During the long regency and Ministry of M. Ristitch, which lasted with a short interval from 1867 to 1880, Michel lay more or less dormant. It was during this period that Servia fought her

two campaigns against Turkey; and as these campaigns were undertaken at the instigation of Russia, the Government that declared them naturally found in Michel a supporter. But with the accession of M. Pirochanatz to office, Michel resumed his natural rôle of conspirator. The Ministry of M. Pirochanatz devoted themselves to the development of the resources of the country; and such a policy naturally displeased the Moscow Committee and its vassal, the Archbishop of Belgrade. Michel bestirred himself in every conceivable way to oppose and annoy the Government. He had not long to wait for a golden opportunity. It will be necessary here briefly to explain the finances and taxation of Servia. In this country the bulk of the revenue used to flow from a poll-tax of six thalers, or eighteen shillings per head. This is a manhood tax, and does not fall on women and children. It must not be supposed that all Servians pay a tax of eighteen shillings per head, or that no Servian pays more than eighteen shillings per head. The country is divided into districts, and each district has to pay to the Government a sum calculated on an average of eighteen shillings per head. The mayor of each town or village settles how much each man

is to contribute to the public tax; the central Government has nothing to do with the distribution of the poll-tax. Thus a very poor man would pay nothing, while a Servian who filled the post of Foreign Ambassador at Vienna or Paris would pay about £40. Such a tax supplied all the wants of a country without railways, without a standing army, and with a very inexpensive diplomacy. But when the Government began to build railroads, and to carry out other expensive improvements, the revenue of the country was found quite inadequate to her expenditure. How to increase the civilisation of a people without unduly increasing their taxation is a problem we have to face in India; the Pirochanatz Ministry had to face it in Servia. They met the difficulty in a statesmanlike manner. They did not increase the poll-tax, nor the customs; but they imposed a tax on all Servians entering the professions or State offices. The doctor, the lawyer, the priest were to pay a moderate fee to the State upon entering their respective professions. If any one was hardly used, it was not the priest or the professional man, who paid the tax once only, but the official, who had to pay the tax again whenever he gained promotion in the service of the State.

The proposed tax was discussed in the Skuptschina, and, finally, the law establishing it was sanctioned and promulgated. During the discussion of the law the head of the Servian Church had expressed no opinion upon it. As soon as the law was passed, he attacked it bitterly as simoniacal, as opposed to canon law, as an encroachment on the privileges of the clergy. Not content with fulminating at the law from the pulpit, Michel summoned a synod of the bishops of Servia. This synod sat in secret; no laymen were present. After its rising Michel wrote and informed the Minister for Public Instruction that the synod had determined not to acknowledge the law, and not in any way to conform to it. The Ministers were amazed. Such insolence surpassed the bounds of credence. As the synod was still sitting in the Archbishop's palace, the Ministers for Public Instruction entered, and asked the bishops whether they refused to obey the law. The members of the synod repudiated the statement of the Archbishop. They had no wish, they said, to act disloyally to the Government, or to oppose the law. What they had actually decided upon doing was to petition the Government to consider the advisability of repealing the law at some future date.

The Archbishop had sought to set up his will against the King's will. Milan and Michel could not both continue to rule in Servia, and the Ministry, supported by public opinion, decided that the country could better spare her Archbishop than her King. Michel was deposed from his archbishopric, and of his own free will left Servia. The Government, be it noted, did not banish Michel. He went to Russia by the natural law of gravitation. His deposition was necessary to restore tranquillity to the country. But the outcry in holy Moscow! No epithets were too bad for the Ministry of Pirochanatz, or even for the King himself. They were traitors to the Slav cause and the Orthodox faith, while it was Michel that was a martyr.

CHAPTER V.

Servia's Two Campaigns against Turkey—Russia's Idealism and England's Practical Views—Nicholas Kireef—Servian Sympathy with Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1875—M. Ristitch's Proposal to send Confidential Minister to the Porte abandoned—Envoy to Prince Nicholas—Plans vetoed by Russia—General Tchernayeff's Mission, April, 1876—Bulgarian Atrocities—M. Nikolitch—Armistice—Views of M. Aksakoff on Armistice—Treaty between Turkey and Servia signed on equal Terms—Russo-Turkish War—Russia's Proposed Division of Spoil—Treaty of Berlin—Future of Macedonia—Its Language and Historical Bonds—"Old Servia"—M. de Laveleye—Russian and Turkish Attempts to destroy everything Serb in Macedonia—Treaty of San Stefano—Montenegrin, Bulgarian, and Servian Spoils—Prince Gortschakoff's Memoirs—Austria at Salonica.

THE Russian is a sentimentalist. Whatever may be his faults, an obtuse realism and base prudence can scarcely be reckoned among them. He is capable of grasping an idea, and, what is still more rare, of fighting for it. He has only to be told in a manner sufficiently authoritative that a war will advance the glory of Russia, and he will be for it to the knife. The Englishman, on the other hand, is sternly practical. He has only two questions

to ask before undertaking a war : Is it safe ; and is it profitable ? If it combines both these qualities, he is for making war at once. The drawback to Russian idealism is that it has injured inoffensive neighbours even more than the practical selfishness of the English ; and I need hardly say that by inoffensive neighbours I do not mean the Turk, but the Southern Slav, especially the Servian, who has been alternately the tool and the victim of his patron. If the Russian has never hesitated to sacrifice his own life to advance his country's greatness, he has sacrificed with still less reluctance the lives of those linked to him by ties of race and religion. The words "down-trodden Christian of the East" have been freely used ; but, according to the Panslavist gospel, the residuary legatee of the Turkish Empire in Europe should be, not the down-trodden Christian of the East, but the Russian. The Russian Empire is a mighty stream, but it has grown by absorbing many streamlets. When Michel was Prince, an English peer, who, having spent two days in Servia, felt himself in a position to advise the Prince of that country, asked him why he favoured Russia. No remark could have been less true or in worse taste. Prince Michel rebuked his visitor by way of par-

able. He asked him whether from the citadel of Belgrade he had seen the Danube and the Save. Yes, he had seen both rivers. "Well, have you seen the Save after it joins the Danube?" No, the Englishman had not; for after the Save joins the Danube, there is but one river, the Danube. "So, my friend," said the Prince, "it will be with Serbia, if she ever coalesces with Russia."

The absolute disinterestedness of such men as Nicolas Kireeff, the first Russian volunteer killed in Serbia, must be freely and fully admitted. "Where," said the late Exarch of Bulgaria, when visiting the village, where Nicolas Kireeff fell, "where are the Circassians and Turks from whom you suffered such violence and outrage? Turks, Pashas, and Zaptiehs will trouble you no more. But do not forget to whom you owe this gift of freedom. It is Russia that has made you free. And what has Russia sacrificed to give you this freedom? Think of the many mothers and fathers in that great country who are mourning the loss of sons. How shall we console the unconsolable, who have lost their dear ones for our sake, to win for us our freedom? We cannot forget those whose blood flowed for our freedom."

These eloquent words represent a half-truth.

Hundreds of Russians have shown an enthusiasm as unselfish as it was unstinted, and although we may not approve the aims of Russia, we cannot but admire men, who died for an idea. The idea, however, for which they died was the greatness of Holy Russia, and not the growth of freedom in the Balkan Peninsula. No one can read an unvarnished account of the first Serb campaign against the Porte, and remain in doubt as to the object for which it was undertaken.

It was in the summer of 1875 that the long smouldering cinder of discontent in the Turkish villayets of Bosnia and Herzegovina burst into open flame. The sympathy felt by the Servians for their brothers that still remained under the Turkish yoke was naturally great. The connection between the two people is very close. They speak the same language, sing the same songs, and have a common origin. M. Marinovitch, the Servian Minister in Paris, is a native of Serajevo (the capital of Bosnia); and the parents of M. Ristitch, the famous Prime Minister of Prince Milan, were Bosniacs who emigrated to Servia. Among the mercantile class there are many such emigrants, and M. Krsmanovitch, the richest man in Servia, came himself from Bosnia only about thirty years

ago. There are thus families living in Servia who have relations of the same name in Bosnia. It was not, therefore, to be supposed that Servia would remain a callous spectator of the desolation that had overtaken "lofty Bosnia" (*Bosna ponosna*). Ristitch was then in power; but as a statesman and a patriot, he felt that his own country, having only just got rid of the Turks, was not yet sufficiently strong to strike a blow on behalf of her neighbours. He, however, proposed to send a confidential Minister to make representations to the Porte, and to suggest a peaceful solution of difficulties which threatened a general conflagration.

The intended visit of the Servian representative was approved by the Porte; but before his arrival at Constantinople, the Servian Chargé d'Affaires there telegraphed to M. Ristitch that Sir Henry Elliot said that if their envoy came with any request to the Porte, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs would not even receive him. The Servian Chargé d'Affaires had not himself heard Sir Henry Elliot make this statement, but General Ignatieff had informed him that he (the Russian Ambassador) had heard the English Ambassador make it. Sir Henry Elliot, it is hardly necessary to add, had never made such a statement. General

Ignatieff told an untruth, but he gained his ends by thus deceiving the simple Servian. He prevented a friendly understanding being arrived at. The Servian representative after this abandoned his design of approaching the Porte in a friendly spirit. Still, the statesmen of Servia hoped to avoid a universal conflagration by peacefully extinguishing the fire that blazed in Bosnia. Their object was to arouse Europe to a true sense of the situation, and thus to save those who were near of kin to them. With this object, one of the best-informed Servian diplomatists visited Prince Nicholas of Montenegro in his village capital, and came to a thorough understanding with him. It was arranged between them that Montenegro and Servia should each send a representative to the Court of every Great Power in Europe, to explain the impossibility of the Ottoman Empire remaining *in statu quo*, and the necessity for immediate reforms in the distant provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. When the Russian Ambassador in Vienna heard of this negotiation, he at once put his veto on it. After this nothing more was heard of the proposed visit to the Courts of Europe, and Russia was left to pose as the sole protector of the Christian subjects of the Porte. Both the well-

meant efforts of Servian diplomacy to secure independence to the unfortunate Bosniacs having failed, the field lay open for the Moscow Slavonic Committee. In April, 1876, General Tchernayeff, an emissary of the Moscow Committee, arrived in Servia. He brought with him about 6000 roubles, which (to quote the words of M. Aksakoff) "the Committee did not hesitate to advance to him." Soon after his arrival the Porte committed one of those master-strokes of cruelty and impolicy, which more than any other cause have tended to the glorification of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula. In May, 1876, the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria began.

A twice-told tale need not be repeated here, but the effect of those atrocities on an emotional people like the Servians can be well understood. They determined to assist their suffering brethren to the right and to the left of them; and were they not assured by Tchernayeff that their army was in a state of admirable organisation? The truth was that the Servian army was not then such as to be able to meet in the field an army like the Turkish, that in point of bravery and endurance could compare with the Russian. However, Tchernayeff was the favourite of

the hour, both with Prince Milan and with his subjects, and Tchernayeff assured the Servians that the hour and the man had arrived. We all know now that Tchernayeff was as poor a general and as vain a man as Providence ever gave a nation in punishment for its sins. M. Nikolitch, the then Minister for War, held this opinion, and was bold enough to express it. He threatened General Tchernayeff with a Court-martial for the insulting manner with which he treated distinguished Servian officers, and still more for the inefficient manner with which he had conducted the campaign. M. Nikolitch was, however, compelled to resign, and remained out of office for three years. I do not wish here to relate all the personal details I have heard from Servian officers touching General Tchernayeff; suffice it to say that the emissary of the Moscow Committee did little to recommend that body to the Serbs. Luckily for Servia, the Sultan consented to an armistice. This did not at all fit in with the views of the Panslavists. Speaking on the 6th November, 1876, to the Moscow Committee, M. Aksakoff said:—"I do not speak of the help in the shape of money and clothes (*sic*), but the help of the nation's blood, the toilsome work of

deliverance—in one word, the active share the Russian people took in the Servian war for Slavonic independence. The armistice lately signed by the Porte does not insure with certainty the conclusion of such a peace as would satisfy the lawful claims of our brethren, the honour of our people, and repay the bloody sacrifices made by Russia.” The concluding sentence of M. Aksakoff’s speech requires a little explanation. His Committee, fully expecting that Turkey would follow up her decisive successes, forbade her doing so. Turkey, guided by unusual wisdom, obeyed the Czar, and at once made peace. Nothing could have been more opportune for Servia than the armistice; but, as M. Aksakoff honestly put it, an armistice was not what the Committee wanted. The claims of Servia, and the honour of her people, were abundantly satisfied by the treaty that followed the armistice in 1877. Servia, although completely worsted in the campaign, lost not a stone of her fortress, not an acre of her land. She had not even to pay a war indemnity. Besides this, her national dignity was respected as it had never been before. For the first time in her history the Turks allowed her representative to sign the treaty on equal terms with their own.

One may safely say that a more remarkable treaty was never before concluded between a victorious suzerain and a vanquished vassal, and the Servian statesman who conducted the negotiations earned and gained the gratitude of his country. But such a treaty did not recommend itself to the Moscow Panslavists. They had made a false step; they had brought about a war which had strengthened the Turks without weakening the Serbs. For a short time they abandoned Serbia, and betook themselves to pastures new. The course and result of Russia's great war with Turkey is well known. The Russians dismembered the Ottoman Empire, while she succeeded in keeping the Balkan States weak and divided. She deprived her own ally Roumania of a strip of her territory, and compensated her at the expense of Bulgaria. She gave the Serbs of Bosnia to Austria, while she presented Serbia with the Bulgarian-speaking district of Pirot. Russia had indeed intended to give Serbia nothing, but the Congress of Berlin saved little Serbia from her protecting hand. It is a noteworthy fact that when Serbia fought her second campaign against Turkey, relying only on her own generals, she was successful all along the line. Russia looked

on these successes with no eye of favour, and treated Servia, much as if she had been an ally of the Sultan's, and not of the Czar's. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war the Servian troops had won from Turkey and were in actual possession of a territory considerably in excess of that finally awarded to Servia by the Berlin Treaty; yet when the preliminaries of peace were discussed at Philippopoli, it was actually determined by Russia that her ally Servia should receive no new accession of territory. When the news of this decision reached Belgrade, the Prince sent a special envoy to San Stefano to inform the liberating Czar, that if he thus acted towards Servia the name of Russia would be more than hated in his Principality. This seems to have influenced Prince Gortschakoff, for by the Treaty of San Stefano he gave to Servia one third of the country which she had won from the Turks.

Russia knew perfectly well that no part of Turkey in Europe suffered more from Pasha-rule than Old Servia; yet she not only compelled the Serb troops to abandon the villayet of Kóssovo, but even the district of Vranja, which has since been awarded to Servia by the Treaty of Berlin. A few words here on the difficult question of the

future of Macedonia may not be out of place. The language spoken by the majority of the tillers of Macedonian soil is a Slav dialect, which is not Bulgarian. If it be not Serb, it resembles Serb much more closely than it resembles Bulgarian; indeed the Macedonian dialect is no more Bulgarian than the Croatian dialect is Bulgarian, though Bulgarian and Croatian are both unquestionably Slav dialects. If the Macedonian question be dealt with historically, the claims of Serbia become yet clearer. The whole of Macedonia (exclusive of Salonica) formed part of the empire of Dūshan; and the greater portion of it, northern and western, belonged to Serbia for centuries before his reign. In one of the oldest English pamphlets on the Eastern Question (printed in the reign of James II.), Serbia is spoken of as including Herzegovina, as "extending towards Dalmatia and Albania," and as "divided into two parts, viz. Rascia and Bosna." Uskup was at the close of the seventeenth century spoken of as a Serb city; and so strong is local tradition on the Serb side that much which belonged to the Serb empire, but is now under foreign dominion, is still known as Old Serbia. It need hardly be added that the famous phrase, "Old

Servia," is rather an historical than a geographical entity. It is especially given to the districts between Servia and Albania and Montenegro, and includes Novi Bazar, Prisrend, Pristina, Ipek, Kalkandelen, Uskup, &c. Herzegovina might also be legitimately included. Restitution is the cry of the Yougo-Slavs (Southern Slavs). When this cry is raised in Macedonia, the larger portion of that country will fall to the lot of those who possessed it before the Turks dispossessed them. There can be no dispute as to which race it was that built up the empire which stretched from the Danube to the Ægean, and which fell on the field of Kóssovo. It is true that a Macedonian rarely speaks of himself as a Serb, and this has misled even M. de Laveleye into speaking of all Macedonians as Bulgarians. A Macedonian had, prior to the last Russo-Turkish war, a very good reason for dissociating himself from Servia. The Serbs are the only race in the peninsula that freed themselves from the Turkish yoke without foreign aid; and for that reason they enjoyed, prior to the last Russo-Turkish war, the peculiar hatred of the Turk. The Turkish official in Macedonia, in his hatred of everything Serb, found willing helpmates in the Bulgarian and the

Greek. The three races seemed to unite in an endeavour to root out of Macedonia the name, the language, and the monuments of Servia.

The Slavs of Macedonia used to send for their schoolmasters to Servia, and the Serb language was taught as a classic in Macedonian schools. Believing that the Serb language was but a forerunner of Serb dominion, the Russian Government educated Bulgarian youths at Moscow and Kieff, and despatched them as apostles of Bulgarianism into the district of Old Servia. The mission of these Bulgars was to supplant everywhere the Serb schoolmasters, to destroy the Serb books, to render the word "Serb" unpopular, and to replace it by Bulgarian. The Turks, who feared Servia more than they did Bulgaria, fell into the trap, and furthered to the utmost the designs of Russia. With the aid of Turkish officials, the Bulgar apostles succeeded in driving Serb schoolmasters out of Macedonia, though they could not succeed in uprooting the Serb language. The Pashas had their reward, for in furthering Bulgarian influence they strengthened the Russo-Bulgar Committees, and thus put a spark to the conflagration which finally destroyed their own rule in Bulgaria.

By the Treaty of San Stefano, Russia gave to

Montenegro three or four times as much new territory as was at that time in the hands of Montenegrin soldiers. It was obviously unjust that Servia should retain more than one-third of what she had actually won ; it was only just that Montenegro should receive three times more land than she had won from the Ottoman dominion. It was the preference of Ephraim to Manasseh, but Europe has reversed this Jacob benediction. If the portion prepared for Montenegro was bountiful and overflowing, what are we to say of the portion allotted to Bulgaria by the Treaty of San Stefano ? Montenegro, thanks to her mountains, and to the bravery of her mountaineers, had secured the independence of her villages ; Servia, thanks to the heroic struggles of her Karageorge and her Milosch, had won her liberty ; but Bulgaria was at one bound, *per saltus* and not *per gradus*, to recover all that had once formed the ancient Bulgarian empire of Czar Samuel. At the Treaty of San Stefano, modern Bulgaria sprang, like another Minerva, perfect and complete, from the brow of the Czar. Much injustice was sanctioned by the Treaty of Berlin, but that treaty had at least one merit—that of tempering the Russian wind to the Servian shorn lamb. Prince Bismarck

and Count Andrassy erred in not including Old Servia (the Kossovo villayet) in the territory they gave to Servia ; but, in comparison with the Russian Chancellor, they acted with wise forethought for the interests of Eastern Christians and of European peace. No wonder that Prince Gortschakoff, in memoirs, extracts from which have seen the light, bemoans the Treaty of Berlin as a blot on his diplomatic scutcheon. From the same extracts we learn that the late Czar Alexander pencilled on the margin of his Chancellor's memoirs that this also was his opinion of the Treaty of Berlin. It is clear that the Russian Government regretted the aggrandisement of Servia, while it cordially approved of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It disapproved of the first, because it tended to consolidate Serb influence in the peninsula ; it approved of the second, because it tended to weaken Serb influence in the peninsula. That Austria should worm herself to Mitrowitzza, and thence to Salonica, is a measure acceptable to Russian diplomatists, because it only leaves Servia room to advance eastward, where she will trench on Bulgaria, and thus Servia is weakened without Austria being strengthened. It was for this

reason that Russia favoured the left-handed marriage between Austria-Hungary and Bosnia. Reverting to Bulgaria, which is the one part of the Balkan Peninsula that Russophiles used to refer to as having benefited by Russian intervention, recent events in that country must surely have convinced all open to conviction that Russia has no more a disinterested love for Bulgaria than she has for Servia. The Government of St. Petersburg have doggedly adhered to a plan of action long ago laid down by them. Their motto is not "The East for Eastern Peoples," but "The East must either be subject to Russia, or become the prey to endless strife and discord." This has been the alternative placed by Russia before both Bulgaria and Servia.

CHAPTER VI.

Radicals of Servia—Ristitch—Pirochanatz Ministry—Free Press—New Commercial Treaties—National Bank—Railways—Land for the People—No Poor Laws—Serb Parish Priest—Leaders of Rebellion of 1883—Petar Theodorovitch—Racha Milochevitch—Pachitch—His Corrupt Character—His Cowardice—Meaning of “Radical”—Radical Decoys—The Red Ticket—Servia’s “Great Unpaid”—Choumadia—Russian Pedlars—Russia’s Love for Servia’s Opposition Statesmen.

THE Serb elections of 1883 resulted in the complete victory of the Radicals, and the defeat of the Pirochanatz Ministry. To make the then situation clear to English readers, the Progressists, the supporters of the Pirochanatz Ministry, might fairly be described as Liberals, the so-called Radicals as Socialists, and M. Ristitch as an ultra-Tory and rooted opponent of all Liberal ideas. Under the genial sway of M. Ristitch, Servia had become a country where men dared not speak on politics above a whisper. With the accession of M. Pirochanatz to office all this was changed. The Servian Press, which in Ristitch’s time had consisted of two papers only, the one official, and

the other the private organ of M. Ristitch, became free. The liberty of public meeting, forbidden by Ristitch, was restored by Pirochanatz. The Radicals, whom Ristitch had exiled, were permitted to return by Pirochanatz. During the short space of three years (1880–1883), the Pirochanatz Cabinet reconstructed the whole government of the country. The elevation of Servia into a kingdom may seem a small matter to foreigners, but it is not so to Servians, and this was effected by the diplomacy of Pirochanatz. In the path of material progress, Servia made no less advance under the Ministry of Pirochanatz than in that of civil liberty. The Pirochanatz Ministry found but one commercial treaty in existence—that with England—when they entered into office; they left office with commercial treaties concluded with Italy, Germany, France, Holland, Greece, and Austria. For their treaty with this latter Power they undoubtedly incurred great obloquy, yet it is more than questionable, whether Serb trade may not have benefited by it, though our own trade with Servia has been seriously injured by it. Another great commercial want in Servia had been the want of a bank. This want the Pirochanatz Ministry supplied by founding the National

Bank of Belgrade. The beautiful country around Nisch only required a railway to attract travellers. That railway has been constructed by the Pirochanatz Ministry. The defeated Ministry undoubtedly made one great mistake. They, like others, believed in M. Bontoux; but would M. Ristitch or the Radicals have been more prudent? If then the Pirochanatz Ministry deserved well of their country, why did the elections of 1883 go against them? The answer is not far to seek.

Servia, as all the world knows, is a rich country. The soil is fertile, and her mines valuable. The Government is in every sense of the word a free one. The Serb not only elects his governors, but he enjoys the fruits of his own labours. That which the English Radical is striving after—the Land for the People, is an accomplished fact in Servia. There are no wealthy landowners in Servia, but in their place exists a peasant proprietorship. There are no poor laws, because there are no poor. If a beggar should ever accost you in Servia, you may be quite sure that he is a foreigner. A Serb peasant has generally three or four oxen, fifty swine, sheep and goats, sufficient corn and pasture land, and one or two vineyards. There are, of course, much richer peasants, who

possess fifty yoke of oxen, and 300 sheep and ten vineyards, but every Serb peasant has enough and to spare. In order to secure them this competency for life, the law has provided that a peasant can not be deprived under any pretext (except for crime) of his homestead and three acres of land. A more democratic community than the Serb nation the imagination of man cannot picture. You enter a village and you find neither squire nor parson. Parish priests there are, but they can no more be compared to our country parsons than a struggling Jewish shopkeeper to the Rothschilds of London. A Serb parish priest belongs to the people from whom he is sprung. He is a married man, and works in the fields like any other peasant. The only difference between him and his parishioners is that he wears different clothes, long hair, and says mass. The distinction is not even skin-deep. In a land, therefore, where there exist neither aristocratic landowners nor a well-born priesthood, nor corn laws, nor any privileged class, a rebellion burst forth which was only put down with bloodshed, and which left behind it a legacy of 800 political prisoners. In the first place the Radical leaders may be briefly described.

The leaders of the rebellion of 1883 were Pachitch, Petar Theodorovitch, and Racha Milochevitch. Of Petar Theodorovitch and Racha Milochevitch I would speak with respect as sincere, if mistaken, patriots. Even in their wildest aberrations they did not forget they were Serbs, and as patriotic Serbs they have striven to further the growth of freedom in the Balkan Peninsula. Neither of these men have ever favoured the scheme of a Russian Panslavist Empire, which would swallow up both Bulgaria and Servia; but this cannot be said for the majority of their followers in 1883. Strange as it may sound, many of these would then have given up their individual freedom and their country's independence "for the honour of belonging to Russia." It is impossible to feel any respect for Pachitch. The sole motive for his conduct seems to have been a desire to advance from poverty and obscurity to wealth and power. The Radicals of Servia date only from the fall of Ristitch in the autumn of 1880. The iron rule of Ristitch which forbade the free expression of opinion either in the Press or by public meeting, had literally frightened away the Radicals from Servia. The Progressists, who by constitutional means had

defeated Ristitch in the Skuptschina and at the elections, allowed all political exiles to return to Serbia. Among others who availed themselves of Progressist clemency was Pachitch. This man, like the snake in the fable, stung the hare that carried him across the stream. He was elected by the votes of the Progressists Deputy for Zaitchar. There were then only two political parties in Serbia—the Liberal Party which supported Ristitch, the Progressist which supported Pirochanatz and Garaschanine. Before the opening of the Skuptschina, Pachitch and the other Radical deputies met the Progressists in conference, and agreed to give the same answer to the Speech from the Throne. Two days after, on the night before the opening of the Skuptschina, the Radical deputies met and drew up an answer of their own to the Speech from the Throne. It is true they loved not Ristitch, but the Progressists they hated, because without them they would never even have returned to Serbia, still less been elected to the National Assembly. Racha Milochevitch was a teacher in the normal school at Pirot. After his election as Deputy for Pirot to the Skuptschina, he was made Mayor of Pirot, and is alleged to have been somewhat

harsh to the Progressists. Pachitch was an engineer. He had no pretension to culture. He cannot even speak his own language well, but no one can deny that he understands his own interests perfectly. I will give only two instances of this. When the building of the Royal Palace in Belgrade was put up for public tender, Pachitch was one of the competitors, and withdrew upon receiving from one of his fellow-competitors a bribe of 250 ducats (3000 francs). Again, when Bontoux's proposed railway concession was to come before the Skupstschina, Pachitch loudly declared that the Radical deputies must withdraw from the Assembly, and then the concession could not be voted, as, according to the constitution, no law can be passed when three-fourths of the Chamber are not present. Bontoux, coming to hear of Pachitch's tactics, promised him a bribe of 1000 napoleons if he would allow the Radical deputies to remain in the Skupstschina. Pachitch at once swallowed the bait, and told his followers they must remain in the Chamber and vote against the concession becoming law. They did remain, thus forming a *quorum*. The concession became law, and Pachitch richer by 1000 napoleons. Pachitch was last seen when the national troops entered Zaitchar and

suppressed the rebellion. Pachitch was then seen, accompanied by the Russian Consul at Belgrade, on the Bulgarian frontier. Zaitchar lies so near the Bulgarian frontier that Pachitch was able in safety to contemplate the bloodshed and the ruin which he had brought on the town which he represented in the Skuptschina. He has not even the merit of personal courage. He now lives comfortably in Bulgaria in the receipt of an allowance from Russia. His occupation could not be said to be gone, as he succeeded in stirring up the ill-feeling which used to exist between the Governments of two friendly peoples.

No one can deny that the Radical leaders were as clever as they were unscrupulous in the inducements they offered an ignorant peasantry to join their ranks. In the first place, they solemnly informed the peasants that they could not be otherwise than Radicals, and for this reason. The word Radical, they explained, came from two Serb words—"rad," to till, and "cal," the soil; and as peasants tilled the soil they must, therefore, be Radicals. Nothing could be clearer than the syllogism—the word Radical means tiller of the soil, the Serb peasant is a tiller of the soil, therefore the Serb peasant is a Radical. Servia is an

agricultural country, and the Radicals were the agricultural party. In Servia every man must serve in the army. The Serbs have for the last seventy years been engaged in such constant warfare with Turkey that to serve in the army has been considered, not a hardship, but an honour and a duty. The service is only for two years, and not for twelve, as in Austria-Hungary, and a Serb is scarcely thought a man who has not served in the army. The Radical leaders, however, promised to abolish the conscription. In Servia education is compulsory. The peasants must send their children to school. The Radicals proclaimed the gross injustice of sending a child to school against the wishes of his own parents, and at the expense of the rate-payers. "Does the State love your children more than you do?" they asked. Thus they flattered the peasantry, and truckled to their meanest passion—parsimony; and while the rest of the civilised world were fighting for progress, these Serb Radicals turned their back on education and enlightenment. Then they told the peasantry that the Czar was a near relation of their Queen, and had written to her that he would not allow King Milan to impose any more taxes on the people, and that all the old taxes must be

abolished. The Queen and the Crown Prince, they said, were with them; it was only King Milan who had given their country over to the Progressist Party. Among other objectionable taxes which (according to the Radicals) the Progressist Government were going to levy was a window-tax to deprive the peasant of light and air. The peasantry around Alexinatz firmly believed this, and one of them told the wife of a friend of mine that he intended building a house with very few windows, as he did not wish to be overburdened with taxes. I need hardly say that no window-tax has ever been so much as thought of in Servia. The village priests also favoured the rebellion on account of the deposition of Archbishop Michel. That man was justly deposed, because (like our own Thomas à Becket) he sought to set the priesthood above the law of the land; but he naturally received the sympathy of many of his own order. Then, too, all the ambitious but indifferent teachers in the primary and normal schools sympathised with the rebellion; for these were the persons whom the Radical leaders in Belgrade had nominated as their prefects and judges in the provinces. But the trump card which the Radicals played was the general remis-

sion of taxes. They solemnly declared that if they came to power, they would only levy taxes to the extent of three francs per head on the inhabitants of the country. They backed this statement with the name of the Czar. When, during the rebellion, the soldiers and peasants disputed about the fodder which the artillery horses had used, the peasants used to say—"The Russian Czar will decide whether we have to pay compensation to King Milan, or whether King Milan pays it to us." While the Radical leaders held out these powerful inducements to the peasants to join their ranks, they brought the most cruel pressure to bear on those who were not beguiled by them. The Radicals issued a red ticket to notify that the holder was a man of sound opinions, and for this card they charged 50 centimes a month, or six francs a year—a very pretty source of revenue for the Radical leaders. They introduced into Servia a complete system of boycotting. No one was to be trusted, no one was to be traded with, no one was to be spoken to or furnished with the means of livelihood, unless he was the possessor of a red ticket. So thorough was the espionage and tyranny of the Radicals, that even the Jew merchants who came over from

Hungary to purchase the produce of the country could not carry on their trade, until they had first paid their tribute to the Radical leaders, and become possessors of red tickets. The following instructive conversation actually took place between a peasant and the head of the commission to try the rebels after the suppression of the rebellion.

The Judge (producing one of the red tickets).—
“How many francs did you pay for this?”

Peasant.—“Fifty centimes every month.”

Judge.—“Whom did you pay for this ticket?”

Peasant.—“Our chiefs—the Radicals in Belgrade.”

Judge.—“What did you get for paying six francs a year for this ticket?”

Peasant.—“Nothing, except the ticket.”

Judge.—“How much is this ticket worth?”

Peasant.—“Two or three centimes.”

Judge.—“How could you think then that these men who required six francs a year for a worthless card, could give you all that a State requires—army, police, courts of justice, schools—for three francs per head a year?”

Peasant.—“What you say is just.”

Unfortunately, before the rebellion the peasants

had not always such friendly advisers at their elbow. Serbia, like England, has her "great unpaid;" but in Serbia the "great unpaid" are nominated not by the Lord Lieutenant, but by the people themselves. In every Serb village there are three unpaid judges, who are elected and removable by their fellow-villagers. Since the rebellion a law has been passed enabling the Government to remove them for misbehaviour, but before the rebellion this was not so. Even the higher courts of justice could never inquire into the justice of their sentences, or take the evidence again, but were strictly limited to the legal point whether the village magistrates had exceeded the powers vested in them by the law. These Serb justices of the peace are in criminal matters restricted to punishing offences with ten days' imprisonment, and in civil matters to debts not exceeding 200 francs, but within these limits they were (before the rebellion) practically absolute. It is not to be supposed that politicians so unscrupulous as the Belgrade Radicals neglected a weapon which the constitution placed within their reach. In every village where a Radical majority existed Radical magistrates were elected, and these men became the very worst tools of the

Radical Party. No Progressist had the shadow of a chance of fair play with them, and if an unscrupulous peasant wished to rob his neighbour, he had only to purchase a red ticket and sue his neighbour in the court of justice. The Radical magistrate might well have exclaimed, "If you will come to me for law, I shall take care to temper it with Radicalism." No foreigner knows the reign of terror to which the suppression of the rebellion put an end in Servia.

So long as the Russian Government was able to bring about revolutions at Belgrade by means of senators and high State functionaries, its task was sufficiently easy; but in 1883, when a stronger civil administration and a more liberal education had closed that path, it had to rely on a class of men who in Russia would be condemned to Siberian mines. These Serb Nihilists regarded the idea of a distinct Servian nationality as the idle shibboleth of a decrepit *bourgeoisie*. Happily, the bulk of the nation stood by king and country, and succeeded in suppressing the revolt before the arrival of the twenty Russian officers who had been told off to head it. It is a noteworthy fact that while all the insurrections in Servia during this century have broken out in

Choumadia, one of the most flourishing districts of Servia, during the rising in 1883 that district, like the greater part of Servia, enjoyed profound peace. The reason is not far to seek. The inhabitants of Choumadia, having enjoyed the advantages of a free government, free press, and a national system of education, had learnt to look with suspicion on foreign agitators, who promised to govern without taxes.

Thanks to the constitutional government the Serbs enjoy, the rising of 1883 was restricted to a few districts inhabited by a mixed population of Bulgarians and Roumanians, and not by Serbs.

When the national troops entered one of these partially foreign districts—the village of Zaitchar—they found there three Russian pedlars who had crossed the Danube from Roumania. Zaitchar, it must be remembered, was then a town held by rebels, and from which all the loyal inhabitants had fled. But the Russian pedlars sought a town enveloped in the smoke of war to ply their trade in. The Serb authorities, however, had had sufficient experience of Russian pedlars, and they forthwith expelled these missionaries of commerce. It was given in evidence before the commission that tried the rebels that

these pedlars had sold their Russian wares for ridiculously low prices—such prices as no pedlar could even purchase his wares for. I will give one instance of what uses Russian pedlars can be turned to, and by analogy we can guess the real business of the pedlars at Zaitchar. Bishop Nestor, of Nisch, was in Belgrade at the time of the deposition of the archbishop, and before that ex-prelate had betaken himself to his friends in Russia. Bishop Nestor is a loyal Serb; but, as he had been educated in Russia, a certain Russian pedlar thought he might safely approach him. He did not like to approach the ex-archbishop himself, for fear of being observed. He accordingly requested Bishop Nestor to inform the ex-archbishop that he (the poor pedlar) held a cheque for 100,000 roubles which he was instructed by the Slav Committee in Moscow to give to his eminence. To be brief, it can be positively stated, with proof sufficiently clear to convict in a criminal trial, that whoever has opposed the Government of the day in Servia has always received the moral and the pecuniary support of Russia. I have overwhelming evidence of the truth of this statement. The father of a friend of mine was Minister of the

Interior at the time that Michel (the son of Milosch) was driven from the country. He was a devoted supporter of the family of Prince Michel (the reigning dynasty of Obrenovitch), and during the whole of Karageorgevitch's reign he opposed that prince. He told his son that during all the time he was in opposition to Prince Karageorgevitch he received every possible mark of Russian sympathy and support, which were at once withdrawn when, with the return of Prince Milosch to the throne, he became a member of the Government. I can also state as a positive fact that at the close of the Russo-Turkish war Prince Milan requested the Czar to bestow on his then Prime Minister, M. Ristitch, some mark of his favour. The Russian Government replied that they did not think M. Ristitch merited any such mark of their favour, while they could not say too much for those illustrious but neglected patriots, the Progressist Opposition statesmen, Pirochanatz and Garaschanine! King Milan has only to speak one word. He has only to proclaim himself the friend of Russia, and, like Prince Nicholas, to become the advanced guard of Russia, and the Radicals of Servia would be execrated by Russia. For there is not an honest man in Servia who

does not admit that King Milan's determination to keep his country independent of Russia has brought upon his Government all the troubles out of which they have so gallantly extricated themselves. The Serb Radicals of 1883 were only the puppets of that Power which is the determined enemy of peace and progress in the Balkan Peninsula.

CHAPTER VII.

Aptitude of Serbs for Commerce—Salonica Route—Austrian Competition with British Trade—Serb Exports—Russian Opposition to Serb Railways—Semendria—The Homes of Serb Peasants—Peasant Deputies—Serb Officials—Serb Jews—Just Treatment of Turks—Creation of Peasant Proprietors—Departure of Turks and Arrival of Serbs from Turkey—Beauty of Serb Scenery—The Fountain of the Skulls—Peasant Women—Are Serbs “addicted to Wine”?

THE time will come when our posterity will be able to travel in the same railway carriage from London to Calcutta. Up to the present difficulties, political rather than physical, have delayed the completion of the far less ambitious route to Salonica. In Bosnia the railway stops at Serajevo, in Servia at Vranja. The Serbs are not mere agriculturists; they possess qualities that are essential to the merchant—a spirit of enterprise and industry. But they have been hampered hitherto by the lack of railways and of banks. The absence of banks has been a great obstacle to business enterprises in Servia. Trade can scarcely be carried on without credit, and a credit trade with England is impossible without a bank. Still

British goods are highly appreciated in Servia—so highly appreciated that the trade marks of our leading firms are largely pirated. The Austrians have the advantage over us in their geographical position and in their command of the Serb language; but the Serbs understand fully the advantage in price and quality which British goods enjoy. Every time a Serb visits England, he returns with a high opinion of English manufactures. At present, England only exports to Servia those classes of goods—such as cotton goods and linen—which she can manufacture and transport cheaply. It must not be imagined, however, that the supply of the other great want of Servian commerce will go entirely to augment British trade with Servia. The railway which now unites directly Vienna, Pesth, and Belgrade will further Austrian rather than British trade with Servia. British goods will continue to go to Belgrade, *viâ* Fiume and Sisrek, as hitherto; but Hungarian goods will go by a cheaper route than before, for they will go direct to Belgrade instead of being loaded at Bazias, and again being unloaded at Belgrade. It is to be hoped that British goods may sometime in this century—when it pleases the Sultan and his adviser, the Czar,—

have the choice of two routes to Belgrade—one *viâ* Fiume, and the other *viâ* Salonica; the Salonica route will have the advantage of being open throughout the whole year, while the Save navigation is blocked with ice in winter. The Salonica route, when completed, would not make the competition of Austrian goods less in Belgrade, but would give Manchester goods a monopoly at Nisch. Now Nisch, as all the world knows, lies in that part of Servia which was given her by the Treaty of Berlin. We shall, therefore, as a nation, reap our reward for not having left that beautiful piece of Slav soil under the dominion of the Porte. By the Salonica-Nisch Railway, Manchester goods will arrive at a cost per ton for freight of £4·427, while *viâ* Fiume to Belgrade, the same goods arrive at £5·531 per ton. On the other hand, Austro-Hungarian goods must pay £1·104 per ton to reach Nisch, and British goods thus gain an advantage which more than pays the cost per ton of sending them from Liverpool to Salonica. British woollen manufactures, as well as agricultural implements, ought to have a market in store for them at Nisch. But to carry on a trade with Servia, English merchants require an English bank and other respectable trade agencies, to

inform them as to the standing and credit of their would-be customers. It is in local knowledge that the Austrians have the better of us. They carry on a trade throughout Servia, while the English limit their trade almost exclusively to Belgrade. The English trade with Servia is profitable, and is (I believe) entirely in the hands of Jewish houses in England; though there are Servian houses at Belgrade, carrying on a large trade in British goods, with a large capital engaged in it. In fact, it is a great mistake to suppose that the Servians are a poor people. They are a very thriving people. Many sellers of hogs—the staple trade of the country—are capitalists, who literally hide their capital away in their fields and their gardens.

But it is not only in her imports that railways will increase the trade of Servia; she only needs means of communication to carry on an immense export traffic. Servia produces more wheat than Scotland and Ireland taken together, while she is less than a third of their united areas. Servia ought to be able to export from her southern provinces, when the Salonica and Nisch Railway is opened, one million cwt. of wheat per annum. In 1882, the total value of her imports and her

exports—hogs, prunes, and wheat—was each a little over a million and three-quarters sterling. If the present peaceful progress of the country continues, we shall all live to see this quadrupled. Serbia is an immensely wealthy country, abounding not only in her harvests, but her mines. Coal exists nearly everywhere. Serbia's wealth is England's opportunity, and international commerce is the only game from which both sides rise winners. Placed as Serbia is, between the Black Sea, the *Ægean*, and the Adriatic, and between the railways of the North and the harbours of the South, she attracts both the intelligence and the capital of the foreigner.

Unfortunately, for Serbia and for Europe, Russia has long regarded the Balkan Peninsula as her own preserve, and has done her best to keep it isolated from the rest of Europe. The other great Powers have only too effectually played into the hands of Russia, but at the Berlin Congress a sounder policy was initiated. The independence of Serbia was recognised. Freed from the last trammels of Turkish rule, Serbia was able to carry out the construction of her railways. No improvement can confer greater benefits on any country, and for Serbia, without

any outlets for her commerce by sea, railroads were as necessary to her trade, as the Skuptschina to her political existence. Several Serb Governments before that of Pirochanatz had endeavoured to construct railroads, but had always failed, owing to the opposition of Russia. Every Serb failure was regarded as a Russian success. Now that the tables are turned, and Servians have a railway traversing their country from Belgrade to Vranja, the Moscow Press have raised a howl that Servia is sold to Austria. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that Austria has no interest in assisting Servia to remove the commercial bonds, which unite that little country to herself. The railway from Belgrade to Vranja furthers her commerce, but a railway from Salonica to Vranja would further English commerce. It is very doubtful whether the few miles of railway between Uskup and Vranja will ever be constructed, until that district which is known as "Old Servia" forms a portion of Free Servia.

The uncommercial traveller in Serb railways would lose much (besides his temper) in the operation, as the trains are tiresome and slow. He should at least take a steamer from Belgrade to Semendria. A Danube boat is always pleasant,

if the sun shine on you; and Semendria, with its old Turkish fortifications, is a picturesque place. The King of Servia has a vineyard here, and has imported many kinds of foreign vines. The result has been that the phylloxera has made great ravages in this part of the country, though not in the southern districts. But the phylloxera has not affected the prosperity of the Serb peasant. The stranger must not be deceived by the appearance of the huts in which the peasantry live. These wretched hovels are the homesteads of landowners. The Serb peasants could afford to live in comfortable and healthy houses. Centuries of oppression under Turks drove them to conceal their wealth, and now habit has become second nature. Like the peasantry of every country, except our own—who have little or nothing to save—the Serbs are parsimonious to a degree, and save their money only to hide it in their gardens. Perhaps the issue of paper money, which damp destroys, will do more to awaken confidence in the National Bank of Servia than the speeches of all the patriots and political economists in the country. The majority in the Skuptschina or Parliament of Servia are peasants. It must not be supposed for one moment that the peasant

members vote with the Government like sheep, or look up with undue deference to the nominees of the King—the gentlemen of the Skuptschina. The elections to the Skuptschina after the suppression of the rebellion in 1883 were absolutely free; and no National Assembly in Europe can boast of a more independent body of men than the peasants who keep the Progressist Ministry of M. Garaschanine in office. One instance of their independence, which, though it savours of selfishness and injustice, will prove that the Serb peasants are not only the owners of the soil, but are also the most favoured portion of the community. During the sitting of the Skuptschina in 1884 the Government brought forward a tax on capital. The peasant members approved of the idea, and proposed that the Serb officials should pay six per cent. on their salaries, while all other members of the community were only to pay three per thousand on their capital. It required all the influence and eloquence of M. Garaschanine to induce the peasant members to reduce the proposed tax on Government salaries to three per cent., so that at present all officials pay a tax of three per cent. on salaries which cease with their lives or earlier; while peasants and merchants only pay three per thousand on

capital which they can leave to their children. Although this prejudice against officials is unjust, it is not unnatural. Most of the Serb officials have been educated in Paris at the expense of the State, and naturally peasants envy men, who have acquired at their expense knowledge which they do not possess themselves.

It must not be supposed, however, that the peasant feels any bitterness against the officials, or even against the bureaucratic system, as an Austrian, Croat, or Hungarian of the lower middle class feels against the army in which he is compelled to serve. No, he simply does not recognise in the better dressed and better educated official his superior. The Serb peasant is, without knowing it, a democrat. Not only is there universal suffrage in Servia, but there exists a social as well as a political equality. This social equality is not merely the result of subjection to the Turk. It is one of the results of the rule of Milosch. That wise prince, the founder of the present dynasty, finding, like our own Henry VII., that titles and dignities bred divisions in the land, forbade their use. All Serbs are equal under the King, who is addressed as *Gospodar* (sire), instead of *Gospodin* (sir). Like some democrats, the Serb

talks too much about politics—a subject he too often does not understand; and in political discussion heat is in an inverse proportion to knowledge. But though he may chatter foolishly, the Serb peasant possesses some of the noblest qualities of a free man. He does not persecute. As we all know, there is no Jewish question in Servia; but by the Constitution Jews are only allowed to live in the towns, and not in the country. This last shred of intolerance, or paternal care, has been abolished. The Serbs are the only Slav race, who can hold their own against the Jews. There is no *Judenhetze*, no Jewish question in Servia. The Jew is not treated as a foreigner.

Nor has it ever been said that the Serbs, since they acquired their full liberty by the evacuation of the four fortresses by Turkish garrisons, have ever treated harshly or unjustly such of their former rulers as chose to remain among them as their fellow-subjects. No Rhodope massacres can be laid to their door. The King, who nominates one-third of the members of the Skuptschina, nominated a Turk to represent the Turks of Nisch. He also nominated the only Jew who sat in that Assembly in 1884. The Serbs themselves are as tolerant as their sovereign. So absolutely law-

abiding are the peasants that a Turk still lives in Nisch, who is known to have committed some of the worst atrocities before the war. This scoundrel, whose hands have literally dripped with the blood of the innocent, now rides in safety at midnight across the plain from Prokonlje to Nisch. He carries on his business like anyone else, and by-gones are treated as by-gones. But mere equality and justice does not satisfy the Turk. A great exodus of Turks from the newly-acquired territories of Servia has taken place, although the Turks have absolutely nothing to complain of. To illustrate the absolute freedom of the Turks, I may mention that while I was in Nisch some wealthy Turks celebrated with a musical (!) procession through the streets the ceremony which takes the place of baptism with both Jews and Mahomedans. The Christians would never have dared to march through the streets of Nisch before the late war. As all the world knows, they were not even allowed to ring their church bells! The exodus of the Turks is, however, not an ill wind that blows no one any good, as it has enabled the Serbs to buy back the land of their ancestors. The Government arranged for the peasants to pay their former landlords in five years; but when the King

paid his first visit to his newly-acquired territory, he asked the peasants what they had to complain of. They replied, "Nothing, but the time allowed us for paying for our land is too short." The Serb Government then paid the Turkish landowners, and are to be repaid by annual instalments extending over twenty-five years.

What a change is here! Formerly oppressed not only by the tax-gatherer, the official, and the landowner, but also by such of his own countrymen as were sufficiently base to play the part of jackals to their masters; now the peasant is not only a free, but a prosperous man. Formerly he tilled the land for others. Two-thirds only of the product of his labour belonged to himself; the rest went to his landlord; and out of his two-thirds he had to satisfy the tax-farmer. Now the whole produce of his labour is his own; and as to taxation, probably no peasantry in Europe is so lightly taxed as the Serb. The population of the newly-acquired district are not ungrateful; for although Alexinatz, the centre of the recent rebellion, lies upon their borders, the district around Nisch remained absolutely loyal to the Government of King Milan. The peace and plenty that smile in the valley of the Morava

have not availed to retain the Turks. Not more than a dozen Turkish families, out of a population of seventeen thousand, remain in Nisch, and of the fourteen mosques only one is still in use. It would be hypocritical to deplore their departure. It is only a matter of regret that the Servian fatherland is not greater than it is. The country districts round Prishtina, Prisrend, and Uskup are purely Serb. It is a matter of doubt whether in those towns the Serb or the Turkish element predominates; but admitting, for purposes of argument, that the Mahomedans are the more numerous, it seems monstrous for that reason to retain a Christian agricultural population under the Turkish yoke. The Serb peasantry of the Turkish villayet that immediately touches on Servia to the south have shown their appreciation of the Serb rule, which is denied to them, by crossing over the frontier at night and permanently establishing themselves in their Serb fatherland.

This (1886) is not, however, the time to reopen the Macedonian question, and the Serbs themselves are most explicit in their adhesion to a policy of rest, and be thankful. They wish to develop what they have, and hanker after no man's land. They may well be proud of what

they already enjoy, for Servia is perhaps the most beautiful country in the world. The Morava valley is a veritable Garden of Eden. Probably in no quarter of the globe is the scenery so varied as in Servia. At times you might fancy yourself among the gently sloping hills of Surrey or of Devon; at other times the hills grow into mountains, and you are reminded of the Tyrol and of the Alps. Indeed, some parts of Servia have been compared to the country at the foot of the Himalayas. The Morava valley becomes even more lovely between Nisch and Vranja; but, strange to say, all natural beauty ceases with the Serb frontier. The distance between Vranja and Uskup is fifty-nine English miles, and nearly the whole route lies over desolate uplands. But to return to Nisch—the English traveller will find himself in a town still Oriental, and by no means destitute of European comforts. Within an easy drive of Nisch there are some warm baths, and similar natural baths are to be found near Vranja, Sofia, and Ilidscha in Eastern Roumelia. When the railways have been completed and hotels have sprung up, the Englishman *blasé* with German and Austrian watering-places will travel by easy stages and take the waters in Servia or Bulgaria.

It has always struck me as strange that the majority, even of my own countrymen, prefer a monotony of comforts to a variety of discomforts. What can be more welcome than the unexpected? When, after a day's journey in a springless waggon and over a bad road, you come to an inn and actually find a bed, uninhabited to boot; with what grateful feelings you pull the rough sheets over your weary limbs! We work and yawn in England, and take our bath in the morning and the hot water in the evening as a matter of course, without gratitude and without enjoyment. A run through the Balkan Peninsula sends us back in our right minds. Our posterity will make the circle of creature comforts wider yet, but how much will they lose. We, the forerunners of railways and hotels, not only see the remains of a great past still untouched by the hand of the Vandal-tourist, but we can observe the peasant as he is, untutored by a *petit-maître* from Paris. There is little that reminds you at Nisch of a great, but much of a sad past. On the outskirts of the town there stands a disused fountain. In the good old days this fountain was adorned with the skulls of Christians. When Nisch was annexed by Servia, a solemn requiem for the dead was held, and the skulls

were buried. The fountain, which is now no longer used, can scarcely be said to be useless, if it reminds Serbs of the terror and the tyranny from which their brave ancestors freed them. The visitor to the fortress at Belgrade is shown two small cannon—the only pieces of artillery which Karageorge possessed, when he began the glorious struggle for independence. Surely, if with weapons so slender the Serbs regained their own; with what they now possess, they can keep their own.

The life of the Serb peasant woman is one of toil and hardship. It is doubtful whether the Serb peasant woman is as intelligent as the Bulgarian peasant woman. If you are in Philipopoli on the market-day, you will be surprised to find that nearly the whole business of the place is carried on by women; but if the Serb may not be the equal of the Bulgarian as a woman of business, she is quite her equal as the helpmate of her husband. There is something heroic in the story of the Slav woman going to draw water from the well, and returning with her pail full and a new-born babe in her apron. In an age of effeminacy the Serb peasant women rival the Spartan, and those are the best citizens who bear

the most children. From such women, working in the fields as children, and married often at fifteen, you can scarcely expect beauty, and the young peasant is more anxious to secure a healthy than a good-looking wife. The kolo, the national dance, is not one to set off the figure. Men and women form a circle, and, holding on by each other's belts, hop round to the doleful sound of a pipe. On the eve of the village festival the villagers camp out near the chapel consecrated to their patron saint, and literally jog away the kolo from sunrise to sunset. They begin at five in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, under a tremendous sun, the youth of both sexes were still beating the earth with alternate foot. I confess to have felt some envy for fellow-creatures so easily and so thoroughly satisfied.

In the rare pamphlet published in 1686 (already referred to) the Serbs are described as "gross and rude, addicted to wine, and false in their promises." Surely this English traveller must have allowed his mind to be poisoned against the despised Christian serfs by their Turkish masters. The Osmanli were then strict teetotalers, and might be pardoned, if they scoffed at Christian wine-drinkers. I have never met a

Serb teetotaler, but I have never seen or heard of a Serb drunkard. A Serb Chief Justice informed me that drunkenness was almost unknown in Servia, except in the newly-acquired territory, where the Serb has to learn to be wise as well as free.

CHAPTER VIII.

Across the Serb Frontier—Kumanovo—Turkish Coffee and Turkish Railway Travelling—"The Bloody Tower"—The Murder of the Consuls—A Just Turk—"At Home" with Murderers—"The White Tower"—A Turkish Witch—Plain Speech with the Sultan—Salonica—A Dream of the Future.

THE wise men of Europe collected at Berlin can have followed no principle when they marked out the southern boundary of Servia. Had they made the river Ptschinja and the Vardar, which receives it, the frontiers of the new kingdom, they would have given it a clearly marked frontier; as it is, nothing can be more unscientific and absurd than the new Serb frontier. You are driving through a plain, when your guide informs you that you have entered Turkey. You soon notice the change. Kumanovo is a Turkish town. To compare a Serb town to a Turkish one, is to compare an English hamlet with an Albanian; to compare "sweet Auburn" with that deserted village

"Amidst whose bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all her green."

Yet I am ungrateful to abuse Kumanovo, as in its squalid and filthy hahn I again drank that ambrosial liquid, which Turks alone can prepare. Turkish coffee must be added to that very limited list, composed of oysters, tea, and truffles, which we hated first, but which we now adore. It is the conquest of culture over nature. No wonder that Dumas, the writer of romances that surpass the "Arabian Nights" both in interest and improbability, should have exclaimed that the Orientals are the only men that know how to live. To live, certainly—would that they were as great masters in the art of letting live!

Few things in life are more enjoyable than a long summer day in a Turkish railway carriage. The smooth, though slow motion of the train; the long stoppages at stations which are crowded with sightseers, and not only with travellers; abundant fruit, and beautiful scenery—all combine to give a delightful holiday. You only require to be armed with patience and with novels. Impatience spoils all, and the Englishman who, like *le grand monarque*, exclaims, "I was *almost* compelled to wait," would prefer a night in the Wild Irishman to a summer day in a Turkish coupé. The railway from Uskup, itself a

picturesque town, to the port of Salonica, runs along the banks of the Vardar; and, with its "Gate of Macedonia," this river reminded me of Herzegovina. The distance from Uskup to Salonica is one hundred and fifty miles. The train leaves Uskup twice a week at half-past six in the morning, and reaches Salonica about the same hour in the evening. You cannot be long in Salonica without noticing the improvements that have been carried out of late years in that town. You walk along a well-paved quay, at one end of which are public gardens, at the other a large white tower. This tower used to be called the Bloody Tower, from the number of Greeks decapitated there during their War of Independence. No subject of the Porte can now be executed without an *Irade* from Constantinople, and the present Sultan (it is said) has signed no death-warrant, since sentence of death by hanging was carried out on thirty-two Bulgarians at Adrianople in the year 1877. It was only in the year 1884 that the Sultan discovered the name that this prison bore. "Is it possible," he asked, "that in my dominions there exists a tower which is called the 'bloody tower?'" He then telegraphed his orders to Salonica that the tower

should be white-washed, and thenceforth called the White Tower. This was forthwith done. But all the white-washers of Salonica will not wash away the innocent blood that has been shed there. Wishing, however, to see things as they then (1884) were, I determined to obtain a permit, and to enter the Turkish prison. I drove to the konack which stands by the side of that very mosque the ill-fated French and German Consuls were imprudent enough to enter, and where they met with their death. Both these Consuls were Greek in sympathy—the one a Greek in religion, the other the husband of a Greek lady—and they actively sympathised with their co-religionists in a dispute they had with the Turks. *Cherchez la femme, et vous la trouverez partout.* In this case it was a very worthless woman. Both these Consuls were murdered. But what should we say in England, if two foreign consuls, both Catholics, interfered in a party fight at Belfast, and met their deaths by violence? Is more restraint to be expected of the scum of an Eastern city, than of the free and independent electors of an Irish or English borough?

The Governor-General of Salonica in 1884 was Ghalib Pasha. I am not myself a friend to

Turkish rule in Europe. The famous phrase for which so many brave men have bled, and subtle diplomatists have intrigued—the integrity of the Ottoman Empire—has for me no charms. The decline and fall of that Empire date from the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison from the fortress of Belgrade, and that event is one of the most glorious in modern history. But to all rules there are exceptions, and among Turkish Pashas there are men so virtuous, so just, and so patriotic, that they almost persuade you to become a Turcophil. If Lot could have saved Sodom, Ghalib Pasha would save Salonica to the Empire. I will give but one instance of his justice. In the summer of 1884, some Turks of a neighbouring village carried off a Christian girl from the Bulgarian village of Tukovitza, in the district of Vodina. They stated that there was a secret understanding between them and the girl. It may be mentioned here that Bulgarian parents in Macedonia bargain for their daughters, who often marry late in life, owing to the inability of the peasants to satisfy these demands. Something of the same kind happens occasionally in England. In the present case the Governor-General summoned the girl before his council,

at which the Greek archbishop was present, and in reply to his questions, she stated her wish to become a Mahomedan. Ghalib Pasha considered this too serious a matter to be decided off-hand, so he sent her to his harem, where she had ample opportunities of seeing her parents. At first the girl would not listen to the parental entreaties, but was finally won over by the unusual kindness of the pasha and his wife to listen to her parents. The girl was then at once restored to the Christians. The harem of Ghalib Pasha is the home of one wife. Probably not more than two per cent. of the Mahomedan population of Salonica have more than one wife. Polygamy is lawful in Turkey, but is practised less every year.

In September, 1884, on the occasion of a Bulgarian festival, Salonica was crowded with peasants. That was the first year that they had visited the town in such numbers since the Russo-Turkish war. I myself saw a Bulgarian and a Jew dancing hand-in-hand on the eve of this festival. Would such an incident happen in Russia? The most complete harmony reigned in this cosmopolitan city between Mahomedans and Franks, for all felt equal confidence in Ghalib Pasha's rule. When I was ushered into the

pasha's presence, he received me with that politeness, which in a Turk almost of any class seems to be born, and not acquired. He at once granted me permission to visit the Bloody Tower, and sent an officer of the police to conduct me there. This was in itself remarkable. It is the custom with the Turkish, and indeed with all officials, when such a request is made to them, to name a future day on which you may inspect the prison, although a future date makes such a visit absolutely worthless. The gaolers receive notice of your coming, and set their house in order for you. In my case we drove straight from the konak to the gaol, and no warning whatever could have been given at the prison of our visit. The White Tower contained at the date of my visit 380 prisoners, nearly all of whom, it was stated, were brigands and murderers. The Turks admitted that there were thirty-five political prisoners; probably there were many more, as the Turks agree with Dr. Johnson that patriotism is the last resource of a scoundrel. The British Government were doing their best to get some of these unfortunates released, and the condition of those who remain in confinement improved. When I stepped out of our carriage at the White

Tower, I had a very hazy notion as to how the prisoners were confined. I believed I would see them through bars. On entering the office of the prison our persons were felt to ascertain whether we concealed arms, and the officer, who accompanied us, was deprived of his sword. This tender care of criminals rather amused us. We then followed the officer, while behind us walked a gaoler. We ascended the tower, mounting from floor to floor, and occasionally crawling into a cell. When we were midway up the ascent, I asked whether the men around us (who had no chains) were the well-behaved convicts, and if so, where were the murderers. I was then informed that we were then among the murderers, and that those incarcerated at the top of the tower were confined for less serious offences. I confess that had I known I was placing myself in the power of these three hundred prisoners, most of them criminals, I should not have so rashly entered their abode. What would have been easier for the murderers around me than to have torn their gaolers limb from limb, and then to have demanded an indemnity for me? They could only at the worst have been shot down by the soldiers; and what is loss of life to men imprisoned for life

or at least twenty years? No, human nature is decidedly better than some philosophers, acquainted only with the unconvicted portion of the community, would make us believe. And what was to be seen in this den of thieves and murderers? Some ferocious faces, it is true; but on the whole, cleanliness, decency, and a certain spirit of gentleness. As we entered each floor the prisoners rose from their mats and saluted us. Such courtesy was no part of their prison discipline. The fare furnished by Government is plain enough—only bread and water; but the necessitous prisoners—Jew, Turk, Albanian, Bulgarian, Serb, Wallack, and Greek—are supported by their own community, and furnished with coffee and meat. Cups and pans there were in plenty, and each prisoner had his mattress or blanket. Considering the sort of homes these men came from, they were rather better off in the Sultan's prison than in their own villages. But, however so humble, there is no place like home; and I, a wayfarer, free to return to my own English home, or to go wherever my purse and my inclination carried me, felt sad at heart to think of the political prisoners of Old Servia, pining away in prison for no other crime than their love of freedom and

their race. Old Servia is not within the Salonica villayet, so that these Serb prisoners are not subject to Ghalib Pasha's jurisdiction. If the political prisoners are as mewed eagles, they have at least a clean, spacious, and almost noble cage. This prison would have delighted John Howard, or his eloquent eulogist, Jeremy Bentham. The prospect from its windows, looking over the blue Mediterranean to snow-capped Olympus, was magnificent. It reminded you of the view from the Château d'If, only it was far finer. With the sea, the greater purifier, below them, the prisoners live in one of the best atmospheres in the world. The White Tower is not even without its flowers, which were surely made to bloom for the unjust as well as for the just. A hospital is attached to the prison, and this might be better ventilated. Sisters of Mercy are constant visitors, and are always received by Mahomedan sentinels with respect and military honours. They supply the prisoners with needles and thread, with which they work little caps, and (it need hardly be added) the nuns make no distinction of race or creed. The hospital of the municipality is clean and orderly.

No writer upon Eastern peoples can omit all

reference to the deeply superstitious side of their nature, both Christian and Mahomedan. As Ghalib Pasha is a phoenix among pashas, so Salonica could boast of a phoenix among fortune-tellers. This most honest *clairvoyante*, the daughter of a Turkish peasant of Plevna, was for seven years subject to fits, and ate only barley. She believed all the time that she was being fed by houris on the most costly delicacies. The legend is that she was never taught Arabic, but read the "Koran" at sight. I make no comment on this, but the most sceptical must admit the difficulty of a poor peasant woman in Bulgaria learning Arabic. Who in Plevna could teach her? In 1884 she was a refugee, and although her extraordinary gift would enable her to make a fortune in the superstitious East, she was penniless. All that she received, she gave to the poor. Her charity was as notorious as her second sight. I happened to meet her at the house of a Consul in Salonica, on whom I was calling for the first time. She told me the facts of my own life, as well as of my father's. A lady who received her sitting, and who enjoys a European reputation, was informed, with every graphic detail, of how and when one of her feet had become frost-bitten. The highest

person in the land has consulted this "wise woman." He asked her, "What arm is strongest, that of Austria or that of England?" "You have hitherto relied on Austria," she said; "and what have you gained by it? Had you met England half-way when she made friendly proposals to you, you would have fared better, especially financially; but I know you will be kept back by the pale-faced ——." Those who know Stamboul politics will fill up the blank. The political wisdom of this honest soul appears to be as intuitive as her knowledge of Arabic.

It does not require the gift of tongues or prophecy to see that the once stately edifice of Ottoman rule in Europe is nodding to its fall. It is useless to talk of Liberal Turks; if they exist, they come too late. When Stephenson was asked what would happen to a Cow, if she came in contact with a steam-engine, he replied, "So much the worse for the Cow." Thus it is with the Osmanli, who, in their hopeless antagonism to Western ideas and Western wants, will meet the like fate. In the West, our religion is too often but lip deep, "from the teeth outwards;" in the East it is quite otherwise. The religion of a Turk affects not only his moral, but his political

life—hence, his invincible repugnance to modern thoughts and modern requirements. His kingdom has been taken away from him, not only by Russian intrigue, but by the blind fatalism which has become his second nature. By a diplomacy noted for its chicanery, he thinks to deceive the European ; he only deceives himself. The Sultan, like some hunted animal on the Bosphorus, trusts neither Frank nor Turk. No one knows better than he, that the Ottoman Empire has long ceased to bear fruit, and only cumbereth the ground. In spite of Bismarck, we do not live in an age of blood and iron, and the conquering Osmanli are giving place to Slav peasants and Greek merchants. Such were some of my reflections as I gazed from the crumbling walls of Salonica upon the ships and merchandise below. The Fortress typified the past ; the Quay the future. It is impossible that a Government so uncommercial as the Turk can be perpetual in a great port. Ethnological considerations alone cannot settle the future of this City. If it were so, it would be handed over to the Jews, who outnumber all the other races put together ; but the children of Israel would be the first to disclaim so troublesome a stewardship. Even Russia, in her Treaty of San Stefano, did not

propose giving it to Bulgaria. The most enthusiastic Philhellene cannot claim it for Greece, unless he is prepared to give to that country the whole of the Mediterranean coast, as far as Constantinople, to the detriment of the Slav inhabitants of the interior. The statesman of Europe considered it unjust that Montenegro should remain without a port, and gave her one. Turkey, Austria, Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Roumania, all possess a seaboard. Servia alone of the Balkan peoples has no outlet to the sea. Another Power now enjoys her ancient Illyrian frontier. A nation without a maritime outlet for its commerce is like a man with but one lung. The peace of the world, as well as the happiness of those governed, will be best secured by the consolidation of a kingdom at once native and independent, which will stretch from Salonica to the Danube river. It is of the utmost importance to the commerce of the world that when the game of Post is again played in the Balkan Peninsula, the great Port of Salonica should not fall into the hands of a Power that will hedge it round with a wall of prohibitory tariffs. It is of even more importance that the inhabitants of Macedonia should not merely exchange one set of masters for another. The

statesmen of Europe must not repeat the mistake they made in Bosnia, and again hand over a Serb peasantry to a German and Hungarian bureaucracy. Austrian rule is, indeed, preferable to Russian, as commercial despotism is preferable to political and commercial despotism combined; but in the Eastern Question, the mere choice of the lesser evil will never prove a final settlement. The public opinion of Europe has only to be just, and fear not. The slow death of the Ottoman Empire may sadden some; still their sorrow should be shortlived, when they remember that the twilight of Turkish rule is yielding to the light.

CHAPTER IX.

Bismarck's Unity in Trinity—Shadows on Balkan Lands
—A Divided Household—The Jacks of the Balkans
—Old Serbia—Count Khevenhüller—Bregova—
Karaveloff's Protection Barrier against Serbia—
Garaschanine's Views in 1884—Austrian Advice
—"Territorial Compensation"—The Three Days'
Campaign—Submission of the Conqueror.

A POLITICAL Unity in Trinity is a dream of the great Chancellor. He would, had he his way, portion off Europe into three divisions—Teuton, Latin, Slav. Where, exactly, England would fit into this arrangement is not quite clear; but, presumably, room would be found for Heligoland and England somewhere in the bosom of the Fatherland, while Ireland would be handed over to a French prefect. It is true that France has shown herself less accommodating to Home Rule than any other country, as witness her treatment of that unfortunate, but heroic Home Ruler, Toussaint L'Ouverture; but small considerations of this kind should not of course be permitted to interfere with a scheme that promises universal peace. It is to be regretted that this doctrine of

Unity in Trinity, which is farcical when applied to Europe, cannot be applied to the Balkan Peninsula. There are at present two standing bonfires in Europe—Alsace-Lorraine and the Eastern Question. Around these two bonfires the armies of Europe, millions of armed men, stand grouped. Any untoward event, nay, an incident most innocent in itself, might prove the match; and Europe would be wrapt in flame from shore to shore. It is possible, that if the Alsatian bonfire alone be lit, the cliffs of Albion would be scorched, and not burnt; but she could hardly reckon on such good fortune, if once the bonfire on the Balkans blazed. The Eastern Question is a vestal flame. It has smouldered, but it has never died. The vestals who fan this flame, and will not let it die, are the three Emperors. Or, to change the metaphor, they are the three witches who meet in the lightning and the rain, and who by their spells are blasting this fair peninsula. On the sunny slopes of the Balkans the roses bloom, and the kindly fruits of the earth ripen in their season; but over Bulgaria there hangs a shadow, and the name of that shadow is Russia. As you drive by carriage from Tzarbrod to Nisch, and by rail from Nisch to Belgrade, you pass through a land even more

lovely than Bulgaria—a land whose soil is extraordinarily fertile; whose plains teem with cattle and swine, and are yellow with maize and wheat; whose orchards are blue with the plum; whose rivers abound with fish; whose hills are vineyards; and whose mountains are covered with oaks, ancient enough to have witnessed the march of the conquering Osmanli. The name of this land is *Servia*, and the name of the shadow that hangs over it is *Austria*. Late in September, 1886, travelling from Bulgaria, I reached Belgrade. I came with optimistic views, believing (as I still believe) that Russia had found in Bulgaria a morsel that even she could not digest; but this was not then the general opinion in Belgrade. Serb statesmen have the gravest fears of a Russian occupation of Bulgaria; and this feeling, naturally, gives rise to anxiety about the future of their own country. They know that if Bulgaria dies, the days of *Servia* are numbered. It will not then be a question of being eaten up, but merely a question of the stomach—*Austrian* or *Russian*—into which *Servia* is to pass. Few doubt the will of *Austria*; only her power is questioned. *Austria* is a house divided against itself, and will meet the proverbial fate of such households. The Germans, Hun-

garians, and Poles are opposed to a forward policy, while the Slav elements of the Empire are unanimously in its favour. The Dual Empire is a case of pull-baker, pull-devil; but should the devil win a home victory, it is by no means sure that he will win a foreign victory. Servia is Naboth's vineyard; but to dispossess Naboth will be no such easy matter. If the Austrians think they will have a march over, they are vastly mistaken. The Serbs have only to find a respectable general, and they will lead the K. K. regiments a pretty dance. In short, Russia and Austria will have to put out all their strength to overcome the resistance of Bulgaria and Servia. The statesmen of Europe may rely on it, that, should the avalanche fall, it will not overwhelm the small races of the Balkans, but will only spur them to a supreme, if it be a final, effort. I was conversing with one of Servia's leading statesmen, and he said quietly enough, that, if the Austrian troops once crossed the Serb frontier, he would be for resistance to the last. My friend is not one who indulges in phrases, but a very practical and experienced man of business. If there is a Providence that sits aloft, and takes care of poor Jack, there are certain precautions which Jack may take, and

which, if taken in time, will prevent a cataclysm that would change the political face of Europe. The chief of these precautions is for the Jacks of the Balkans to live together in peace and harmony. The doctrine of Unity in Trinity, if applied to the peninsula, might go far to secure both the peace of Europe and the independence of Serbia and Bulgaria. The peninsula properly belongs—absurd as the statement may sound—not to Russia, Austria, and Turkey, but to Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece ; and if she once did belong to her three native races, there would be an end of the Eastern Question. Journalists and soldiers would have to carry their quills and their swords elsewhere. But as “whatever is right” is a very safe doctrine, and one dangerous to depart from, there is no sensible Serb or Bulgarian who would dream of questioning the possession of large portions of the peninsula by two alien Powers, Turkey and Austria. Even with these armed intruders as neighbours, the life of the Balkan Jacks would not be unhappy, if they were only allowed to live as brethren together. This, however, is exactly what the Great Powers will not permit, and the result of their interference has been constant bickering between the Jacks of the

Balkans. Russia and Austria are perfectly well aware that if Bulgaria and Servia once became—what nature intended them to be—the Siamese Twins of the Balkans, the day for Russian bullying and Austrian meddling would be gone. Unfortunately, Austria and Russia so arranged matters, that Bulgarian and Serb, instead of falling on each other's necks, have been cutting each other's throats. If all men are brethren, all wars are fratricidal; but no war merits to be branded as a brother's war more than the late Serbo-Bulgarian campaign. The guilt, however, of that war should be far more equally apportioned between the two parties than is generally known; while the two real criminals have escaped without a whisper of disapproval from the public opinion of Europe. The events, which led up to this national calamity, will now be detailed.

The Treaty of Berlin left Macedonia, Old Servia, Epirus, and Albania an integral part of the Ottoman Empire; but, as if ashamed of abandoning these lands to their oppressors, it specially provided that these lands were to receive a provincial autonomy on the Cretan model. Everyone knows that this article of the Berlin Treaty became a dead letter, and that the last

state of Old Servia was worse than the first. The Sultan's Government never keeps its word, unless the sword be at its throat; and as Europe did not choose to enforce her mandate, as she did at Dulcigno, the Arnauts were left to work their wicked will in Old Servia. This district lies immediately south and south-west of Servia, and both history and kinship seemed to point to the King of Servia as the saviour and ruler of this unfortunate country. There can be no doubt that, could King Milan have freed himself from foreign control and foreign guidance, he would have played this glorious part. Unfortunately, Austria is as firmly set on the possession of Salonica as Russia is on Constantinople. For Austria to permit King Milan's troops to occupy Old Servia would, from her point of view, be as foolish as for her to place sleepers across the lines on which her own troops were about to pass in an express train. Count Khevenhüller, the Austrian Minister in Belgrade (who, to do him only justice, is a far abler man than his Russian colleagues in Bulgaria), was not going to allow any such obstruction as that to be placed in the way of Austria's development. He therefore concerted means to set King Milan and Prince Alexander by the ears. In this

he was marvellously well assisted by Bulgaria's then Prime Minister, Karaveloff. It must not be forgotten that up to the time of the Philippopoli revolution, when Karaveloff forfeited Russia's favour by declaring for the union of North and South Bulgaria, it was Karaveloff, and not Zankoff, that received the support of the Czar. Karaveloff did all in his power to make peace between Bulgaria and Servia impossible. Whatever he could do to exacerbate Serb feeling against Bulgaria, that he did; and this will always remain an indelible stain on his public career. The Bulgarians are a stubborn race, and to this they add a dislike of all foreigners, which is quite preternatural. Karaveloff basely played on this harsh cord in the Bulgarian character. The Serbs are, on the contrary, a most amiable race, only too amiable to the foreigner, although personally brave, and second to none as soldiers when properly led. Serb statesmen are somewhat too yielding, and too desirous of peace. This being the national character of the two races, an incident happened which might well have ignited the bonfire on the Balkans. The district of Bregova consists of a few acres of land, and stands on the eastern or Bulgarian bank of

the river Timok. Except for a few Serb sentinels, it has always been uninhabited. Its fields are tilled by the Serbs, who live on the western bank of the Timok, and since the Serbs regained their independence it has formed part of the Principality. The Treaty of Berlin created Bulgaria, and made the river Timok its western boundary. It is very probable that the high negotiating Powers had never heard of Bregova, and if they had, they had, they would say, something better to do than to determine the possession of a few hectares of land in a corner of Servia. Be this as it may, after the Treaty of Berlin, as before, the Serbs retained possession of Bregova. There was nothing in the Treaty of Berlin which expressly dispossessed them, and being there they remained there. Matters so continued for six years, until one day Karaveloff determined on a master-stroke of policy, and a Bulgarian regiment entered Bregova and drove out the Serb sentinels. This happened in the summer of 1884. If the Serbs should under any circumstances fight the Bulgarians, then was the time. But instead of sending Serb troops to Bregova to chase out the Bulgarian, the Serb Government contented itself with breaking off diplomatic relations with

Bulgaria. Things remained in this unsatisfactory state for some months, when King Milan, in order to bring about a better state of affairs between the two countries, entered into correspondence directly with the Prince of Bulgaria himself. There are Serbs, and not the worst informed, who consider that Prince Alexander of Battenberg in becoming Prince of Bulgaria has become more Oriental than the Orientals; but this very Russian view of his Highness's character is far from being mine. I believe that Prince Alexander acted in absolute good faith, and that no one is more keenly alive than he is to the importance of a good understanding between Bulgaria and Servia. It was arranged between King Milan and Prince Alexander that Bregova should be evacuated by the Bulgarians, should then be occupied for an hour by a Serb regiment, which should immediately retire, and that after this harmless manœuvre the whole question should be peacefully arbitrated upon by the Great Powers. The Prince of Bulgaria had reckoned without his host. When the matter came before his Cabinet, Karaveloff absolutely refused his sanction, and the Prince, as a Constitutional ruler, had to act on his advice. The dispute about Bregova, though

irritating to national susceptibilities, did not touch the pocket of the nation. That nothing should be wanting to goad the Serbs into a foolish undertaking, Karaveloff erected a protection barrier of high duties between the two countries. This is a hard thing to bear patiently at any time, but circumstances made it peculiarly cruel to Servia. The district of Pirot, which the Treaty of Berlin had annexed to Servia, has for centuries carried on a large trade in carpets, wine, corn, and cattle with Bulgaria. By a stroke of the pen Karaveloff closed Bulgaria to Pirot trade, and thus deprived hundreds of Serb subjects of their means of livelihood. The commercial position of Servia is not an enviable one. Until the Turks are pleased to build the railway between Uskup and Vranja, Servia can at best only carry on an export trade with Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. With Turkey trade is difficult, owing to the disturbed state of the country. With Austria-Hungary it is unprofitable, owing to high tariffs; and to complete her commercial isolation, Karaveloff shut Servia off from all trade with Bulgaria. No unkindlier blow could have been dealt at the prosperity of Servia.

In smaller matters as well, the Bulgarians

seemed determined to hurt the feelings of the Serbs. The district of Vranja borders upon Bulgaria. The two Governments proposed completing a road between their frontier towns, and for that purpose it was arranged that the prefects of the two districts should meet. The prefect of Vranja accordingly telegraphed to the Bulgarian prefect that he would on such and such a day meet him at a certain village, and he kept his appointment. Not so the Bulgarian prefect, a young man, who, out of sheer impudence and discourtesy, kept the Serb prefect, an old man, waiting for him two days in a wretched hamlet, high up on the mountains. This incident happened in 1884. On my return from Vranja in 1884, I had a conversation with the Serb Prime Minister, M. Garaschanine, on the Bulgarian difficulty. He said that, though diplomatic relations had been broken off, the friendly feeling between two kindred races remained (he hoped) the same; that Karaveloff, the then Prime Minister of Bulgaria, was more bitter against Servia than Zankoff; that he (Garaschanine) hoped the three Imperial Powers would find some means of restoring friendly relations between the two peoples; and that this would be more easy for Karaveloff than for Zankoff. In short, nothing

could have been more conciliatory than his tone. There was not a particle of that tone of injured dignity which an independent State like *Servia* might well assume to a tributary State like *Bulgaria*. The Serbs, too, have been great benefactors of the Bulgarians. While the latter were still subjects of the *Porte*, it was the Serbs who furnished them with books and teachers; and what would the Bulgarians now be, if the Serbs had not been the first to raise the standard of independence? Still, the statesmen of *Servia* did not expect any gratitude from *Bulgaria*, but they did expect from her that friendly feeling which the interests of both countries imperatively required.

The relations between the Governments of *Bulgaria* and *Servia* were, therefore, very strained, when, by the revolution of *Philippopoli*, her by no means friendly neighbour, *Bulgaria*, doubled the number of her subjects. The position of *Servia* in September (the month for Bulgarian revolutions) 1885, was far from enviable. She was then shut in by doubtful friends and open enemies. She was more than ever cribbed, cabined in, confined. It became absolutely necessary for *Servia* to make some forward movement to save herself from suffocation. She was absolutely compelled to declare war, but

she declared war against the wrong Power. Both honour and profit pointed in one direction, while dishonour and loss pointed in another. Servia had most honourably performed the conditions imposed on her by the Berlin Treaty in the matter of her railways; she might have performed the still more honourable part of enforcing the 23rd article of that treaty, which secured good government to her kith and kin in Old Servia. King Milan might have occupied this portion of the ancient Empire of Servia, and thus have put an end to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. This would have redounded even more to his moral glory than to his military prestige, and Servia would have assumed a position in Europe which she has not filled since the field of Kóssovo. In short, it was just the step that the friends of Servia would like to see her take, and her enemies do their utmost to prevent. At this critical moment Serb statesmen leant upon a broken reed; they relied upon Austrian advice and Austrian assistance. Austria has never had any love for Servia, unless it be the love the farmer's wife has for the turkey she is fattening for her Christmas dinner. Austria likes Servia as little as Russia does Bulgaria, and neither of the Great Powers wished the kinglets

of the Balkans to reap the fruits of their victories. All they wished to see was a war that would weaken both Servia and Bulgaria, and render an alliance between the two more than ever impossible. If looked at irrespective of morality, Count Khevenhüller, the Austrian Minister at Belgrade, must be congratulated on having played his cards with remarkable dexterity. He succeeded in diverting the mind of King Milan from a war to redeem his race from Turkish oppression to a little pilfering campaign against Bulgaria. King Milan's advisers fell into the trap, and war was declared against Bulgaria.

When Gavriel Pasha was carried in mock triumph, with a female sword-bearer by his side, through the streets of Philippopoli, European diplomatists could scarcely believe that Eastern Roumelia had become a thing of the past. Whatever may happen, a Turkish pasha will never again enter the konak of Philippopoli, save as a guest. The Turk as a ruling caste is as dead in Eastern Roumelia, as he is in Hungary. While the union of North and South Bulgaria was approved in England by Conservatives and Liberals alike, it met with a very different reception from the Serb public. It has always been

the fashion, when a war has proved disastrous, to pin the blame of it on one man, and to make him the scapegoat for a nation's crime. This was what happened in England, when our unhappy war with our colonies was treated even by historians as "the King's war," in complete oblivion of the fact that, so long as the issue of that war was doubtful, it was a distinctly popular war. So we find in Servia. Her war against Bulgaria was an unsuccessful war; therefore it was a wicked war, and, being a wicked war, it could not have been waged at the wish of the nation. Thus easy is it to reason after the event. As a matter of fact the war against our colonies was not one whit more popular than the campaign against Bulgaria. The Serbs saw in the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia not so much the union of a friendly race, but one more slice cut out of the Balkan cake at their expense. While they (the Serbs) had striven to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin by constructing their railways, and thus had contracted a national debt, they saw the Bulgarians setting at naught every provision of that treaty which did not suit them, and by their delay in building their portion of the Balkan railway, as well as by hostile tariffs, doing

all in their power to nip Serb commerce in the bud. A spoilt child is always odious, and in Serb eyes the Bulgarian was then the spoilt child of Europe. The Serb argued that had he expended millions of francs in stirring up a revolution in Old Serbia instead of on railroads, he too would have had his revolution, and Europe would have been compelled to recognise a *fait accompli*. He felt that his loyalty to the Berlin Treaty, so far from profiting him, had seriously damaged him. The Serb might be pardoned if he then thought Karaveloff more of a trickster than a statesman. He regarded both him and Zankoff as men who had grown old in plotting, and did not blame them for being born conspirators, seeing that it was under the Turks that they began their public career; in the Roumelian conspiracy he saw fresh evidence of their bent for conspiracy. In short, the Bulgarian politician appeared to him an unpleasant mixture of chauvinism and intrigue. In the assurances of such a person Serb statesmen could not then place any reliance. Unhappily, they placed reliance upon one, who was even less worthy of their confidence. No reasonable man can blame Count Khevenhüller for the advice he tendered King Milan. He only acted in the

supposed interests of the Government he represented. As we all know, diplomatists are honest men who are sent to lie abroad for their country. To have advised King Milan to take up arms to prevent the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia would have been too barefaced; the Viennese Cabinet therefore imported the phrase "territorial compensation" into the situation. There are Serbs who say that Austria purposely delayed the declaration of war, in order to give Prince Alexander time to arrange matters in Eastern Roumelia. This, however, is a refinement of Machiavellism difficult to believe, and, as it was, the time looked most opportune for Servia. Most of Prince Alexander's regiments were in a distant corner of Eastern Roumelia, while the Serb regiments were massed on the frontier of Bulgaria.

7 Late in the evening of the 13th of November, Karaveloff told a German war correspondent that the Serbs were marching towards the Turkish frontier, and that probably Bulgaria would be left in peace. Before daybreak the next day the news had reached the Prince at Philippopoli that King Milan had declared war, and that at six o'clock that morning hostilities would commence.

The Prince at once left for Sofia. For the Bulgarian troops to press on to Slivnitza seems an order extremely easy to execute, but those who know the country and the state of the roads between Philippopoli and Slivnitza are aware that this was not so. The campaign opened with successes for the Serbs, and the world prophesied a march over for their troops. This prophecy was not at the time so ridiculous as subsequent events made it appear. The Prince arrived at Sofia on the 14th of November, and remained there for two days organising the defence of his capital.

Slivnitza is two hour's drive from Sofia; Zaribrod, the frontier village of Bulgaria, is about six hours' drive from Sofia. The Prince while at Sofia did not attempt to conceal his despondency from his intimates. He told a friend of mine that he feared Sofia would fall, as he had only 9000 men in Slivnitza, while the Serbs had 25,000. "If," he said, "the Serbs will only wait two days before Slivnitza, I shall be able to conduct them back to Servia again." Now this is precisely what did happen. The first day (November 17) and the second day Prince Alexander succeeded in keeping the Serbs in check; on the third day (November 19) he was

joined by the Roumelian troops, and compelled the Serbs to retreat. After the three days' fighting at Slivnitza the Serb army collapsed, and the retreat became a rout. Early on the morning of the 28th November Prince Alexander entered Pirot, and on the following morning he was expected to enter Nisch. The Bulgarian soldiers awoke on the morning of the 28th expecting to press forward, but instead of an order to march they learnt that Count Khevenhüller had sent a messenger from the Serb camp, requesting an interview with the Prince. At half-past nine on the morning of the 28th Count Khevenhüller arrived at the quarters of the Prince, and at half-past ten the same morning Prince Alexander had agreed to an unconditional truce. How was this marvellous result arrived at? Why did the Prince, in the very flush of victory, agree to a truce which had already been offered to and refused by him? What passed at the interview has never been made public, yet what actually passed is as well known as if the reporters of the whole London Press had been present. Count Khevenhüller informed the Prince that if he persisted in his determination to continue the campaign, he would encounter not Serb, but Austrian troops in front,

while a Russian army would occupy Bulgaria in his rear. To such an ultimatum there could be but one reply. The Prince submitted to necessity. Neither Hannibal nor Napoleon could have acted otherwise. Had a competent commander led King Milan's troops, and had Prince Alexander been vanquished, the same drama would have been played out, though with altered parts. It would then have been the Russian instead of the Austrian Minister, who would have told King Milan that if he pressed his victory he would encounter, not Bulgarian, but Russian troops in front, while an Austrian army would occupy Serbia in his rear. Such, in brief, is the history of this unhappy campaign, and the sooner it is consigned to oblivion the better for both Bulgarian and Serb. It was, indeed, a game from which both players rose losers.

CHAPTER X.

Net Results of Serbo-Bulgarian Campaign — Release of Political Prisoners in Servia — Present Position of Serb Parties — Vambery on Ristitch — Patriotic Radicals *v.* Russophil Radicals—Split in Progressist Party—A Triple Alliance—A Confederation of Free Slavonic States.

The Serbo-Bulgarian campaign may have appeared to strengthen Bulgaria at the expense of Servia, but it in reality weakened both combatants and strengthened only Austria and Russia. Bulgaria and Servia were left more than ever suspicious of each other, and more prone than before to seek alliances beyond the Danube. There are Serbs who say that even if the result of the war had been known to them beforehand, they would still have been for the war. I have myself heard a distinguished Serb reason thus:—Nothing of course beats success, and it is always better to win than to lose; but if we had not declared war against Bulgaria, Europe would have despised us as men incapable of action—as mere scribblers of ultimatums. Servia would have been a thing of no account. Now Europe knows that we can

fight, and, if properly led, that we can fight with good results. It may be mentioned that Colonel Jovan Petrovitch, the recent commander-in-chief of the Serb army, has been pensioned. When the Serb army next takes the field, it is to be hoped it will be led by some one more in the mould of a Milan Obrenovitch or a Karageorge. There may be some truth in the reasoning of my friend. If the Serbs went to war because the Bulgarians were consolidating themselves on their frontiers, they are hardly likely to remain passive, if any other Power were to cross their frontiers as invaders. Happily, too, the war has tended to produce union in Serbia, as well as in Bulgaria. All the political prisoners in Serbia have been released. This was a politic as well as a generous act.

The present position of political parties in Serbia is briefly as follows:—Garaschanine, the Prime Minister, has a following of eighty Progressists in the Skuptschina. He is opposed by about forty-eight Radicals and Liberals. The Liberals are the Russian Party of Serbia. They are led by M. Ristitch, a very able, but an ambitious and disappointed man. It is confidently said by those who know M. Ristitch well that if he

were once to come into office, he would be Russian no longer; but so long as he is out of office, he looks to Russia, on the principle that any stick is good enough to lick a Progressist opponent with. Russian statesmen may be unscrupulous, but no one can blame them for the contempt they show to their Serb and Bulgarian tools. Compared to these traitors a Russian diplomatist is honour itself. A conversation that I once had with Arminius Vambery in his Hungarian home, looking over the noble Danube, occurs to my memory. In discoursing upon many lands we came to Servia. "Ah," he said, referring to a visit he had received from Ristitch many years before, "Ristitch sat in that chair you are now occupying. He (Ristitch) wished to make of Servia a Piedmont, and went first to Vienna, but meeting with no approval there, next turned to Russia." Some one who was present described Ristitch as "a man with plenty of brains, but no heart." "Heart," replied Vambery, "has nothing to do with politics;" but when the gentleman explained that Bismarck, Gambetta, and Gladstone had hearts — "Ah, if you mean by heart, morality, I," said Vambery, "agree with you."

Petar Theodorovitch is the leader of the Serb

Radical or Socialist Party. It is a strange thing that there should be any Socialists in Servia. The Socialist is the enemy of capital. Where you find great capitalists, you expect to find extreme Socialists. In Servia there are no enormously wealthy capitalists. Socialism is, therefore, not a plant of home-growth in Servia, but an exotic transplanted from abroad. It cannot flourish here, for Servia is a happy land, where wealth accumulates pretty equally in the hands of all. In fact, the mass of this nation is wealthier than any other in the world. This was shown quite recently, when two-thirds of the capital of the National Bank was taken by natives, who took from one to five shares each. If all Serb Radicals were as honourable as Petar Theodorovitch and Racha Milochevitch, it were well for the country. Some of their views are extreme and may be unpractical, but no one can question either their patriotism or their sincerity. They are staunch opponents of Ristitch, and rightly regard him as the most illiberal as well as the most unpatriotic of Serb politicians. Theodorovitch is admitted to be the first of Serb journalists, and he founded his paper *Samoprava* (Self-government) to prevent any alliance between the Radicals and the fol-

lowers of M. Ristitch. Unfortunately, too many of the rank and file of the Radicals have joined the Russian Party, but all the leading Radicals now keep aloof from it. The Czar of all the Russias has not to pass his accounts in the British House of Commons, and consequently millions of roubles can be and are expended upon secret service. It is openly stated that the entire Press of Belgrade is bribed by Russia, except the *Videlo* (Light), the organ of the Progressists, and the *Samoprava* of M. Theodorovitch. M. Ristitch's paper, the *Constitutionalist*, and the *Echo*, the organ of the Russo-Radicals, are as much written in the interests of the Russian Foreign Office, as if they were subject to a Russian censor. There has been a split among the Progressists—a split more serious for the ability of the seceders than for their number. Pirochanatz, who was Garaschanine's predecessor, and Novakovitch, who was Home Minister in Garaschanine's late Cabinet, are no longer reckoned among his supporters. Pirochanatz has, for the present, retired from public life, while Novakovitch is going as Serb Minister to Constantinople. This secession is to be regretted, as Garaschanine and Pirochanatz seem between them to form a complete statesman.

Garaschanine is the first orator of Servia, while Pirochanatz is the first of Servian administrators. No one can charge the present Prime Minister with clinging to office, for he would gladly resign and give a loyal support to his successor. Happily the three political parties of Servia are agreed in their determination to make no dynastic change. The Progressist and Radical Parties are thoroughly loyal to King Milan, while the Russian Party does not go farther than hint its preference for the Crown Prince with a Regency. Ristitch was one of the Regents during Milan's minority. He now seems anxious to be Regent to King Milan's son. Ristitch has been waiting long for office, and he may have to wait longer. The Radicals under Theodorovitch are beginning to prove the possession of statesmanlike qualities, which were scarcely to be expected from their antecedents, and the present generation may yet see a Radical and patriotic Cabinet enjoying the confidence both of King and country.

The campaign against Servia did much to win for Prince Alexander the confidence of his people; but still there were many who, like Zankoff, asserted that Providence had saved them from the Serbs. Some unusual and untoward event

was needed to teach the Bulgarians their deep debt of gratitude to their Prince, and to teach both Bulgarians and Serbs alike the need of oblivion for the past. That untoward event took place, when the Prince was kidnapped. The overwhelming majority of Bulgarians then declared for the Prince, while the statesmen of both countries saw that if they were not to become mere pawns on the Russian chess-board, they must settle their petty differences and join hands against their common enemy. Serb statesmen hold that if the Bulgarians are really in earnest and united, they can never be annexed by Russia. This opinion is well founded. Still the fable of the fagot is applicable to the present day. Bulgaria is a very sturdy stick, but she becomes sturdier, if she be closely allied with Roumania and Servia. The three little States together become a great Power, which single-handed can successfully resist Russia. If the Czar attempts to swallow all three at one gulp, he will be choked; but he can make a meal of each separately, if they do not unite. It is also highly probable that the Triple Alliance of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia might become a Quadruple Alliance by the addition of Austro-Hungary.

Russian diplomatists treat the Emperor-King very cavalierly. They regard him as a man who has either to be beaten or bribed. It is true that the Slavs of the Dual Empire (except the Poles) are in favour of a forward policy, and that they would be favourable to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, if it were accompanied by an Austrian occupation of Servia. But the Germans and the Magyars still enjoy that pre-eminence among their fellow-citizens which a strong will confers even on a minority. They may offer the Russians the third alternative of giving them a beating. But the very best policy for the small races of the peninsula is to rely on themselves. This is no question of dynasties, of the return of Prince Alexander, or even of the possession of Constantinople, but something that far transcends these in importance. It is a question whether three native races, each possessing a language, a literature, a past, and a future of their own, are to exist as distinct nationalities, or are to be engulfed by Russia. If the Bulgarian, Roumanian, and Serb wish to become Russian, they have now an excellent opportunity; but if they are proud of their past and look forward to a brighter future, they must be up and doing.

Internal union among themselves may do much, but the union of the three States will do more. The House of Hapsburg has had an extraordinary history, and it may yet prove an ark on the troubled waters of the East. The historian of the future may write the annals of a great confederation that will stretch from Cracow to Constantinople. Such a free confederation of Slavonic races, each with a complete autonomy of its own, but having an army, a coinage, and custom duties in common, would be in deed as well as in name an Eastern Empire (*Oesterreich*). This is the true policy for Austria, not to divide and annex, but to attract and group the Southern Slav races around her. Then in the emphatic language of Skobeleff, Russian Panslavists would exclaim—"We are lost!" But these things lie in the distant future. Many brave men will die before such an Imperial peace as this stretch from the Carpathians to the Balkans. Those who would be free must themselves strike the blow. The Serbs enjoy the glorious pre-eminence of having worked out their own salvation. Servia was blotted out of the map of Europe, when her boundaries again appeared there, marked out by the swords of her own sons. Not only the Serbs

—but the Bulgarians and Roumanians as well—must now work to preserve their independence. For more than a century and a half Russia has been fighting the Turk, and her progress has been extremely slow. Now she has to encounter a far more difficult opponent—the independent States of the Balkans. Let Bulgarian, Roumanian, and Serb form a triple cord, and they will find that no Czar can break it. They may depend upon it that such an alliance will have the moral support of European public opinion, and (if the Russians meet with a rebuff) the military support of Austria. It is, however, extremely probable that if such an alliance were once formed, Russia would cease from troubling, and the weary Eastern Christian would be at rest. Bulgarian, Roumanian, and Serb have only to remain true to themselves, and naught can “shock” them. United they will stand, but divided they will fall.

CHAPTER XI.

Servia's Legend King—The Poland of the Balkans—Free Education—Kissing and Shaking the Hand—The Subordinate Position of Women—Belgrade—State-Education pursued abroad—Servia's Statesmen educated at the Expense of the State—Compulsory Service in the Army—Serb National Church and its Head—Monks and Parochial Clergy—Piety of Peasants—Homestead Law—State Granaries—Low Taxation—Monks—Divorce—Lord Palmerston's *Mot*—Turkish Opinion of Railways—Cobden's Opinion of Serbs.

NEAR Vranja, in a gloomy mountain pass, there stand the ruins of a Roman fortress. Such they are to the antiquary, but to the peasant they are the ruins of a castle of Kralyévitsh Márko. The rocky mountains which stand on either side of the castle are called the Hill of the Cross and the Hill of Weeping, because there the hero of Serb legend first heard the news of the complete defeat of the Serbs at the battle of Kóssovo. Ever since that day to within the memory of living men the Serbs may truly be said to have borne the cross and wept. But it was not for their own sins that the Serbs were thus obliterated from among

free nations; they were the scapegoats for the sins of Europe. As Mr. Gladstone once expressed it, they were the barren beach upon which the wave of Ottoman conquest broke, while behind them flourished the harvests of culture and of commerce. We, who only know the Ottoman Empire in its dotage, are apt to forget the invincible strength of its youth and manhood. In Nisch we have a reminder of what a power Turkey once was. The bridge across the Nissava bears the following inscription—"Constructed by Vizier Mehemet Pasha, Governor-General of Buda-Pesth, 1611." Under it is the following in the Serb language—"Restored under the Serb Government of Milan Obrenovitch, 1877." The Norman conquest of England was effected by a race not more numerous than the English. Servia was overwhelmed by a race which could boast of an Empire that stretched from Bagdad to Buda-Pesth, and from the Caucasus to the Straits of Gibraltar. The conflict was, indeed, an unequal one. Even now Servia is the Poland of the Balkan Peninsula. Thousands of her children are subjects of Austria-Hungary and of Turkey, and some hundreds of Bulgaria. But between her and Poland there exists this great distinction—that, while unhappy Poland is

but the shadow of a name, a part of ancient Servia exists as a free and independent kingdom. The civilisation of this free and independent kingdom is the subject of the present chapter.

If Servia is the youngest of the free peoples of Europe, she can profit by the experience of her elders. In some respects she has availed herself of this advantage to the full, and in nothing more than in her educational system. Education is compulsory, and gratuitous. You never hear any murmurs about the folly of teaching the poor to forget their station, or even any grumbling about the expense. Boys and girls go to a primary school at the age of seven, and remain there for four years. So far the education is compulsory, but at the age of eleven a Serb may remove his child from school altogether. At the age of twelve a Serb boy goes to a secondary school, if his parents approve of it, and there he remains for seven years. The secondary schools are either normal schools for intending teachers; or *real* schools for those intended for commercial and industrial pursuits; or gymnasiums, in which the instruction is more literary and linguistic. When a Serb has reached the age of eighteen, he can, on passing an examination,

become a student of the Great School (*Velika Scola*) at Belgrade, and there he studies until he comes of age. There are in the Great School Faculties for science, for technical instruction, for philosophy, and for law. The instruction in all the Faculties is gratis. Not only, however, do the children of all classes receive a free education, but poor children receive from Government a small stipend while studying in the secondary and great schools. Poor students usually eke out this allowance by becoming servants in the homes of their richer countrymen. Such a one, a Serb from Bosnia, once insisted on kissing my hand, when I was travelling on a Danube steamer, simply because he looked up to me as an English friend. It is the custom in Serbia for young persons thus to salute their elders. When a Serb leaves his home on a journey, his servants run forward, kiss his hand, and wish him a happy return; and he, on his side, treats and blesses them as he would his own children. By the side of this patriarchal custom has sprung up the democratic habit of handshaking. The Serbs acquired this from the Russians, and have rather ridden it to death. I was walking with a Judge of the *Cour de Cassation* on the railway

platform at Nisch, when a peasant, a complete stranger to him, came up and shook hands with him.

If you visit a Serb cottage, the head of the house will shake hands with you, but his eldest daughter will wash your feet. To return to the Great School, there is no medical faculty at Belgrade, as the hospitals of so new a town cannot furnish the material which anatomy requires. The lectures of the Great School are given in a large building, which is said to have cost £50,000, and was the gift of a Serb merchant. This man (Micha Anastasiévitch) was a friend of Prince Milosch, and received from him the salt monopoly. He thus grew very rich, and, having only daughters and no son, became a benefactor to his country. There is no denying that Oriental notions about women are still prevalent. A father does not set so high a value on his daughter as on his son. Every family in Servia has its patron saint, and the care of this patron saint is committed to the sons, and not to the daughters, who concern themselves with the patron saints of their husbands. These patron saints are a relic of paganism. The Christian missionaries induced the heathen to exchange their idols for patron

saints as Christianity slowly spread over the land. A man must know little about the Serbs if he does not know their intense Conservatism. A Pole will welcome you with open arms, but a Serb will think twice before he greets and treats you as a friend. Thus many ancient prejudices linger. A Serb leaves all his property, as a rule, to his sons. If he die intestate, a division of his property is made by the Judge, who allows the daughters sufficient for their support, their education, and the expenses of their marriage—nothing more. There are now primary schools for girls all over Servia, but in Belgrade alone are there secondary schools for girls, in which the instruction is both excellent and gratuitous. A friend of mine tells me that when he was a child, there resided in his house an Austrian Serb woman, who was able to read. This was considered in Belgrade a most extraordinary phenomenon. Indeed, fifty years ago a Serb would as soon have expected his pigs to read as his daughter. Nor was this wonderful, if we remember that Prince Milosch, the swineherd whom God inspired to deliver Servia, could never read nor write, and that this ruler was not more ignorant than his subjects. In 1834 there was not a primary school in the country, except in

the chief towns of the districts—in all, perhaps, twenty-five. In 1884 scarcely a village was without a primary school. How immense, then, is the progress which Serbia has made in the last fifty years !

No city in Europe has made more rapid progress than Belgrade. The Turkish garrison finally quitted the fortress of Belgrade on the 6th April, 1867. Up to 1867 Belgrade was a Turkish city. Its appearance was as Eastern as its language. A dragoman on accosting a stranger in Belgrade would first try Turkish, then Greek, and last of all Serb. It was with good reason that Kinglake recognised in Belgrade “the Splendour and Havoc of the East.” That splendour and havoc have vanished from Belgrade, never to return. In 1862, when “the bombardment of Belgrade” took place, Belgrade was a mean and dirty little town, utterly unworthy of its Serb name of the White City. Only ten years after (1872), Belgrade could boast of 26,674 inhabitants; and now (1886) she has 40,000 inhabitants. The capital of Serbia has probably more schools and colleges (relatively to its size) than any other European capital. It also possesses a national theatre, a national library, and a railway bridge

across the Save. The Serbs receive so excellent an education, that even their railway porters speak three languages, and yet they remain porters. The situation of the town, overlooking the Save and the Danube, is superb; and if you wish to study sunsets, you should go to the historic heights of Belgrade's citadel, which overlook Hungary's boundless plain.

A Serb who intends entering on one of the liberal professions, or on a Government career, is generally sent, on his coming of age, to study either in Austria, Germany, or France. Very few go to Russia, and still fewer to England. Until he goes abroad, the education of every Serb is free; when he becomes a student in foreign countries, the State begins to differentiate. Those who can afford to pay for their own education abroad, do so; those not quite so well off, pay half the expenses; but the Government bears the entire expenses of the poor student, both at home and abroad. The State allows a hundred pounds a year to each poor student, and this allowance is in addition to travelling expenses. Never, probably, was money more wisely expended, as from the capital thus invested Servia has reaped a rich crop of statesmen. To their

honour be it said, the Ministers, who will make the reign of the first King of modern Servia famous in her annals, are the sons of very poor men. The leaders of the Serb people have sprung from its ranks. M. Novakovitch, the late Minister for Home Affairs, who shares with M. Mijatowitch, the late Serb Minister in London, the palm of being the most learned man in Servia, and who did not even enjoy the advantage of a foreign education, is the son of a carpenter. M. Jovan Petrovitch, the late Minister for War, is the son of a tailor ; and in short it may be said with truth of every member of Garaschanine's Cabinet (except its chief) that they have one and all been educated at the expense of the State. M. Garaschanine, the Prime Minister, is the son of Servia's most famous statesman, and is the owner of flour mills on the Danube. He is one of the most accomplished and brilliant of Europe's public men. I have only conversed with him in French, but even in that language he can be most eloquent. His predecessor, M. Pirochanatz, is a practising lawyer, and the head of his profession. To return to the educational curriculum of the Serbs, there is no fixed period for these foreign studies. The period varies with the nature of the studies. An

engineer would pursue his studies abroad for as long a period as six years. Every student returns to Serbia for his yearly holiday, and by instalments of two months at a time, works off the two years which he is compelled to serve in the army. The eldest or the only son has only to serve five months. Compulsory service in the army dates from the bombardment of Belgrade by the Turks, and Serbs have never murmured at it. Vicarious service by a paid substitute is not allowed, nor is there a shorter period for those who pass an examination, as is the case in Germany and Austria. All alike, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, must serve two years. But though the *Freiwilliger* system (which under the pretext of furthering education confers a fresh privilege on the rich) has no place in Serbia, no army in the world is probably so completely blessed or cursed with examinations as the Servian. Youths, who intend becoming officers, must have passed an examination similar to the matriculation examination into one of the Faculties, before they can enter the Military School. Those who pass their examinations in the school, become officers; those who do not, become private soldiers for two years. About half the officers in the army have risen

from the ranks, but even the rank of corporal cannot be reached without first passing an examination. When and not until he has become a major, is a Serb soldier relieved from the ordeal of examinations. Duels are very rare in Servia. Such briefly is the education which a Serb receives, whether he intends entering the army or one of the liberal professions. No sketch of the country would, however, be complete, which did not include the clergy.

The entire native population of Servia belongs to the Orthodox Greek Church. Aliens alone are exceptions to this rule. The gipsies of the newly-annexed territory are Mahomedans, but the gipsies in the other parts of the country are Christians. The gipsies are exempt from compulsory service in the army, but otherwise no distinction is drawn between them and the Serbs. Their immunity in this respect is not in accordance with any law, but solely arises from a tacit understanding. Like the rest of the peasantry, the gipsies are landowners, and the Government strives in every way it can to attach them to the soil. There are no Uniates in Servia. The Serbs now possess a National Church, of which the Archbishop of Belgrade, and not the King, is the head. The Archbishop of

Belgrade (whom I have the honour to know) is a most delightful old gentleman, and may fairly be called the Sydney Smith of the Serb Church. All who know the Serbs have observed their sense of humour, and their enemies even must admit this to be a redeeming feature in their national character. I feel the greater pleasure in doing justice to his Eminence as I own that the monkish order, to which he belongs, does not commend itself to favourable notice. Would that all the monks resembled their chief in his piety, his purity, and his wit! The Serb clergy are divided into two classes—the unmarried monastic order, and the parish priests, who are allowed to marry once. Monks are alone eligible for the post of bishop and archimandrite. The bishops are now nominated by the Great Synod, composed equally of clergy and laymen, and their nominee is submitted to the King for his approval. Theological students are, as a matter of course, exempt from military service, but the hour of danger has often found them fighting for their country. Archimandrite Dutchitch is a notable instance of a brave and patriotic monk. The parish priests are paid out of the rates. They are, as a rule, very worthy persons, who, if they do no good, do very little

harm. Like their flock, they are farmers, and devote six days of the week to their lands, and the seventh to their neighbours' souls. A Serb peasant is essentially pious. If at the grey hour which precedes the dawn you pass by a cottage, you will see the peasant cross himself and hear his muttered prayer to God to grant him a happy day as he goes forth to his labour. All fast days are religiously observed by the peasant, and the Serb, unlike the Russian, who only eats meat twice in the year, has something to give up. The table of a peasant, though coarse, is abundant. It was the spectacle of all this plenty in the cottages of the down-trodden Serbs and Bulgarians that sent the Russians back to their own country more Nihilistic than they came.

All interested in peasant proprietorship should turn their attention to Servia. Peasant proprietorship has been an unmixed blessing to the Serbs, and they are most jealous of retaining it. Nowhere else in Europe, not even in France, has the peasant so firm a grip of the land as in Servia. If the Serbs have too keen a desire to doctor the State and engage in occasional *émeutes*, this must arise from a feeling of general benevolence, and not from any wants or sufferings of their own.

The shoe does not pinch in Servia. Theirs is a land, where wealth does not accumulate, and where men do not decay. Theirs is a land of moderate incomes and inexpensive habits. The law is paternal. The day labourer cannot charge or assign the tools that are indispensable for the exercise of his trade. These are considered the patrimony of the family, and not of the individual. By virtue of the same law (passed in 1873) the peasant cannot alienate his homestead, which consists of five acres of land, with the farm and buildings thereon. Nothing can deprive a peasant of his holding, unless he be condemned in damages to the State in a criminal prosecution, or is indebted to the estate or to his commune. His land cannot be taken from him to satisfy the claims of any private individual. All land in Servia is saleable; but the peasant cannot sell his homestead of five acres, which is regarded as the property of the whole family, and not of any member of it. The law passed in 1873 only enforced a very ancient custom, just as the Habeas Corpus Act of Charles II.'s reign only placed on the Statute-book the unwritten common law of the realm. Such a homestead law has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It ensures a conservative pea-

santry, but it prevents the land proprietor ever becoming anything higher than a peasant. Probably as Serbia abandons the patriarchal stage of development and enters on the commercial, the spirit of competition, which abhors equality, will considerably modify this homestead legislation. Another custom of the country, which I believe is quite peculiar to Serbia and not found elsewhere, is that of public granaries. The Government of Serbia make the same preparation for bad seasons that Joseph made in Egypt. Every commune and municipality in Serbia (except Belgrade) is bound by law to keep a communal granary, to which every person who pays taxes has to contribute 150 okas a year. An oka is equal to 1.28 kilograms. In ordinary seasons more than forty millions of okas of wheat are annually collected. The annexed territory furnishes about eight millions of okas, so that Serbia amasses annually about fifty millions of okas in her granaries. These granaries belong to the department of the Minister of Finance.

The Serb is described by a high authority (M. de Borchgrave, the Belgian Minister at Belgrade) as "intelligent, proud, impatient of all restraint. The shell is rough. He likes to be hospitable,

especially in the country ; but he dislikes the stranger, and distrusts him. In business, he understands wonderfully his own interests." He certainly understands his own interests in the matter of taxation, for the Minister of Finance (M. Mijatowitch) informed the writer that the direct taxation of Servia amounts at present to fourteen and a half million of francs in the year, or seven and half francs per head of the population. This is not only far less than the taxation of the subjects of the Great Powers, but even of Bulgaria. The Austro-Hungarians in the country, M. Mijatowitch tells me, pay about thirty-three per cent. of their incomes in taxes ; while in towns (like Vienna) they pay even more in rates and taxes. No wonder Serbs and Bulgarians do not care to pay so much "for the honour of belonging" to anybody.

Young Serbs who intend taking holy orders too often finish their studies in Russia, and return (especially the monks) more Russian than the Russians. Happily for the morality of the country, there are not many unmarried monks in Servia. The proposal has been made in the Skuptschina to suppress all monasteries which were not self-supporting, and to forbid the monks

for the future acting as parish priests. This was in consequence of the grave scandals which had arisen from the monks abusing their privileges as spiritual advisers. The proposal was not carried, and public opinion in Servia is certainly not yet ripe for any measure of total suppression of the religious houses. The Serbs piously remember that when the waters of Turkish oppression covered the land the monasteries were the arks of Christian liberty and Christian faith.

It is much to be regretted that the divorce law of Servia should be administered by its clergy. Each Serb diocese has a consistory composed of monks and parish priests, but mainly composed of priests. These consistories enjoy an exclusive jurisdiction in divorce, and they decide which of the parties shall retain possession of the children. The question of damages to the injured party is, however, reserved for the judges of the land. Except in very bad cases, the practice is first to grant a judicial separation, and then, if the parties cannot make up their differences, a divorce follows in three or four months as a matter of course. Both parties are then free to marry again. Domestic life in Servia is as a rule pure, and the morality far higher than in some neighbouring

countries. The judicial bench of Servia is as incorruptible as that of England. The Serbs have the same system as ourselves of advancing barristers to the judicial bench; but while resembling us in this respect, it is not with them once a judge always a judge. A judge may become a Minister of State or an Ambassador. M. Boghitchévitch, the late Minister for Foreign Affairs, was a judge. Trial by jury is not a Serb shibboleth. In trials for murder, arson, and robbery with violence you find juries, but not for other criminal offences or in civil actions.

When the Princess Julia Obrenovitch, the wife of Prince Michel, was in England in 1863, she attended the *soirées* of Lord Palmerston. On one occasion of her doing so, her dress happened to catch in the door; and the *galant* Prime Minister, advancing to her, said, “Je vois, Princesse, que la porte est sur votre chemin pour vous empêcher d’avancer.” The famous *mot* of Lord Palmerston is true to-day, though in a commercial rather than in a political sense. When the Princess visited London the Turkish garrisons in Servia were defended on the grounds that they protected English interests, and that the Principality was only the advanced guard of Russia. Happily,

both notions have been abandoned. Twenty years after the withdrawal of the Turks the ancient monarchy of Servia was revived, and the Serbs again took their place among the free nations of Europe. Having paid an immense price for independence in the life blood of their own sons, the Serbs felt that they were entitled to enjoy the blessings of peace. There are still, however, no signs of Turkey fulfilling the requirements of the Treaty of Berlin, and completing on her own soil the line of rail that will link Salonica with Belgrade. Until this is done, Servia's commercial isolation must continue. This is not only a matter of importance to Servia, but also to England. At present the Serbs have but one window, through which they can only look into Austro-Hungary; the railway to Salonica will give them a window to look into Europe. At present the Serbs can only trade with the great empire across the Save and Danube rivers; they wish to trade with the whole world. If we cannot boast that we took a leading part in releasing this little land from Turkish thralldom, we may at least take a leading part in rescuing it from commercial isolation. Now, as then, it is the Porte which prevents her advance. Our statesmen must surely have learnt

this from our long and intimate connection with the Turks—that nothing short of persistent pressure and repeated remonstrance ever yet converted Turkish promises into Turkish performances. We cannot expect the Osmanli to be enthusiastic about railways. An intelligent Turk once said to a friend of mine, “In the days of camels we were the first nation in the world; in the days of steam we are nowhere.” There was much truth in this statement. When Midhat Pasha complained of roads being impassable in winter, the Turks in his council replied, “Why then travel in winter?” Happily, the railway to Salonica cannot be said to trench on the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. That sonorous phrase will not rise up in judgment against us, if we assist the Serbs to gain an outlet to the sea for their commerce. Considerations of self-interest will occur to the mind unasked. I would rather appeal to a nobler instinct, and in the words of Richard Cobden, a true friend to Servia, appeal to Englishmen to extend the hand of sympathy and good feeling to “a brave, spirited, honest, and industrious people.”

CHAPTER XII.

Is Greece an Extinct Volcano? — Earthquake — Heat —
Acropolis — Marathon — Delyannis — “Every Five
Greeks, Six Generals”—A People redeemed without a
Redeemer—Greater Greece.

Is Greece an extinct volcano? This was the question that came into my mind as the Messageries steamer passed between Scylla and Charybdis, and steamed into the open sea. Mount Etna, with its wreath of smoke, stood out blue against the setting sun. We stood gazing on the volcano, which was not dead, but merely slumbered, until mountain and plain faded away into the azure of the past. Was the land we were bound for an extinct volcano? Who can tell? But be the future of Greece what it may, the man is little to be envied whose heart does not beat quicker on approaching the land of that Hellenic race to whom the world is more indebted than to any other. It was in the grey dawn that we came in sight of Sparta's rocky shore. As the sun approached the horizon, the broad belt of crimson orange grew darker and darker, and the

morning star faded from the heaven, extinguished by excess of light. It was the sun of Hellas we then saw, and not an English sun through Thames fogs. There are, however, the proverbial two sides of the shield; and the cynic who sees Hydra and Ægina in August might be tempted to jeer and say "burning Sappho" must have been burnt, as well as burn, if she inhabited those rocks. The isles of Greece appear veritable stone quarries after our "blest islands of the west." If the classic shore looks arid and uninviting when you gaze at it from under the awning of your steamer, on landing it seems fit only for lizards. Probably the five miles which stretch between the Piræus and Athens have been trod more often by the brave and the wise than any spot of ground on our globe. It is as if Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron had all lived at Margate, and at the same time. Yet the most enthusiastic of Philhellenes is, after all, only a human being, and the first sentiment that Athens in summer will excite in his breast will be complete exhaustion. In plain language, the heat was terrific. No wonder there was an earthquake. I must leave to others, more learned than myself, to describe an earthquake. I will only record my gratitude on

finding next morning that the temples on the Acropolis had survived the night.

He who wishes to clothe himself with the spirit of the Hellenic past—and it were well for him could he dispense with all other clothing—cannot do better than visit Athens in the summer. It is to this very heat that Greece owes her great past. The ancient Athenians did not live in houses made by hands, but under the blue skies, and overlooking the blue sea. God was in their heaven, and therefore it was all right with their world. Living in constant communion with nature, great thoughts and great deeds came as naturally to them as plans for money-making and money-spending come to us; and in one brief generation more good and lasting work was done than has been done in the centuries that have intervened between the age of Pericles and that of Tricoupis. The modern city of Athens lies at the foot of that ancient city, whose light is set on a hill, and will never be extinguished. It is not my intention to describe the Acropolis. The best proof of the beauty of the Acropolis is that it survives the trash, wise and otherwise, which is heaped upon it. The Acropolis, which was at once a temple and a fortress, a living embodiment of Church

and State, even in its decay is matchless, inimitable, and unapproachable. You must visit the Acropolis fully to appreciate the courage of the man who, in the noontide of its splendour, could stand up and tell the Athenians that God did not dwell in temples made by hands.

Mr. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has popularised the idea, long familiar to the thoughtful, of the dual nature of man. Others have it that there dwells in each one of us a feminine, as well as a masculine spirit. No race ever so completely developed both sides of our nature, good and bad, male and female, as the ancient Greeks did, and it is more agreeable to dwell on their splendid qualities than on their defects. The Acropolis is still graced by the Caryatides, those silent maidens on the hill. If the reader is fortunate enough to be accompanied by English ladies, when he stands beneath those famous statues, he will confess that it is not the beauty of the human form that has grown less, but our power of imitating it in stone. A visit to the Acropolis gratifies what is feminine in us; a visit to Marathon gratifies what is masculine in us. If the Parthenon excite the hopeless envy of artists and sculptors, the victory

at Marathon was the most astounding feat ever accomplished by the mettle and the muscle of man. The overthrow of the Persian host can best be appreciated if we make use of an analogy. Supposing the three Emperors were to combine for the partition of Bulgaria, as their ancestors did combine for the partition of Poland, and supposing the Bulgarians were to rout the armies of the three allies in a pitched battle, such a victory would not be won over greater odds than was that famous victory won at the foot of the mountains which look on Marathon. That shore is voiceless now. No sound was to be heard but the lapping of the sea wave. No human being was to be seen but the watchman of the vineyard, roosting on his perch of straw, which was reared on a few marble stones—all that remained of the monument of Miltiades. M. About, who knew better than most men when to write and when not to write, makes no reference to Marathon, and with good reason, for had not two Englishmen, Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron, already said all that could be said about it. At the risk of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of anti-Hellenes, I venture to say that the spirit which dug the Persians grave is not dead. Greece

is not an extinct volcano. Two facts have been established about the recent skirmishing on the frontier. The raw Greek recruits behaved well under fire, and their officers did not shrink from personal responsibility. The only apparent result was a large number of Turkish killed and wounded; but the real result has been a greater confidence of the Greek soldier in himself, and a growing determination in the nation to bite next time instead of barking.

In the midday Athens is deserted and dull; but in the evening the capital awakes from its siesta. All the houses seem to empty themselves into the streets, and the squares are converted into open-air restaurants. The Athenians have gone forth to gather news, the manna of the day. A certain well-known authority did them no injustice when he said that they spent their time in nothing else but either "to tell or hear something new." This hankering after novelty is the well-spring of imagination and invention. A mind that had been satisfied with two and two making four would never have reared the Parthenon or destroyed the Persian fleet at Salamis. But a mind ever on the search for the new is disposed to be indifferent to the true. Probably no great

man and patriot was ever more "foxy" than Themistocles. Those who are not Philhellenes tell us that the countrymen of Thucydides resemble him in this weakness, and that they regard a lie more in the light of an intellectual trait than of a moral blemish. There are in every nation "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," but probably the reputation of the Greeks suffers from the harsh things uttered by themselves. To give an instance: they say that at the creation two sacks of lies were made; one sack was reserved for the town in the Morea, where Delyannis was born, while the contents of the other were distributed over the face of the globe. Foreign malevolence could no further go. Delyannis is a most courteous gentleman, and rather reminds you of what a Byzantine courtier must have been in the days of the Palæologi. The wonder is how he could quarrel with anyone, but he did quarrel most seriously with our Minister, Sir Horace Rumbold.

Reverence is not the strong part of the Greek character. M. Lombardos, the present Home Minister, uttered a very true thing when he said in the House of Deputies that the Greeks were a very democratic people, but that they could not

have a Republic, for they would never agree upon any one man as President. The Venetians, who knew the Greeks well, had a proverb—"Every five Greeks, six generals." Men incapable of obedience are proverbially incapable of command. Where every man is a captain, you do not expect to find a colonel. The Greek revolution, glorious though it was in many of its incidents, illustrates this text. You search in vain for a redeemer in this history of a people's redemption. The depised negro race in its hour of trial produced one who was a hero and a martyr; the proud land of Hellas did not, even in the throes of its new birth unto freedom, produce a man to compare with Toussaint l'Ouverture. This reflection might depress the friend of Greece, and dispose him to think that all except her sun had set. Happily, there is now at the head of affairs in Greece one who is a patriot and a statesman, and who seems destined to revive the best traditions of his race. The present Prime Minister holds it to be the sacred duty for Greece never to rest, until all who speak her language and are proud of her name are numbered among her recognised sons. The hour for action will strike, and that soon, and in Charilaus Tricoupis his country has found her

man. The whole question is whether the Greeks will loyally support their patriot-statesman and his policy. The army of Greece bears a larger proportion to its population than even that of Germany. But her army is the only instrument Greece possesses for working out her own salvation. The truth is that Greece (as at present constituted) is too small to exist. She must advance, or national bankruptcy will ensue. Yet it was on account of the fresh taxes proposed by his last budget that Tricoupis was thrown out of office. He is now in office again, and will shortly reintroduce an almost identical budget. This increased taxation is necessary on account of the army and navy. Will the Greeks have sufficient patriotism to support him now? If they do, they may rely upon it that their country will soon enter into possession of that grand and historic inheritance known to her sons as Greater Greece.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Interview with Tricoupis—A Hardworked Statesman—The Land Question—Peasant Proprietors—Payment of Members—Tricoupis and Delyannis compared as Speakers—Greek Reform Bill—Living “By what sticks”—A Deputy as Godfather—Tricoupis “the Englishman”—King George—Greek Partiality for Russia—Lord Iddesleigh’s Quintuple Alliance—What we have Gained by Coercing Greece—Proposed Reforms in Army and Navy—Greek Finance—Paper Money—The Anglesey of Greek Finance Ministers—Free Education—“Conventicles”—Priests—No Oath Question—“Water is Best”—Indirect Protection.

AT that hour which modern Athenians consecrate to the siesta, the Prime Minister of Greece received me. The hour of the interview seemed to me typical of the man, for at a time when others slumber, Tricoupis—like the Emperor of China, who holds his Council meetings at midnight—is keeping watch and ward over his country. Happily for me the day was a solemn festival of the Church, and this enabled M. Tricoupis to give me more of his time than he otherwise could have done. He fills three posts in his Cabinet—those of Prime Minister, War Minister, and Finance Minister. He is not only

the first of Greek statesmen, but he is the first, and the rest nowhere. He is known as "the Englishman" among his compatriots, and no more splendid compliment could be paid to England, for Tricoupis is the most honest man that ever mixed in Greek politics. Even the late Lord Strangford is constrained to except Tricoupis from his sweeping condemnation of the Greek character. The diplomatic training of Tricoupis has, he says, "kept him clear from demoralising local influences, and the daily habit of petty shuffle. Diplomacy has actually given Tricoupis a moral education." Foreigners say that all Englishmen are affected by the spleen. Perhaps we are, but even the splenetic admit Tricoupis's integrity, and that in the widest sense. He has absolutely no object in view but the welfare of his country. For this he spends laborious days and nights. When the Chamber is not sitting, his working day is always the same. He rises at six in the morning, and goes to the War Office or Finance Office. He remains there, with brief intervals for meals, till midnight, and sometimes till two or three in the morning. He appears to be a glutton for work. He is a man over the medium height, with a very pleasant, frank face. I was surprised to learn

that he is considered proud by his countrymen; but then they cannot brook a master. There seems to be some truth in this charge, genial and kind as Tricoupis is in private life, for at the time of the cession of the Ionian Islands by England, Tricoupis held language so extravagant that Lord John Russell threatened to break off negotiations. Tricoupis is proud of his country, and has a high opinion of its merits. If this be a fault, it only serves to set off the lustre of his public and private character. I shall now give the views of the Greek Prime Minister on things Greek, in his own language as far as possible.

There is no land question, he said, in Greece. There used to be a small land question after the union of the Ionian Islands with reference to the olive-trees. The Venetians had admirably arranged that the right to the land should be in one person, the tree in another, and the fruit in a third. At least, this is how the wags put it. This difficulty was settled by legislation. There was a land question in Thessaly, but that is being settled without legislation. In Thessaly the difficulty was created not by the Turks, but by speculators who bought the land for a rise. Happily the peasants are able to buy the land for

prices which satisfy their speculating landlords, and the matter is being amicably arranged. I asked him whether there were no large landed proprietors in Greece. He said, "Yes, in Attica, Euboea, and other territories that have been given us by treaty; but even there the peasants are rapidly becoming proprietors, as they give prices which produce as investments far more than the land ever did in rent. In the Morea, the land had been taken from the Turks by conquest, and by a law passed in 1881 the Moreote peasantry were purchasing the land from the Government. Each peasant is allowed to buy forty stremata of irrigated land and eighty stremata of unirrigated land, but in many cases the peasants have taken more, and the official surveyors never interfere further than by requiring the land to be paid for." Two stremata and a half are equal to an acre. "So you see," said M. Tricoupis with a smile, "our peasant has more than three acres and a cow." I asked him whether the possession of land had had the degrading and demoralising effect which the opponents of peasant proprietorship alleged that it had had in France. M. Tricoupis replied that he had not seen any such ill effects. On the contrary, he referred to the

patience with which the peasants had borne the heavy burdens Delyannis's policy had thrown upon them as proof of their patient and law-abiding nature. He pointed out also that the peasant proprietors passed the laws they were called on to obey. They themselves form the bulk of the deputies. It is scarcely necessary to add that in Greece there are no poor laws, for there are no poor. A hospital has lately been founded in Athens by the legacies of the charitable, but it is mainly filled with old dependents. "Even our servants own a bit of land." I asked him whether merchants cared to enter the Chamber of Deputies. "Certainly, any one would wish to be a deputy, though (he added with a smile) we do not write M.P. after our name." Payment of members he regarded as a necessary evil for Greece. "I should like to have unpaid deputies, if it were possible, but it is not." The deputies will not sit during the currant harvest, and although they can all live comfortably at home, the two thousand francs a session is barely enough with some to pay their expenses in Athens. There is a considerable Jewish population in Volo, Larissa, and Chalcis, but no Jewish deputy, and only three Catholic. The peasantry

of all lands are proverbially cautious and canny. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn that the Greek Chamber, in which they form a majority, is a very cold and critical audience. Except from the galleries, which are carefully packed, there is rarely any applause. I asked whether the peasant deputies spoke the written language. M. Tricoupis replied, "Yes, but a few deputies, a very few, speak a terse, idiomatic language, which differs from written Greek, but these are quite the best speakers we have." I may here interpolate the fact that M. Tricoupis is himself quite the best of living Greek orators. I was conversing in English with a young Greek about him. "Tricoupis," said his admirer, "will speak for three hours without a"—"Without a note." "No, without a glass of water," added the Greek. "Delyannis," he said, "was constantly stopping to drink a glass of water." This was evidently his definition of a table thumper.

Greece, like France, is divided into departments, arrondissements, and municipalities. The Prime Minister explained to me how deputies used to be elected for arrondissements, and how the number of deputies grew with the increase of population—how by small districts returning deputies, elections

came to be decided by private rather than by public considerations, and how by the measure he had introduced and passed that spring the number of deputies had been fixed at the minimum number of 150 provided by the Constitution. This reform was not passed merely on economic grounds, but in the hope that it would prevent the sacrifice of public to private or purely local interests. At present one man might influence thirty votes, and this would turn the scale in an electorate of 200, but would be powerless in one of 20,000. He laid great stress on the facility which the present small divisions gave electors to make their support conditional on their obtaining some post, and hoped this was rendered impossible for the future by his new law. There can be no doubt that the question of patronage is a serious stumbling-block for Greek politicians. Roughly speaking, there are three candidates for every office, and every Greek is not so accommodating as was the Yankee applicant who, finding that every post in the Cabinet was filled, remarked, as he went out of the door, "You don't happen to have an old suit of clothes you can give me?" A Greek Prime Minister, when he enters office, is the most popular man in the country, for he has

more to give away than any one else ; but when he has been in office some time, he has become a disappointing man. There is a story told of a seller of Greek figs, which applies to too many Greek officials. The vendor of figs undersold every one else in the market ; when asked how he could manage it, he replied, "By what sticks." It was then observed that the bottom of his basket was pitched, and that the loss on the figs was more than covered by the pence that stuck to the basket. So it is with too many of the underpaid officials of this little country ; they live "by what sticks" to their official baskets.

Votes are not bought and sold as they were with us ; still, a modern Greek has his own way of voting for himself. He makes the candidate of his choice godfather to one of his children. A Greek godfather is a very near relative, and cannot marry into the family of his godchild. The Greeks, who dwell in towns, are not given to hospitality ; but near relations may fairly expect hospitality of each other. The constituent therefore goes to Athens as the guest of his child's godfather, and it is well for the deputy, if he has only to be hospitable. Generally his self-constituted relative has some relation who is without the post

for which he is peculiarly well fitted, and the deputy is expected to let the Prime Minister understand upon what the continuance of his support is conditional. And yet these posts under Government, sought with such feverishness, are most miserably underpaid, and scarcely give the holder an honest livelihood. The Prime Minister himself is only paid £500 a year. It were well for this country, if every Greek office-holder could take Tricoupis as his great example.

A telegram relating to Bulgaria was brought in, which M. Tricoupis was good enough to read to me. We discussed the position there, and I congratulated the Prime Minister that the Outs in Greece were as patriotic as the Ins. "You all remain Greeks." He admitted this was so, and explained that after the War of Freedom there had been Ministers who had led what were known as the English and French parties, because when in office they could rely on the support of the English and French Governments respectively, but that was no longer so. "They call me an Englishman," he said. "I may be English in my social views, but not in my political." It is my strong conviction that whenever Russia chooses to reopen the Eastern Question, Greece

will warmly co-operate with her. She will do this, not so much from love of Russia, as from hatred of Austria, and from a conviction that no other Power but Russia will aid her to carry out her great idea. Those, too, who have not lived in the East of Europe can scarcely grasp the implicit faith which the peasants of the Greek Church—be they Hellenes, Macedonians, or Montenegrins—place in Russia as the Orthodox Power. In the best-known Bulgarian convent on Mount Athos the name of Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, has never been so much as mentioned in their public prayers, though they pray several times a day for the Czar and Imperial family. A Bulgarian peasant has little in common with the drones of the Holy Mountain. King George was a sailor in the Danish navy, with expectations of about £160 a year, when Lord John Russell, either metaphorically or actually, patted him on the shoulder, and asked him how he should like being King of Greece. The Greeks were then most anxious that the Duke of Edinburgh should fill the throne vacated by King Otho, because they felt that such a step would commit England to carrying out the Great Greek Idea. We were either too wise or too foolish to

embark upon so adventurous a policy ; and consequently the Greeks have had to make friends elsewhere. Hellenic partiality for Russia is of very recent date ; but it will certainly not cool on account of Russia's grudge against Bulgaria. Turkey, the Greeks regard as worse than sick ; but Austria—*voilà l'ennemi*. It is not that Greece loves Russia more, but that she loves Austria less. Russia leaves no stone unturned to keep alive her influence in Greece. She married the King to a Russian princess ; she keeps a squadron in Greek waters, though she took care that, so far as she was concerned, the blockade should be a paper one. I suggested that foreign coercion might at least have had the effect of driving Delyannis from office. "Not in the least," replied M. Tricoupis, with marked emphasis. "We would all support him against foreign interference." In my opinion, the coercion policy applied in the spring by our Government to Greece was a great mistake. Even admitting that it is to our interest and our honour to support the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, we did not go the right way to attain this end. Little countries, like little men, must be flattered rather than threatened ; but our diplomacy more often resembles the wind than the

sun. Lord Iddesleigh is reported to be endeavouring to cement an alliance between Turkey, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece. All such endeavours must end in failure. An alliance between Bulgaria and Greece is as impossible as an alliance between Germany and France. The feeling which a Greek bears to a Turk may almost be described as affectionate, when compared with the aversion he has for a Bulgarian. He is not likely to embrace the Bulgarian at the bidding of the very Power that took the lead in the blockade. King George and his subjects will not forget the part so recently taken by England for many a long year. It seems almost certain that King George visited Paris this autumn, to avoid receiving a visit from His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The associations connected with a British squadron in Greek waters are not pleasant to Greek minds. The Russian squadron, on the other hand, is most welcome, and the Russian admiral's dinner-table is frequently honoured with the presence of their Hellenic Majesties. The French are also favourites; and a French admiral is at present a highly-salaried official in the Greek service. It is quite clear that we have not gained the goodwill of Greece by our

active foreign policy ; it is equally clear that we have not gained the goodwill of Turkey. What then have we gained ? What could have induced our statesmen to alienate one of the few countries that had friendly feelings for England ? Even admitting that the Eastern Question must not be reopened, if we can prevent it, we were hardly pursuing a dignified policy in coercing Greece. That was tantamount to telling Russia, that when it suits her convenience, she may occupy Bulgaria and seize on Constantinople ; and that, until she is ready, we will prevent any small Power poaching on her preserves. Russia may in perfect immunity steal the horse ; but Greece is to be punished, if she but look over the fence. The only Powers that gained by the Austrian policy, which we for the nonce made our own, were the new allies, Russia and Turkey. To benefit them we cut the cords of sentiment which had long bound us to Greece, incurred the bitter hostility of a rising Power, and kept under Turkish misgovernment the district round Janina which is mainly Greek in sympathy and race.

M. Tricoupis assented to a remark of mine that the right time to occupy Janina was when the Turks had their hands full in Bulgaria, and when

Europe would have recognised a *fait accompli* in Albania, as well as in Eastern Roumelia. He pointed out that though the Powers could never prevent Greece declaring war against Turkey, if she were so minded, it would be folly for his country—say, with two millions—to declare war against the Ottoman Empire, with its twenty millions, unless she could reckon on at least one of the Powers as her ally. He also criticised Delyannis's policy of calling out reserves, which he very justly said was not the proper way of preparing the country for a war, but rather of exhausting it.

We spoke of the army, in which the Prime Minister naturally takes the greatest interest, as it is the instrument for carrying out his ideas. The army of Greece (exclusive of officers) is composed of conscripts. M. Tricoupis explained to me that at present every Greek must serve one year in the infantry, or two in the cavalry or artillery; but if a man were drawn for the cavalry, he might at once declare for the infantry, and purchase a substitute to serve for him in the cavalry, thus serving the State by himself and his proxy, for three instead of two years. He told me he proposed altering this into an uniform service of two years, allowing six months' leave for harvest,

and abolishing the right to purchase a substitute. "I do this, not on account of the soldiers, but on account of the officers, who are at present perpetually engaged in drilling recruits. When in France it was proposed to cut down eight years' service to five, Thiers exclaimed that the army was ruined; so you see that a service, however long, does not satisfy some; and I don't think two years will create a better private than one, but it will create a better officer. Our navy is at present entirely composed of paid sailors, but this is too expensive for the country; so I propose altering that too, and having our navy manned with conscripts." This naturally led us to discuss the all-important question of ways and means. M. Tricoupis, when last in office, withdrew the paper currency, and issued for that purpose a loan, which was, however, only partially taken up. The paper currency, thus withdrawn, on the 13th January, 1885, was reimposed in consequence of the mobilisation of the Greek army by M. Delyannis in October, 1885. The existence of a paper currency—save for its tendency to create protection—need alarm no friend of Greece. All countries, even our own, have had, or now have a paper currency. It is a natural stage in the financial

development of a country, and if properly handled, as in France, no more injures the body politic than measles injure the body physical. It is not the paper currency that alarms a friend of Greece, but the want of equilibrium between her public receipts and her public expenditure. The inhabitants of Chios are the recognised financiers of Greece. They have a proverb — “He who spends nineteen, and does not make thirty, is put into prison, and wonders at the reason why.” Now that is exactly what Greece does, though it is to be hoped the prison is not in store for her. The income of Greece varies from sixty-five to seventy millions of francs, and she owes forty millions for interest on loans, pensions, &c. It must be admitted that a country, whose national debt swallows up more than half its income, is financially in a parlous state. The world, however, is the inheritance of the sanguine, and M. Tricoupis is a most sanguine man. He explained to me that, out of a revenue of sixty-five millions, about four millions of francs were derived from payments by peasants, to purchase their land, and could not therefore be fairly called taxes.* “I propose to

* This item was put down as 4,292,850 francs in the Budget of 1885.

add taxes to the extent of another thirty millions of francs, though I admit my Government was thrown out on these very taxes last year." Unfortunately, it is one thing to put a tax on, and another to get it. The question is, whether the Greeks will have sufficient patriotism to put up with this increased taxation. Tricoupis cannot be described as a great Finance Minister. He is the first of Greek Finance Ministers; but this is not high praise. Strange as it may appear with so clever a race as the Greek, finance is the weak point with their public men. Tricoupis is the best of Greek Chancellors of the Exchequer, in the same manner as the Marquis of Anglesey was the Duke of Wellington's best cavalry officer. The dictum of Wellington on "his best cavalry officer" has become classical.

If it be the mind that rules, Greece ought to realise her heart's desire. There is no country in Europe where education is so highly prized as in Greece. Education is free to all—if a man declares himself unable to pay one or half a drachma a month for his child's education, he can have it gratis; and if one man makes the declaration, all his neighbours join in. But so far is this from being frequent, that it is very common (so M.

Tricoupis told me) to find the peasants giving the teacher a plot of land and cultivating it for him, so highly do they prize the presence of a good teacher. M. Tricoupis says, that finding good teachers has become a serious difficulty in Greece, as a teacher, who receives £3 a month—which is all the Government pays him—can easily find a more lucrative career. There is no religious difficulty in Greece. Education is not secular, but the consciences of all are respected, and both Catholic and Jewish schools are assisted with State funds. If there were a strong body of Secularists in Greece, as in England, this would of course be impossible. But apparently there are as few Secularists as Socialists in Greece. M. Tricoupis referred with a laugh to one deputy calling himself a Socialist, because he read French books; but, he added, this deputy would be very unwilling to carry out his theories into practice. The absence of an extreme or Radical party from Greek politics is very remarkable. M. Tricoupis laid great stress on the fact that, though the Orthodox Church was by the Constitution “the preponderating Church,” all sects were tolerated. He pointed out to me that the Greek Church was essentially a tolerating Church, that the Greek

Metropolitan attended the Catholic Church on solemn festivals, though the Catholic bishop did not return the compliment; that a Greek priest would always administer the sacrament to or bury in consecrated ground a Christian belonging to a Church other than his own. The priests receive nothing from the State, but are entirely supported by the parishioners. The bishops are paid by the State out of a fund raised by the sale of the "conventicles." Now by "conventicles" M. Tricoupis meant the smaller convents, which had been disendowed. In an interview which lasted two hours this was the only word which was incorrectly used by the Prime Minister, if, indeed, it was incorrectly used.* The larger convents still remain, and cultivate very badly the large estates that belong to them. Possibly Tricoupis may himself become the Henry VIII. of Greece, but should he disendow the monasteries he will not do so to enrich individuals, but to balance the national finances. In no country are priests

* A chapter might be written on the word "conventicle." Diminutive words are usually terms of endearment, but this is not the case with conventicle. It is now too late for M. Tricoupis to rescue this word from the disgrace it has fallen into. Hooker, Dryden, and Swift have given it a bad name; and a bad name it must now retain.

better kept in their proper place than in Greece. They are not only not allowed to sit as deputies, but they are not even allowed to take any part in the elections. "Like your peers, however," said M. Tricoupis, "they do. At our elections the Party, whose side the priest declares for, places him on horseback at the entrance to the village to speak to the villagers as they come in to vote. But he runs a risk of being fined by the bishop." The Orthodox religion is so much a matter of course in Greece, like the air you breathe, that there naturally is no oath question. Some of the deputies, M. Tricoupis told me, have written "very improperly" (he added), an objection on the roll after signing their names, but not on religious grounds. They have merely stated that in their opinion a member should be bound by nothing but his conscience. In Greece they have compulsory vaccination, "but we try," said M. Tricoupis, "to make the practice as little compulsory as possible." This was one of the many proofs the Prime Minister gave me of his preference for the voluntary to the compulsory. The Greeks are great drinkers—of water, and Athens water is excellent. There are no liquor laws, either prohibitive or licensing, but every trade has to take

out a licence. Beyond this it is evidently the wish of the Prime Minister to make trade free. "Protection," he said, "is not intended, but some laws passed purely for the purpose of raising a revenue have developed a home industry, and this I do not think a bad thing for us." Although we did not refer to it, M. Tricoupis must be well aware that a paper currency tends to produce protection. For, though you can purchase the same amount of home-grown necessities—bread, meat and fruit—with a paper franc as with a silver franc, you are restricted by a paper currency to home-grown articles in consequence of the premium on gold or foreign bills of exchange, varying at present from 15 to 20 per cent. In other words, there is a bounty varying from 15 to 20 per cent. in favour of home-made articles in addition to the duty. For instance, it would be impossible for Liverpool cotton to compete with the cotton twist manufactured at the Piræus. All pleasant things must come to an end, and so did this interview. It has seldom been my good fortune to meet a man at once so able and so agreeable as the Prime Minister of Greece.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg—Elected Prince of Bulgaria—The Zankoff Party—"Russia's Honey and Sting"—Karaveloff—The Abortive Kidnapping of 1883—Skobelev and the ungrateful Hebrew—Serb Campaign—Russia objects to Prince Alexander being named Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia—The Bourgas Conspiracy—Karaveloff's Opportunism—The Russo-Zankoff Press—Warlike Rumours.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria is twenty-nine years of age. At the date of his call to the throne of Bulgaria he was serving in the Gardes du Corps in Potsdam, and lived in modest quarters at No. 1, Berlin-street. He then told a reporter of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, "I lead here the life of a Prussian officer, and I can wish for nothing better; but to become a reigning Prince is something too tempting to be resisted." These words must have often come back to the Prince's recollection. The remark of Prince Bismarck is well known. He told the newly-elected Prince that his having been Prince of Bulgaria would be an interesting incident for him to look back upon in later life. Prince Alexander of Hesse was declared Hereditary Prince of Bulgaria by the Assembly of

Notables at Tirnova on the 29th of April, 1879; and on the 6th of July in the same year the Prince first set foot on Bulgarian soil. He was received at Varna with the greatest enthusiasm; and on the 13th July, 1879, the Russian army evacuated Philippopoli. Unfortunately, the Russianising of the Bulgarian army made more headway than any of the national institutions. It was natural that a young Prussian officer should pay more attention to the army than to the codification of the law, the making of roads, the building of railways, or the founding of schools. Dragan Zankoff was Minister President of the Prince's third Cabinet, and in this Cabinet Petko Karaveloff was Minister of Finance. Although Zankoff was the leader of the Opposition to Karaveloff's Liberal Administration, it must not therefore be supposed that he is a Conservative. It is difficult for an Englishman to follow Bulgarian politics; but it is incorrect to speak either of the Conservatives as the Russian or of the Liberals as the National Party. In Southern Bulgaria (the Eastern Roumelia of other days) the Conservatives are Russian in their sympathies, while it is the section of Liberals that recognise Zankoff as their leader, who in Northern Bulgaria adhere to the Russian

cause. Zankoff calls himself a Constitutional Liberal, and professes a strong attachment for the Constitution of Tirnova. Unfortunately, in an evil moment, and acting under the advice of the then Minister for War—a Russian, General Ehrenroth—the Prince decided upon abrogating this Constitution. In May, 1881, the Prince issued a proclamation stating that the Constitution of Tirnova was unworkable, and that he would only remain Prince on certain conditions. Those conditions were the granting of extraordinary powers to the Prince, practically to govern without the Constitution, and to summon in seven years' time a National Assembly to revise the Constitution. The National Assembly that met at Sistova on the 13th July, 1881, accepted these conditions. On the Prince's *coup d'état* Karaveloff withdrew to Philippopoli, while Zankoff remained at Sofia. The two rivals honourably supported themselves by teaching. Soon after the *coup d'état* Zankoff was removed in the night from Sofia to Wratza, a town about thirty-five miles north of the capital. This act of the Prince was as impolitic as it was unconstitutional. Wratza, from being a town most loyal to his Government, became thoroughly Zankoffite. Meanwhile Karaveloff was devoting

himself in Philippopoli to the formation of a National party for the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. In 1883 the Prince repented him of his rash step, and asked his previous Prime Minister Zankoff to form a Ministry. Zankoff would only take office if the Prince restored the Constitution, and this the Prince consented to do. Subsequently a general election was held, which resulted in a large majority for Karaveloff. Russian influence was at that election exerted on the side of Karaveloff; and that statesman cannot be said to have definitely dissociated himself from the Russian Party in Bulgaria until last year, when he stood by the Prince and approved of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia. It is well known that a change had then come over Russian views, and that the Unionist or National party in Bulgaria had no opponent so bitter as the Czar. Karaveloff, by throwing in his lot with Alexander as Prince of a united Bulgaria, burnt, or rather evacuated his Russian boats, which were immediately manned by Zankoff and his crew. The followers of Zankoff are, it must be remembered, by no means a homogeneous body. They are partly Conservatives from Southern Bulgaria, and partly Liberals or Zankoffites from Northern Bul-

garia, with nothing in common but hatred of the Prince and of Karaveloff. Zankoff has become the tool of Russia, but he was foolish enough to think he could make her his tool. Zankoff's dream has been to place himself in power by the aid of Russia, and then to throw her over. The Russian Government are perfectly well informed as to the sort of love Zankoff feels for them, and may some day make him regret the unpatriotic part he has recently played. It was Zankoff who uttered the famous phrase—"We want neither Russia's honey nor Russia's sting." Zankoff has of late been enjoying her honey; he may live to feel her sting.

After the elections in 1883 the Prince was bound, as a Constitutional ruler, to entrust Karaveloff with the formation of a Cabinet. "Dear Karaveloff," he said at their first meeting, "I swear to you a second time that I will rule only for the welfare of my people, and strictly in accordance with the Constitution of Tirnova. Let us then forget the past, and work together for the good of our country." The Prince has kept his word. It is the opinion of one who has known the Prince intimately, and who is himself thoroughly conversant with Bulgaria, that since

1883 the Prince has ruled with extraordinary clemency and wisdom, and that under the most trying circumstances. It must not be supposed that all went well with Bulgaria as soon as her Constitution had been restored to her. Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars* still ruled as satraps in Sofia. Their rule came to an unexpected close, and as the incident is little known in England, and as it closely resembles what has just happened, it is worth narrating. One night Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars entered the palace at Sofia and demanded an audience of the Prince. The officer of the watch, Lieut. Marinoff (who afterwards fell fighting bravely at Slivnitza) would not allow them to pass, although they brought the permit of his superior, the Minister for War. The Russian generals then attempted to force their way into the Prince's presence; but the lieutenant barred the way with his drawn sword, and sent word to the Prince. A search was instituted, and a carriage was found at the palace gate, which was intended to convey the Prince to the Danube, and printed proclamations, setting forth that the

* This is not the General Kaulbars, who is at present acting as the Czar's Electioneering Agent in Bulgaria, but his brother.

brave Bulgarian people, wearied with the misgovernment of the Prince, had expelled him from their country. Thus history repeats itself! The proclamation also set forth the formation of a provisional Government under Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars. The first attempt to kidnap the Prince of Bulgaria failed, owing to the bravery of one Bulgarian, Lieutenant Marinoff. Prince Alexander remained in Sofia, while it was Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars who left. The Russian Government have made one great mistake in Bulgaria. They have reckoned their chickens before they are hatched. Had Bulgaria been a tributary province to the Czar, his officers could not have treated the Bulgarians with more unconcealed contempt. It was not only the Prince, but every class of society that suffered from their overweening arrogance. There is no question that many educated Bulgarians, who regarded Russia with the most grateful feelings, were repelled by the manner of the Russian officers. The writer was much struck with the following anecdote. At the time of the Russian occupation of Adrianople, the train in crossing the bridge over the Maritza fell into the river. Most of the passengers were saved, but all the trucks were lost. General

Skobelev, who was then in Adrianople, questioned the guard of the train as to how the accident had happened. While they were conversing on the platform of the Adrianople railway station, a Jew came up, and in the Turkish language bewailed the loss of a truck of salt. "What is that he says?" The guard told the general. "Was he in the train at the time of the accident?" The guard said he was one of the passengers who had been saved. General Skobelev instantly took the whip from the guard's boot and administered to the Jew a sound thrashing. He then called a gendarme, and gave the ungrateful Hebrew—not himself—into custody. This fact was told the writer by the guard himself. The guard spoke of General Skobelev as "a perfect gentleman." If this, then, was the act of a Russian perfect gentleman, what could you expect from those who made no pretence to that title?

To resume my brief history of Prince Alexander's public career, on the 18th September, 1885, the revolution in Eastern Roumelia broke forth. Gavriel Pasha was deposed, and Prince Alexander proclaimed in his stead Prince of Southern Bulgaria. The Prince issued a proclamation, which declared North and South Bul-

garia to be one, and gave him the title of Prince of both Bulgarias. The unfortunate campaign with Servia then ensued, with results which redounded to the personal glory of the Prince. The name of the conqueror of Slivnitza became a household word throughout Europe. In Germany especially they felt proud of their young countryman. The Bulgarian nation, too, had come well out of the struggle. By a stroke of his pen the Czar had deprived the army of all her Russian officers. The young and inexperienced Bulgarians, who had stepped into their places, had proved themselves worthy of their brave leader. But while the Prince was beating back the invading forces, and at the same time asserting the indefeasible right of North and South Bulgaria to remain one, Zankoff, the Metropolitan Clement, and the Russian Consul-General at Sofia were at their usual work. They expected the Servians to be victorious, and had made every arrangement to depose the Prince. Happily for Bulgaria's freedom and unity, it was Prince Alexander, and not King Milan, who entered Sofia in triumph. Zankoff, Clement, and the Russian Consul-General had still to bide their time. On the battle-field, courage and coolness had made the Prince victorious; on the field of

diplomacy, he had to encounter a far more deadly enemy. There can be no question that had the Treaty of Berlin not divided the two Bulgarias, had it created no Eastern Roumelia and no organic statute, the path of the Russian intriguer would have been one full of danger and difficulty, while that of the Prince and people of Bulgaria would have been proportionately free from danger and from difficulty. The arbitrary division of the Bulgarian people has been the source of unmixed evil both to Europe and Bulgaria. A weak Bulgaria means a strong Russia. None have seen this more clearly than the able men who direct the foreign policy of that Power. Accordingly all the efforts of her representatives have been directed to keep this running sore open in the Balkan Peninsula. In March of this year it was Russia that made her approval of the new order of things in Eastern Roumelia dependent upon two conditions. One was that the name of Prince Alexander was to be left out of the Treaty, and that the Prince of Bulgaria should only be named Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia for five years. England, who wished as much as possible to efface her share in the evil work of creating Eastern Roumelia, favoured, on the other

hand, the nomination of Prince Alexander as Governor for life of Southern Bulgaria. In its wish to limit the Prince's governorship to a term of five years, the Russian Government had some show of authority. The 17th article of the Treaty of Berlin had limited the Governor's term of office in Eastern Roumelia to five years, but even astute politicians thought the Czar was carrying personal spite too far in keeping the name of Prince Alexander out of the Treaty. The Russian Government may be spiteful, but it is also farseeing. It is now clear to all that had the latest attempt to kidnap the Prince succeeded, and had his name—instead of the Prince of Bulgaria—been inserted in the Treaty, it would have been necessary to have obtained the sanction of the Sultan to his deposition. Otherwise the Prince, while ceasing to be Prince of Bulgaria, would still have remained Governor of South Bulgaria. Thus we find the Czar thoughtfully providing in March last for the “unexpected” removal of his relation, Prince Alexander.

In the May of this year a very serious conspiracy was formed against the life of the Prince and his Prime Minister. Strange to say, a Russian officer is again found at the bottom of it. A certain

Captain Nabrikoff, accompanied by some Montenegrin priests, travelled about North and South Bulgaria preaching the necessity of reconciliation with Russia. Their scheme for attaining this object was to murder Karaveloff, to capture the Prince dead or alive, to proclaim a revolution, and to make every preparation for the Russian occupation of North and South Bulgaria. Happily, this second attempt to kidnap or murder the Prince was discovered at Bourgas through a peasant, who turned informer. Thirty conspirators had been sworn in by the Montenegrin priests. They were all arrested; and if they have not been released by Zankoff's friends, they still await their trial. In June of this year the Bulgarian National Assembly met in Sofia. In this Assembly what had once been called Eastern Roumelia, as well as Bulgaria, was represented. The Assembly consisted of about two hundred and eighty members. Of these one hundred were staunch supporters of the Prime Minister Karaveloff, ninety were followers of Zankoff, while there was a Radical Party of about ninety, strong in their ability and in their determination to resist Russian aggression at all costs. The Radical Party, unlike some of their namesakes in Serbia, are the Patriot Party of Bulgaria. The

Radicals are determined to keep their country free, and never themselves to become the serfs of a Russian despot. Their patriotism is untainted by opportunism. Karaveloff is reported to have said that the position of the Prince would not remain any longer tenable, unless he received the active support of one of the Great Powers. A Bulgarian Radical could never have uttered such a sentiment, as with him Karaveloff's own axiom—"Bulgaria for the Bulgarians"—is a truth for which he is willing to lay down his life. Karaveloff could always rely on the Radical vote in the Assembly when attacked by Zankoff's Party. If you contrast the position Karaveloff held in the country less than six months ago with his present position, when, as a candidate for the Sobranje, he only secured twenty-seven votes, you see what a temporising policy can bring a man of great ability to. Beaten in Parliament, Zankoff fell back on the poisoned weapons of calumny and untruth. The most shameful personal libels on the Prince appeared in the Russo-Zankoff Press of Bulgaria. It is a noteworthy fact that in these ferocious lampoons but little reference is made to Karaveloff. Every effort, in fact, was made to detach him from his master, and

apparently with success. To quote from the *Suedinena* of Philippopoli of the 9th July last—a paper established by the Russian agents here some years ago—“The evil is to be found not in Karaveloff or any Radical Government, but in the small head of that German creature ;” “No Karaveloff, &c., are fit to turn the shoes of this cunning, iniquitous, and sly man, who is called by the name of Battenberg.” Another of Zankoff’s organs accused the Prince of receiving £50,000 from Austria for not invading Servia; another charged him with receiving a pension from England in consideration of his not uniting North and South Bulgaria, and another actually charged the Prince with the habitual commission of a most infamous crime. These quotations are given, not so much to prove the spite of the Zankoff Press, but to show that had the Prince been half the tyrant he was depicted, he would long since have had Zankoff and his editors tried for high treason. No other Sovereign has had to suffer more from misrepresentation than Prince Alexander.

In addition to the personal attacks of the Russo-Zankoff Press, Bulgaria has recently been much disturbed by rumours of Serb troops being massed on the frontier. The Serb Government have for-

tified Pirot, but on this slight foundation of fact the Russian Party in Bulgaria built up a huge superstructure of fiction. All over the country they buzzed about the news that the Serbs were arming, that Prince Alexander was squandering on luxury the taxes wrung from the peasant, and that as long as this foreigner sat on the throne, Russia, from whom alone came their help, would remain unreconciled with Bulgaria. These things made even the loyal Bulgarian to shake his head. A storm-cloud from the north was hanging over his country, and no man knew when it would break.

CHAPTER XV.

Mutterings before the Storm—Opening of the Kidnapping Drama—On Board the Prince's Yacht—The Landing at Reni—Zankoff a Born Conspirator—Clement and his Black Gentry—Major Grueff's Sabre—Nikiforoff, Benderoff, and Stoyanoff—The Strouma Regiment—The Balance at the Bank—Grueff's Idealism.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, 18th August last, a small circle of Bulgarian officers might have been seen in a restaurant at Sofia. Captain Dimitrieff and Major Grueff, who have since been so prominent in the abortive abduction, took the lead in the conversation with a well-known member of the National Party in South Bulgaria. The officers were asking the civilian, whom they gathered round, what was to be done next, seeing that the present state of things in Bulgaria could not continue much longer. The Serbs, they said, were massing troops on the frontier, and Russia was dissatisfied with the Bulgarians. The Nationalist preferred treating their remarks as if they were not meant seriously, and assured the officers that in the event of a war with Servia he felt confident they would do their duty, as they had done

before; and as to the difficulty they alleged with Russia, that also would be removed by their patriotism. It was only for them—the officers—to resign their rank and their salary to Russians, for all difficulties with Russia to vanish. Upon this Major Grueff began to threaten, and remarked it was clear they would have to begin by killing all the diplomatists. My friend felt from the tone of Grueff's remarks that some plot was hatching against the Prince, and he at once went to Karaveloff. The Prime Minister paid but little attention to him, and jestingly told him that Prince Alexander could not be spirited off the throne as Gavriel Pasha had been. This was a reference to the active part my friend had taken in the deposition of Gavriel Pasha at Philippopoli a year ago. Karaveloff saw no necessity for extra precautions.

It was the intention of the kidnappers to carry out the abduction of the Prince at midnight on Thursday, August 19th, but the weather that evening proved so stormy that the execution of their plans was delayed. Apparently Messieurs Zankoff and Co. wished the troop they had corrupted to do their dirty work with dry skins, or possibly they thought so fair-weather a regiment as the Strouma Regiment could not be relied upon

in rainy weather. No one in Sofia (except the ringleaders of the conspiracy) knew that on Thursday night the Strouma Regiment had marched from Köstendel, and was encamped close to Sofia.

On the evening of Friday, August 20th, all the officers of the 1st Regiment of Artillery—who afterwards took so prominent a part in the kidnapping—dined with the Prince. The events that followed have been admirably related in the *Quarterly* of October, 1886, and I can not do better than quote in full the opening scene of the conspiracy from what is manifestly an inspired article:—

“The Prince had retired to the rooms on the ground-floor of the Palace, which he occupied for the time, in consequence of the great heat, instead of his usual apartments on the first floor. About 2 A.M. the non-commissioned officer of the Palace guard rushed into his bedroom, woke him up, put a revolver into his hand, and said, ‘The Palace is surrounded by mutineers.’ The Prince quickly put on what clothes lay nearest, and ran up a small inner staircase to a back window in the floor above, to see whether the way through the garden to his secretary’s office was clear, intending to take refuge there. He had just reached the window, when a volley was fired by the soldiery

by whom the Palace was surrounded, and this volley-firing was kept up for some time. The bullets also converged towards the Prince's rooms; and on his return there, escape being clearly impossible, he found the ceilings riddled by them. When he got back to his bedroom, he heard angry voices in the hall without. Hurrying on whatever uniform he could lay his hand upon in the dark, he stepped out into the hall to face the conspirators. Here he found a crowd of officers armed with revolvers, and mostly intoxicated, led by Major Grueff, the Director of the Military School, who pointed their cocked pistols at his head, shouting, 'Abdicate! Abdicate!'

"From the place where the Prince stood he could see a large force of infantry (2000 men turned out to be the number) surrounding the building. The wildest tumult prevailed, and, dazed by the clamour and noise, the soldiers were beginning to fire into the ground-floor rooms. Amid the general confusion, one of the crowd of officers by whom the Prince was hustled tore a sheet out of the visitors' book on the hall table, and then the shouts were renewed, 'Write and sign the paper!' Prince Alexander said, 'Write out what you wish, and I will sign;' upon which

one of the young cadets, by the light of the only candle in the place, tried to write something. He was, however, too much excited, or probably too drunk, to succeed, for he made nothing but a series of meaningless scratches. At last the paper was taken from him and placed before the Prince, who tried to make out its meaning, but failed. Whilst he was apparently hesitating, Grueff pointed his revolver straight into the Prince's face, shouting, 'Sign, or I'll shoot!' He then wrote on the bottom of the leaf, 'God save Bulgaria! Alexander.' Some one then tried to read out the writing, but also failed to decipher it; whereupon the band hustled the Prince out of the door, and, forming a strong escort round him, took him across to the War Office close by, where he was locked up. On his way there, Captain Benderoff shook his fist in Prince Alexander's face, repeatedly saying, 'Why didn't you make me a major, you——?' ” *

At one period of this eventful night the Prince happened to put his hands in his great-coat pocket to keep them warm in the chill dawn. This simple action at once frightened the kidnappers,

* See p. 258 for explanation of this.

who suspected he was searching for his revolver, and at once pointed their own revolvers at him. The Prince, who was calm through the whole affair—far calmer than the crowd of rebels who surrounded him—told them to shoot him, as he was quite prepared to give up his life. The statement which has appeared in the telegrams, that the Metropolitan (Clement) handed the Prince his abdication written out, is not correct. Perjured and false as the Metropolitan has proved himself to his oath of allegiance, he felt that he must leave the actual carrying out of the kidnapping to the armed men who surrounded the betrayed Prince. From the War Office the Prince was driven by devious ways to the monastery of Etropol, on the north side of the Balkans. There sat by the Prince's side in his carriage a young military cadet fully armed, and five carriages filled with armed conspirators followed. In one of these carriages was his brother, who had been arrested in the Palace at the same time as the Prince. The rebels did not dare to drive the Prince to Lom Palanka, the nearest Danube port to the Bulgarian capital; so, from the monastery, they took the Prince by short stages to Nikopolis on the Danube, where Prince Alexander's paddle-

yacht "Alexander" was lying in readiness. This was on Sunday night, August 22nd. Here the Prince was placed on board his yacht, which by this violent act was turned into as black a pirate ship as ever sailed the seas. The Governor of Silistria was telegraphed to by Colonel Montkouroff to fire into the Prince's yacht, and thus by disabling her to compel her captain to put to shore. This telegram came too late. Silistria is the last Bulgarian town on the Danube. The yacht then steamed into Roumanian waters. It is believed that the King of Roumania would have sent orders to stop the yacht as a pirate, had he been communicated with in time by the Bulgarian agent in Bucharest. Unfortunately, that official was absent, and in reply to Colonel Montkouroff's telegram, his *locum tenens* wired—"The Prince is safe, but it is not prudent at present to divulge his address." At half-past ten on Wednesday morning, the 25th of August, Prince Alexander was landed on Russian territory, at Reni, which stands at the confluence of the Pruth and the Danube. The conspirators very naturally thought that there was only one Government in Europe which would feel sympathy for them. They made Russia the receiving-house

for their stolen goods. The laconic telegram from the Russian who commanded the Prince's yacht, and who was the Prince's well-paid servant, is well known — "The Prince has been handed over to the Russian authorities." I will now retrace my steps, and endeavour to place in a clear light the events which led up to the kidnapping of Bulgaria's Prince.

The leaders of the plot to abduct the Prince may be classified under two heads—civil and military. The civil leaders were M. Zankoff and the Metropolitan Clement; the military leaders were Major Grueff, Captain Benderoff, and Captain Dimitrieff. Under these, again, were the subordinate conspirators, Major Stoyanoff, commander of the Strouma Regiment, and Zlatarski, commander of the 1st Regiment of Artillery, stationed at Sofia. It is impossible to enter here at length into the career of M. Zankoff. Suffice it to say that during a public career of forty years M. Zankoff has served many masters, and has in turn conspired against them. His hatred of the Turk did not prevent his being for many years an Ottoman official; while he has more than once been Prime Minister to a Prince, for whose overthrow he conspired. In his chameleon career he has played

the part of Russophobe and Russophile. Indeed, there is no part which his restless ambition and vanity will not drive him to adopt. I shall not be suspected of partiality, when I quote the opinion formed of Zankoff by one who knows him well, and who is himself friendly to Russia. Monseigneur Joseph, the Bulgarian Exarch, said of Zankoff that he had been a conspirator all his life, and would remain one to the end of his life. "If," he added, "there was no one else to conspire against, Zankoff would conspire against his own Government." This is the carefully-considered judgment passed on Zankoff by the head of the Bulgarian Church. The Metropolitan Clement is a clever man. He knows perfectly well that the Czar's Government is devoted to the Orthodox Church, of which he is the local head. He also knows that the Bulgarians are not a superstitious people, or (as he would put it) are but slightly attached to their spiritual teachers, the clergy. This black gentry are the only class in North or South Bulgaria that really wish their country to become a part of Russia. They, and they only, have everything to gain and nothing to lose by their country being deprived of her freedom and independence. The Bulgarian people no longer

desire to walk with priestly leading-strings, and they are already refusing to pay the so-called clerical dues. Besides this, Prince Alexander is, in the eyes of the Orthodox clergy, though not of the Catholic, a heretic, whom it is their first duty to depose in favour of the great Orthodox Czar. The Metropolitan Clement very naturally gravitated to conspiracy. As a priest, and in the interests of his Church, he could scarcely have acted otherwise.

It is a truism to state that the most trifling causes lead up to the most serious results. The American Constitution was drawn up on a spot infested by mosquitoes. The gentlemen commissioned to draw up the Constitution were, unfortunately, human, and, goaded by the insects, they hurried through their work. The result has been that all succeeding American generations have felt the mosquito-bites in their political Constitution. Even persons who burst into a gentleman's room at night, and attempt to abduct him, cannot afford altogether to dispense with the respectable. All that was reputable in this kidnapping business was represented by Major Grueff. Zankoff has never got rid of the evil repute he acquired as a Turkish official. Clement was obviously acting

in the interests of his class. Captain Benderoff had not been made a Major. Major Stoyanoff was admittedly a most incapable officer. Zlatarski's cowardice in the field had brought discredit on the battalion he led. Captain Dimitrieff joined the conspiracy from offended vanity, because he had not been nominated by the Prince to the head of his staff. But Grueff, it must be admitted, is a brave and capable officer, and was immensely popular with the army. It was this very popularity that made the kidnappers select him as the one man to be gained over to their side. Captain Benderoff undertook the (to him) congenial task of poisoning Grueff's mind against his Prince. Unfortunately he had something to work upon. It seems that on one occasion this summer Major Grueff called on the Prince without his sabre. The Prince pointed out to the major that to call officially without his sabre was a breach of military etiquette. Grueff, with all his good qualities, must be a man childishly vain, for the Prince's remarks deeply offended him. The absence of Grueff's sabre very nearly changed Bulgarian history. It might have proved the mosquito-bite to successive generations of Bulgarians. The abduction plot failed. If Grueff, like Judas

Iscariot, betrayed his master, he at least, like that unhappy Jew, repented. He was the first of the kidnappers to surrender his office into the hands of Karaveloff's provisional Government. He then fled, but has been captured (with Benderoff) on the Danube.

Major Nikiforoff, the Minister of War in Karaveloff's Government, threw in his lot with the kidnappers. He did this, however, in a mean and shuffling manner. He pretended to be sick. The direction of his important office fell into the hands of Captain Benderoff, the Under-Secretary for War. During the late war with Servia, Benderoff had been a captain in a foot regiment, and proved himself one of the heroes of Slivnitza. In fact, it was Benderoff who turned the flank of the Serbs in the Dragoman Pass on the third day's fighting at Slivnitza. He had, however, been guilty of disobedience to the Prince's orders in the field, and had treated him with disrespect. On the conclusion of the war, Captain Benderoff's name was included in the list of promotions, but was cancelled by the Prince himself. The Prince thought the captain merited a court-martial rather than promotion. The only favour he, therefore, conferred on him was to pardon him. Benderoff vowed

vengeance on the Prince for his clemency. It was he who sent secret orders to the officer commanding the foot regiment at Köstendel to march on Sofia. This officer was Major Stoyanoff, and the major also bore a grudge to the Prince. Only fifteen days before the Prince's abduction from Sofia, the Prince went to Köstendel to review the Strouma Regiment that was quartered there. During the review the Prince had required Major Stoyanoff to perform some simple manœuvre. Three times the Prince made the request, and three times the major showed himself utterly incapable of executing the manœuvre. The Prince informed the major that the next time he reviewed his regiment he should expect him to be better acquainted with his drill. These words of the Prince converted the major into a tool of the kidnappers. He at once fell in with Benderoff's treasonable proposals. His regiment was by no means the flower of the army, and their bad antecedents made it easy for the conspirators to corrupt them. The Strouma Regiment was engaged in the first day's fighting with the Serbs. Major Stoyanoff had orders, if the Serbs crossed the frontier in overpowering numbers, to fall back on Sofia. The Serbs numbered about 8000, while the Bulgarians were only

4000. Instead of falling back and covering Sofia, Major Stoyanoff preferred to place himself in safety, and removed his regiment to a distance of two days' march from the scene of action. This hurried flight before an invading army reflected no credit either on the Strouma Regiment or its commander. Köstendel stands in the extreme south-west corner of Bulgaria, and a regiment can march from there to Sofia without attracting much notice. Unfortunately, the only other Bulgarian regiment that had not fought bravely in the recent campaign was an artillery brigade that was then quartered at Sofia. This brigade was commanded by Zlatarski, who had lost six guns to the Serbs. This officer had been severely reprimanded by the Prince for what was either his cowardice or gross negligence. Having lost his character, Zlatarski joined himself to the traitors' cave. Stoyanoff had under him 1200 men, Zlatarski 500, with forty-eight pieces of artillery. This would not have been sufficient to overpower Popoff's loyal regiment of 1400 men, and the loyal cavalry quartered at Sofia, had not Benderoff sent away the cavalry before the memorable 20th. Popoff wished to attack the rebel troops, but Karaveloff used his influence with him, and dissuaded him from doing

so. The Strouma Regiment, with the artillery, received 90,000 francs (its arrears of pay) and twenty-four pieces of artillery from Karaveloff, and then withdrew from Sofia to Perinck. This happened on August 27th. Corruption is in the nature of things always difficult to trace. Public men, however, both of Sofia and Philipopoli are all of one opinion that the recent kidnapping of the Prince of Bulgaria was not only the result of Russian intrigue, but of Russian gold. Bulgaria annually pays to Russia a sum amounting to £60,000, on account of principal and interest for the cost of the last Russo-Turkish war. It is generally believed that this sum has been annually expended by the Russian Government in bribing the Bulgarians; but be this as it may, it is a fact that just previously to the Prince's abduction the sum of £60,000 sterling was placed at the National Bank of Sofia to the credit of those disinterested patriots Clement and Zankoff. The inference drawn from this fact is obvious. It is also rumoured that orders have been found in the possession of officers' wives at Sofia entitling them to pensions from the Russian Government in the event of their husbands being killed during the civil war that was anticipated.

Happily, M. Zankoff's Government proved more provisional than its authors expected. On the 24th of August it fell, and its members fled from Sofia. Captain Dimitrieff and Captain Kovaloff, who took the Prince to Reni, have since arrived at St. Petersburg. They attribute their failure to the fact that Major Grueff was a warm-hearted idealist, who was averse to bloodshed and disorder, and who therefore neglected to arrest his opponents. The *Novosti* (quoted by the *Times*) also states that the Prince's restoration was furthered by the belief that the Czar had pardoned him out of respect for the monarchical principle, and had approved of his return.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Government by Lies—Stambouloff—Captain Jones talks over Montkouroff—"The Great Patriot's" Portrait—Captain Weltscheff—The Army declares for the Prince—Fall of the Kidnappers—Montkouroff's Telegram to Karaveloff—Stambouloff's Cabinet.

IF the good people of England were to wake up one morning and find that the Queen had abdicated, and that a Provisional Government, consisting of Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Parnell, and Lord Salisbury, had been formed; if the document setting forth these facts bore the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Frederick Roberts, I believe that even the good people of England would be disposed to accept the situation. And the more sensible a man was, the more inclined he would be to come to the modest conclusion that if England's greatest statesmen had created the situation—if the leaders of public opinion had taken office together—if they had waived their party differences in order to save their country, he as a loyal Englishman was bound to obey the orders of such a Provisional Government. This was exactly the

position in which the Bulgarian nation found herself on Saturday, the 21st of August. The following announcement from Sofia had been telegraphed everywhere, was posted everywhere, and might be read by every Bulgarian :—

“FALL OF BATTENBERG.

“Prince Battenberg dethroned yesterday evening. Make the army take the oath to the Provisional Government, composed of Karaveloff, Iconomoff, Zankoff, Broumoff, Stambouloff, Velitchkoff, Madgaroff, Radoslavoff, Stoiloff, Grecoff, et Ministre de Guerre Major Nikiforoff.—
Le Commandant-en-Chef de l'Armée Bulgare,

(Signed) “Major GRUEFF.”

Now, of these members of the Provisional Government, Iconomoff, Zankoff, Broumoff, Velitchkoff, and Madgaroff only belonged to the Russ-Conservative Party; the rest (with the exception of Nikiforoff) are distinguished members of the Liberal Party. Iconomoff and Broumoff are persons of no weight, mere tools of Zankoff's. Velitchkoff was absent in Vienna. Madgaroff is the editor of a Conservative paper in Philippopoli, which is a disgrace to Bulgarian journalism. Nikiforoff was Minister of War in Karaveloff's Govern-

ment. He is a poor, miserable creature, whose political life has been passed on the proverbial gate. He has sat there so long, that he has quite lost his character. The other names are very different. Of Karaveloff nothing need here be said. Stambouloff was President of the last National Assembly at Tirnova. He is generally regarded as the real head of the Bulgarian National Party. He led the national movement which resulted in the overthrow of the kidnappers. Jealousy of the growing influence of Stambouloff has possibly had something to do with Karaveloff's change of front. Karaveloff is an intensely ambitious man, who has never brooked a rival near his throne. To be one of a Regency of three is not at all in accordance with his views of his own importance; but Karaveloff has trimmed and turned so often that he has now lost all weight as a public man. It is the Russians who (in reference to his having acted in turns with all Parties) have called Karaveloff an "omnibus politician." The scribes, who write in the pay of the Russian Government, dub Stambouloff "Nihilist;" but the term "Nihilist" is a very vague term of abuse. Stambouloff is a Radical; but Englishmen have yet to learn that a Radical may not be a statesman. Stambouloff has

publicly stated that Bulgaria will no longer be a country in which he can live, if it be once annexed by Russia ; but this is not an opinion, for which he can be condemned by the patriot of any country. Stambouloff sustains the glorious tradition of Bulgarian statesmen, that there is nothing more honourable than honourable poverty. No one can visit him in his modest apartment in the Sofia hotel, and contrast it with that scene in the spacious Russian Consulate, with Zankoff shouting to the deluded peasants—"Down on both knees"*—without thinking of Moore's lines:—

"Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold, damp and mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery."

It is because Stambouloff refuses to bend his knee to the Czar, even though he be a master of many legions, that Russian writers call him Nihilist. It appears that the majority in Bulgaria are in this sense Nihilists, and likely to remain so. But to return to the list of Zankoff's imaginary ministry—Radoslavoff is a loyal Bulgarian, and the present Prime Minister.

* This actually happened at Sofia on the Saturday morning of the kidnapping after a *Te Deum* in the cathedral.

Stoiloff and Grecoff are not merely Nationalists, but personal friends of the Prince. The intention of the rebels in thus attaching to their first proclamation the names of the heads of both parties was obvious enough. They wished it to go forth that their movement was not a factious, but a national movement. A Bulgarian friend of mine (who was then in Sofia) called on Karaveloff on the Saturday morning to learn whether he really was a member of the Provisional Government. Karaveloff utterly denied it. His name, he alleged, was being made use of by the kidnappers without his consent. The same reply was given to my friend by Stoiloff and Grecoff, who were both in Sofia. But what was to be done? The telegraph and post-offices were in the hands of the Zankoff Party. No telegram or letter could leave Sofia without their consent. Even my friend's letters and telegrams to his wife were not allowed to pass, simply because he is a well-known Nationalist. It is no exaggeration to say that Bulgaria for three days after the ever memorable 20th was in the condition of that beleaguered city, so graphically described by Mrs. Oliphant. A thick cloud hung over the land. Every loyal Bulgarian hung down his head. His

country seemed abandoned even by the leaders of the National Party. The villainous incidents of the kidnapping had been veiled in obscurity, and the Press of Europe seemed disposed to treat the abdication—for such it was represented to be by the Zankoff Party—as brought about by a union of both parties in Bulgaria. Russia appeared to be about to pounce upon her prey with the tacit approval of the Great Powers; all, in fact, seemed lost. The disloyal Bulgarians were jubilant. At this dark hour in Bulgaria's history, one man remained true to her. At a time when the blotting-out of Bulgaria as an independent country from the map of Europe seemed certain, this one man began the counter revolution at Philippopoli, which utterly routed the kidnappers of Sofia. That man was Captain Henry Jones, V.C., her Majesty's Consul-General in Southern Bulgaria. Every Bulgarian Nationalist knows that to this brave Englishman he owes the salvation of his country's honour. Had Captain Jones been sick or absent, or had he shared the general apathy, or had he been afraid of acting on his own responsibility, and waited for instructions from our Foreign Office, the Prince would never have returned, and the National Party would have been cowed into

passive obedience to the Czar. General Kaulbars would have had very easy work to prepare the way for the Czar. It would emphatically have been all over with Bulgaria then. She would have been first occupied, and then annexed by a Russian army in the approved style. Our Consul-General has won the Victoria Cross by gallantry on the field; but on the field of diplomacy he has won the Victoria Cross ten times over. He has done as much as Stambouloff himself to save the independence of Bulgaria, and preserve her from the horrors of a civil war.

The news of the Prince's "abdication" reached Philippopoli on Saturday morning. The proclamation (translated above) was published everywhere. On the afternoon of Saturday our Consul-General called on Montkouroff. The following conversation passed between them. "Do you intend to take the oath to the rebel Government?" Montkouroff had not made up his mind. Then the Consul-General made a vigorous appeal to him. "It would be a disgrace if the Bulgarian army, which had covered itself with glory and won the good opinion of Europe, were to take the oath of allegiance to a band of traitors, who had perjured themselves and betrayed their

country. If you refuse to take the oath and boldly declare for the Prince, you will be honoured all over Europe, and your name will be in every man's mouth. If, however, you take the oath, and the Russian Party come into office, all who (like yourself) took an action in the revolution of last September, and, in uniting the two Bulgarias, will not only be deprived of their rank, but they will be driven from the country." Montkouroff replied that he would ponder over what the Consul-General had said. Our representative then left him. The next day being Sunday, some officers attended service in the cathedral, and signed a book promising obedience to the Provisional Government. Various rumours were current as to Montkouroff. About half-past nine on Sunday evening a friend of the Consul-General rushed into his house. "The Campbells were coming." Montkouroff had declared for the Prince. Thus Montkouroff became the General Monk of Bulgarian history. The English Consulate was soon surrounded by Bulgarian soldiers wildly cheering for England and the Prince. The Austrian Consulate received a similar ovation. This triumph for the national cause was largely due to Captain Weltscheff, who had succeeded in

preventing his battalion taking the oath to the rebel government. The feeling of the bulk of the officers at Philippopoli showed itself that Sunday in a very unmistakable fashion. A pedlar entered a café frequented by the officers, and offered for sale in a loud voice the picture of the "Regent Zankoff, the great patriot." The officers kicked the vendor of "the great patriot's" portrait out into the street. Then Captain Weltscheff went to the canteen of his own men. He asked them whether they were glad that the Prince was no longer in Bulgaria. Certainly not, they replied. He then asked them why they wished the Prince back again. The answer of the soldiers was very simple. They all wished the Prince back, because "he was a good man, and had fought with them at Slivnitza." These words upset Captain Weltscheff, and when the soldiers saw the tears in his eyes, they began to shout for their Prince. But Captain Weltscheff told them to be silent and await orders. He then informed Montkouroff that his battalion was "ready to march for the Prince." That same (Sunday) evening, about seven o'clock, under the pretence of marching his battalion to take the oath to the Provisional Government, Weltscheff seized the konak, in which the tele-

graph office was situate. The visits to the Austrian and English Consulates followed.

Close upon midnight Montkouroff sent a pressing request to our Consul-General to join him at once at the telegraph office, which Captain Jones complied with. It was rumoured that Montkouroff's life was in danger, and a person was sent by Zankoff to arrest him. It is needless to say that Montkouroff had his intended arrester arrested; but he never left the telegraph office at Philippopoli, until he left for Sofia. The kidnappers, who escaped to St. Petersburg, have told correspondents there that Stambouloff's success was mainly due to his seizure of the telegraph offices. All through the night and until the sun arose, Montkouroff and our Consul-General remained at the telegraph office together. Montkouroff was for remaining in Philippopoli, and for holding Southern Bulgaria for the Prince. Captain Jones pointed out that this would be a mistaken policy—that he must drive the rebel Government out of Sofia—and that if he only had one loyal battalion, he must move that into Northern Bulgaria, as the fact of a regiment—which by rumour would be exaggerated into an army—marching on Sofia would have an immense moral effect on the

country. Montkouroff adopted our Consul's view of the situation, and telegraphed to the different brigades throughout the province. Chaskoi was the first to declare for the Prince. The Eski Zagra battalion arrested its major, who was a traitor, and declared for the Prince. It may be mentioned here that there is only one colonel in the Bulgarian army. He is a brave and staunch Nationalist, but he was then out of the country. A Bulgarian regiment is commanded by its major. Later that same morning Stambouloff, who was at Tirnova (north of the Balkans), conversed with Montkouroff by telegraph. Stambouloff regretted that the officers at Tirnova had taken the oath of allegiance to the new Government. Montkouroff urged Stambouloff to point out to the officers that they had been induced to take the oath by the gravest falsehoods, and under the belief that the Prince had abdicated on the advice of the leaders of both Parties. On Monday, the 23rd August, it was known in Philippopoli that the regiment at Tirnova had declared for the Prince. On the same day Stambouloff issued a proclamation, in which he denounced the traitors, who "were endeavouring to dethrone our brave and dear Prince," and he called on all Bulgarians to obey the orders of

Montkouroff, whom, in another ukase, he named commanding chief of the Bulgarian army. Simultaneously with this proclamation, Montkouroff moved forward a battalion of infantry towards Sofia, following that up with a battery of artillery and two squadrons of cavalry.

The mask which the conspirators had assumed of acting in harmony with the statesmen of the National Party had soon to be dropped. Having dazzled the eyes of the people with the respected names of Stambouloff and Radoslavoff, they issued, the day after the Prince's abduction, a fresh proclamation announcing the formation of a purely Zankoffite Government. But even in this proclamation they could not refrain from misrepresentation. "To-day," runs the proclamation, "two hours after midnight, Prince Alexander of Battenberg abdicated the Bulgarian throne, since he had convinced himself that his rule was bringing ruin on the Bulgarian people." The document that contained this untruth was signed by Clement, the local head of the Bulgarian Church. This was issued on Saturday. When Stambouloff issued his proclamation on Monday, the Bulgarian nation had to choose between Zankoff and Stambouloff—between a rebel Government and the Prince's

Government, between Russian patronage and national independence, between a speedy absorption into the Russian Empire or freedom and the Constitution of Tirnova. They were not long in making their choice. Stambouloff issued his proclamation on Monday, and on Tuesday Zankoff's Government fell. The kidnappers fled from the capital, but before Grueff fled with them he called on Karaveloff, and entreated him to form another Government, and thus save the country from anarchy. Karaveloff then proceeded to form a Provisional Government of his own. His Cabinet was composed of good and loyal men, excepting Panoff, the Minister for War, whom the army would not hear of. As soon as he had formed a Government, on Friday, August 27th, Karaveloff (who was still at Sofia) telegraphed to Montkouroff, imploring him to recognise the Government he had formed, as otherwise the Russians would in all probability occupy Bulgaria, and the Turks Eastern Roumelia; that the Serbs were mobilising their forces on the western frontier; that the insurgent troops in Sofia swore they would lay the town in ashes, if Colonel Nicholaieff was appointed Minister for War (Nicholaieff is an immense favourite with the army, and a man who

will stand no nonsense); that the Treasury was empty. He also entreated Montkouroff to allow him to pass through the lines of Montkouroff's troops, and confer with him. The telegram also contained this significant reference to the Prince : "As to the Prince, that was a question which might very well be relegated to after consideration." Karaveloff's loyalty to his master has been more than questioned. It is almost certain that he was privy to the arrangements of the kidnappers, and so great is his unpopularity, that the name of this once powerful Minister was expunged from the list of candidates of the National Party at the last elections (October 10th, 1886). He persisted in his candidature, but he only received twenty-seven votes, while Zankoff received the ridiculous number of seven. Karaveloff himself still denies all guilty knowledge of the conspiracy, but no one believes him. Montkouroff lost no time in seeing Captain Jones on Karaveloff's telegram. Our Consul-General, after communicating with our Embassy in Constantinople, reassured him as to any Turkish occupation of the province. The Turks had then no such designs. He then pointed out to him that Karaveloff was really shivering in his shoes, and

that the proper reply to send was that Montkouroff could not parley with traitors. Montkouroff therefore telegraphed to Karaveloff that the return of the Prince was a question of paramount importance, and that how to bring the Prince back at once was in fact the only question; that Karaveloff was to be held responsible for the maintenance of order in Sofia, until Montkouroff's arrival there. Apparently Karaveloff's Government fell to pieces on receipt of this telegram, and on the same day (Friday, August 27th) the rebel Strouma Regiment, with its battery of artillery, evacuated Sofia. On August 28th, Montkouroff left Philippopoli to join the army marching on Sofia, after leaving orders that the Varna Regiment was to follow. Meanwhile, when the news of the fall of the kidnappers reached Tirnova, Stambouloff, as President of the Bulgarian National Assembly—and in the absence of the Prince, he was the head of the Bulgarian nation—had formed a Government in the Prince's name. Of this Cabinet Radoslavoff was the President, and on the fall of the Provisional Government of Karaveloff it became the one and only Government, recognised alike as the Prince's Government by all Bulgarians and by all the Powers (Russia of course excepted).

CHAPTER XVII.

Zankoff's Fiasco—"Friend Milan"—The Prince's Telegram and the Czar's Reply—The Prince's Return—Russian Agents at Work—"By Sap and Mine"—"Offenbach Music"—The Entrance into Sofia.

HOWEVER unpatriotic and wicked were the means and the objects of the kidnappers, it must be admitted that the abduction of the Prince of Bulgaria was carried out with very marked ability. Major Grueff, Captain Benderoff, and Captain Dimitrieff have proved themselves no bunglers; and were their literary ability on a par with their executive ability, they might write a very pretty chapter on kidnapping considered as a fine art. Unfortunately for them, but very fortunately for Bulgaria, the conspiracy passed from the hands of the military into the hands of civilians. As soon as Zankoff assumed the reins, he upset the traitors' coach. Major Grueff is a popular officer, but Zankoff is distrusted by all except the most thorough-going Russo-Bulgarians. It is strange that this should be so, for Zankoff has one good quality which generally blinds us to the

possession of many bad ones. Zankoff, like his rival Karaveloff, is a poor man. It was his honourable poverty that (before doubts were thrown upon his loyalty to the national Prince) recommended Karaveloff to his countrymen; and yet Zankoff, who has also been in positions in which it is easy to amass wealth, and who remains a poor man, is distrusted. The Bulgarians must be a sensible people, or they would accept Zankoff's incorruptibility as a sufficient discharge for all other statesmanlike qualities. But the truth is, money is only one of the things in which a man can play the scoundrel. The men, who have done the greatest harm to the human race, have not been money-grubs.

Up to Wednesday, 25th August, the Prince's whereabouts were unknown in Philippopoli, and while a haze still hung over the Prince's destination, Zankoff's Government had fallen. At first it was thought in Philippopoli that the Prince (who had reached Austria *viâ* Bender) had left Lemberg for Darmstadt; and only on Saturday (28th) was it known that the Prince would land at Rustchuk early the next morning. At Rustchuk the Prince received a telegram from his "Friend Milan." This was chivalrous in the King of

Servia; for he was not only holding out the hand of friendship to a former enemy, but was showing his friendship for a man, whom the Czar had marked out for destruction. King Milan is a very clever man, and he knows that if one Balkan Prince falls, the rest may follow. Russia is playing a game of bowls on the peninsula. The Russian policy in Bulgaria has ever been to upset everything established, and to set up nothing in its stead. The Prince would have done well to remember this, before he sent his now famous telegram to the Czar from Rustchuk; but those who know the Prince well, say he was not thinking of himself, but of Bulgaria, when he sent that telegram. The Prince sent the telegram as a confidential communication to the Czar himself. The Czar published it in the *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg, together with his reply. The text of the message sent by Prince Alexander was as follows:—"Sire,—Having again assumed the government of my country, I venture to offer your Majesty my most respectful thanks for the action of your Majesty's representative at Rustchuk, who, by his official presence at my reception, showed the Bulgarian people that the Imperial Government could not approve

of the revolutionary act directed against my person. At the same time, I ask leave to tender to your Majesty all my gratitude for the despatch of General Prince Dolgorouki as your Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary; for my first act on re-assuming my lawful power is to inform your Majesty of my firm intention to make every sacrifice in order to be able to forward your Majesty's magnanimous intention of extricating Bulgaria from the grave crisis through which the country is passing. I beg your Majesty to authorise Prince Dolgorouki to place himself in direct communication with myself, and as speedily as possible; and I shall be happy to give your Majesty decided proofs of my unalterable devotion to your august person. The monarchical principle has compelled me to re-establish legality in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. Russia having given me my crown, it is into the hands of Russia's Sovereign that I am ready to render it." On the face of it the telegram of the Prince seemed to foreigners to contain two blunders. The Prince asserted in it he was vindicating "the monarchical principle." No nation is more democratic than the Bulgarian, and it would naturally be thought that such a statement must have given

them offence. It appears, however, that this telegram was better understood in Bulgaria than in Europe. The Bulgarians were not displeased at the telegram being sent, as they regarded the Prince's telegram in the light of "a golden bridge" for the Czar to escape the imputation of being privy to the abduction plot. The Prince also offered to restore his crown to the Czar from whom he had received it. Now, the Prince did not receive his crown from the Czar, but from the Bulgarian people. It happened that among the Consuls who went out to meet him at Rustchuk was the Secretary of the Russian Consulate. The Prince may have been so surprised at seeing a Russian uniform among his congratulators, and his mind may have been so overwrought with all he had gone through, that he may have thought the Czar would not turn a deaf ear to his prayer for peace for his country. The sending of that telegram was only one of a long chain of sacrifices he made for his country ; it was to gain peace for Bulgaria that he turned his own cheek to the smiter. It must not, too, be forgotten that when the Prince sent his telegram, he was under the impression that an immediate occupation of Bulgaria by Russian troops was imminent. The

Russian Consul at Rustchuk had (by order of his Government) announced to the Prince that Prince Dolgorouki was already on his way to assume in the Czar's name the Government of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. This proved to be a mere threat, but the Prince may be pardoned if he credited his cousin, the Czar, with meaning what he said through the mouth of his representative. He received from his cousin, the Czar, a reply which made the ears of the Bulgarians to tingle. The Prince received the Czar's telegram at Eski Zagra. The Czar's telegram ran as follows:—"I have received your Highness's telegram. I cannot approve your return to Bulgaria, foreseeing its sinister consequences for the country, which has already been so sorely tried. The mission of Prince Dolgorouki has become inexpedient. I shall abstain, so long as your Highness remains in Bulgaria, from any intervention in the sad condition to which the country has been reduced. Your Highness will decide for your own part what course should be taken. I reserve to myself to judge what my father's venerated memory, the interests of Russia, and the peace of the East require of me." No wonder the Prince looked weary and worn at

Tirnova-Semlin, which he reached on Wednesday night (September 1st) soon after leaving Eski Zagra. He had travelled there *viâ* Tirnova and the Heim Boaz Pass, his journey having been delayed by the enthusiasm of his subjects. Only at one place was he coldly received, and that at Karabunar. At a little way out of this station sleepers were placed across over the lines, but as it was still daylight, this dastardly attempt to wreck the train failed. On Thursday the Prince made a triumphal entrance into the capital of Southern Bulgaria. When he left the next day, the inhabitants took his horses out of his carriage and drew it to the railway station. Indeed, when you consider the calm, not to say cold, character of the Bulgarians, the enthusiasm with which they have welcomed back their Prince is very remarkable. It speaks well both for the country and its ruler.

The Prince was physically unable to grant lengthy audiences at Philippopoli. He told the Roman Catholic bishop he could hardly keep his eyes open, as he had not closed them in sleep since his abduction. He did, however, make a very significant remark to a friend of mine, who had done him yeoman's service. He told him nothing grieved him more than that three-fourths

of the officers in his army should have been privy to the conspiracy. But in public not one word of complaint or bitterness passed his lips. At Tirnova-Semlin one who heard him told me that he spoke on the necessity of forgetting the sad episode in their history, which was closed, and of all working together for the good of Bulgaria. This was not at all the view of the situation taken by the Russian agents in North and South Bulgaria. In order to keep the feud between the Czar and Prince ever before the people, copies of the Prince's telegram and the Czar's reply were posted in the streets of Philippopoli, but were torn down by the people. In Ichtiman, a Russian agent, directly after the abduction, was busy going round asking the peasants whether they were for Russia or against her; and he promised the peasants that if for Russia they would not be called on to serve in the army for three years. A Bulgarian who was before the war a tailor, but has since grown rich by land speculation, in inciting his neighbours to rebellion, told them that if the Prince sent troops against them they were to fight, as a Russian army was coming to their assistance from Bourgas. At Tatar Bazardjik three Russian agents commenced

the organisation of a secret society by each enrolling ten men, and by each of these ten men enrolling ten more men. One of their objects was to burn down Tatar Bazardjik. Happily, their machinations were foiled by the entrance of the national troops. A priest was taken prisoner with a gun in his hand. The officer in command seems to have been a wit, as well as a patriot; for, pointing to the priest's hat, he told him his hat had saved his head, but it should not save his breech. With that he had him soundly whipped. The troops, on entering another village called Czernewoda, in the same neighbourhood, met with some resistance. In fact it is believed that in this village, a soldier, who was killed, was the only man killed in this last Bulgarian revolution. The following conversation took place between the commanding officer and the mayor of the village:—"What have you to complain of? Has the Prince done you any wrong?" "No." "Are you badly off? are you over-taxed?" "No." "Then why do you resist us?" "Because we are paid to do so," replied his worship. Thus (in the words of the late Lord Derby) has Russia ever proceeded "by sap and mine."

The corner of Bulgaria which lies between

the two capitals is one of the most barren districts in the principality. The Russian party is strong here. After the Serb campaign the Prince made a tour through Bulgaria. The Prefect of Philippopoli, who preceded him, found in the villages round Tatar Bazardjik no preparation made for his public reception. "How is this?" said the Prefect. "You act as if the Prince were no concern of yours." "No more he is," replied the peasants; "he is no longer our Prince, but a Turkish Pasha." "This is shameful! who has told you this?" "Oh," replied the peasants, "gentlemen from Philippopoli have told us that the Prince has become a Turkish Pasha, and that we were not to give him any kind of a reception; but, on the contrary, those who received him with signs of respect were to be punished." There are other reasons for the strength of the Russian Party in this district besides the relative poverty of its peasantry. Batak, of unhappy memory, is situate in this district. No part of Bulgaria suffered so much from Turkish oppression; and the Russian agents have only to say that their liberator will abandon him to Turkey to terrify the peasant into agreeing to anything. This district also lies between two great centres of Russian

intrigue—Sofia and Philippopoli. These Russian agencies have been hereditary in certain Philippopoli families, who have either too little sense, or too little patriotism, to see that, while ten years ago the influence of Russia worked for Bulgaria's good, it is now working for her ruin. It was Skobeleff who said to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff that his Eastern Roumelia and his Organic Statute were trash—mere "Offenbach music." It is certainly strange that the Russian Czar should now be the only one of the European concert, who insists on the continuance of this "Offenbach music." It was a Russian Consul-General who, speaking at a public dinner at Philippopoli, exclaimed, "What is this term Eastern Roumelia? I do not find it in geography; I do not find it in history; I do not find it in Russian. It is an English word—let the English take it back again." The Bulgarians of to-day know that Eastern Roumelia has ceased to be Queen's English, while it has become Czar's Russian.

On the morning of Friday, September 3rd, the Prince, with Stambouloff seated at his side, drove to a village about four miles from Sofia. There he was met by Gadban Effendi and other notabilities of the capital, and exchanging his carriage

for a horse, rode into Sofia amid great popular enthusiasm. Every house of any importance (including the German Consulate) hoisted a flag, but over the lordly Russian Consulate there waved no flag or other sign of welcome. Once again the Prince entered his Palace, but if he slept under that roof, it must have been a troubled sleep. Augustus on one occasion purchased a pillow at the sale of the effects of a great spendthrift. When asked why he wanted a pillow, he replied that if its former owner, with all his debts, could sleep on that pillow, possibly he, with all the cares of empire, might find rest on it too. It was such a pillow as this that Bulgaria's Prince required. The Prince has run the gravest dangers from the conspiracies of Russian agents, and yet the Government of his own native land declined to give him any sympathy or assistance whatever. The German Emperor played a great part in the union of his own people, but he has hindered the union of the Bulgarian. The German Emperor is himself a brave man, and should feel sympathy with so brave a man as his former officer and subject. What other reigning prince has lived for his people, has fought for his people, and has suffered for his people, as Prince

Alexander has done? His own path is dark enough, but he has smoothed the path of his people. There is no blot upon his scutcheon. The kidnapping of the Prince was a blot on Bulgaria's scutcheon. By his return, the Prince wiped out this blot. Whatever mistakes the Bulgarians may have committed, whatever blunders they may hereafter commit, no one can fairly charge the people as a whole with part or lot in the kidnapping of their "Hero and Prince."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Prince Alexander stoops to Conquer—Montenegro a Political Barometer—The Prince speaks to the Officers—His Address to the Soldiers—Sir Frank Lascelles's Opinion of the Prince—The Prince addresses the Diplomatic Corps—The Regency—Bulgarian "Anarchy"—The Prince's Farewell.

THE cup of Prince Alexander's self-sacrifice has been filled to the brim. He abdicated the throne of Bulgaria to give her peace. He sought not his own, but his country's good. There is no proof of disinterestedness that he has not given. In the days of his absolute power, when the Constitution was suspended, and when he was the favourite of Russia, his departure would have been welcomed. Now, that he is a voluntary exile from his country, and the anathema maranathema of the Russian Czar, he is enthroned in the hearts of the Bulgarian people. Let no one pity Prince Alexander. He has done his duty, and the Bulgarians know it. Outside the Czar's dominions all Europe honours him, and Bulgaria loves him.

“Call not the Royal Dane unfortunate,
Who never yet to fortune bent his knee.”

On the day before the kidnapping the Prince received an anonymous letter warning him against a conspiracy. As he told a friend of his subsequently, he receives so many of these letters that he paid no heed to it. The secret of the conspiracy had been well kept. No one—out of Montenegro—suspected it. During the spring and summer of this year there had been considerable excitement and agitation on the Black Mountain, which augured ill for the peace of Bulgaria and Europe. Montenegro is the Pool of Bethesda, into which the Russian Government plunges to cure itself of its home ailments. When Montenegro is quiet, then Russian influence is not actively at work on the peninsula; but when Montenegro is in a state of effervescence, trouble may be expected in Bulgaria or Servia. Montenegro is the political barometer of the Balkans.

Sir Frank Lascelles, our diplomatic agent in Sofia, was absent on leave in London. He travelled without a halt to Belgrade, and reached sofia on Thursday, September 2nd. He stopped at Belgrade to have an interview with the King of Servia. King Milan expressed to him his willingness to reopen diplomatic relations with the Prince of Bulgaria and to stand by him. It

seems highly probable that the Bulgarians and Serbs will follow the example thus set them, and, forgetting old grudges, stand shoulder to shoulder. This is no time for the races of the peninsula to be snarling at each other.

On September 3rd there was a review and a *Te Deum* in Sofia, and after that a reception of the Corps Diplomatique. Our representative was painfully struck by the sad appearance of the Prince. Care had driven his ploughshare deep; in a few days you may taste the double-distilled bitterness of a lifetime. After the reception the Prince received a party of Bulgarian officers. He made them stand in a circle, and addressed them in sad, low tones. He referred to the telegrams that had passed between the Czar and himself, and assured them that he was prepared to make any personal sacrifices for the good of his country. He spoke of his own abduction, and, turning to the officers, many of whom were weeping, he said that if he had been told before of the conspiracy, he could not have believed it possible that his own officers could have turned their arms against him. It is now well known that the Prince had decided upon abdicating, when he reached Lemberg. Had he remained in Bulgaria, the Montenegrin plot formed

in the spring would have been formed again. His name would only have been added to the list of patriot princes, who have been assassinated on the Balkan Peninsula. If his removal by violent means had benefited Bulgaria, he would not have flinched; but as this would have only increased her difficulties, he felt that his abdication was imperatively required of him on every ground. He returned to Bulgaria not for any object of his own, but to convince Europe that the kidnapping was the work of a handful of conspirators, and not of the nation. Unfortunately, the Prince is of opinion that the conspiracy was more widely spread in the army than is generally supposed. If this opinion be well founded, the Bulgarian army must have been a cross between the Pretorian Guards and the Commune. Some severe national loss was necessary to bring back the whole army to a sense of its duty. That loss was inflicted on the nation by the abdication of its Prince. If the conspiracy were so wide-spread in the army, the Prince would either have to bring such a multitude of officers to justice as almost to amount to a massacre, or he would have to give up his person to the protection of conspirators. Turning from the army to the civil government, the Prince

did not find in that quarter a brighter prospect. He had tried many forms of government, and none had succeeded. The Outs had always directed their animosity, not so much against the Prince's government as against the Prince himself. It is true the Bulgarian people had been loyal to their Prince through good report and evil report, but the steel of their loyalty was blunted by disloyal leaders. If Bulgaria had been a Great Power, the want of patriotism in the Opposition would have been little to the purpose; but unfortunately for herself and for Europe, Bulgaria is not a Great Power, and the unpatriotic Outs have always received the sympathy and pecuniary aid of Russia. The Prince suspects even Karaveloff of complicity in the plot. He is not alone in this suspicion, for the National Deputies are already discussing the advisability of removing Karaveloff from the Regency, as a man in whose keeping the national interests cannot safely be placed. On public grounds, and to avoid all grounds of offence to Russia, his removal from the Regency is opposed by Stambouloff. Indeed, it is feared Karaveloff may tender his resignation. Believing that his own Prime Minister and War Minister were parties to the plot, the domestic outlook of the

Prince could not be said to be very bright; the foreign outlook was no brighter. He felt that his return was a blow to Russian influence in Bulgaria, which could never be tamely suffered by the Czar. He knew, no doubt, that English sympathy was with him, but that material aid was not forthcoming from that quarter. If he had only had Bismarck on his side, he might have remained; but the German Chancellor has become the colleague of the Russian Chancellor. When matters had come to the pass they had in Bulgaria, the news of the Prince's abdication surprised no well-informed person in Sofia. This announcement was first publicly made at a meeting in the camp here on September 6th. With a voice shaken by emotion, and in the presence of all the troops quartered in Sofia, the Prince announced his fixed intention of abdicating the throne of Bulgaria. He went through the whole history of his life, not forgetting the days at Slivnitsa, where he had led the young Bulgarian army to a glorious victory. The rumour, he said, had already gone forth that he intended to abdicate, and he had heard that the army intended to prevent his leaving and to keep him prisoner in his own Palace. He chid them for their want of discipline, and assured them

that he knew best what was for the country's welfare, and that by abdicating he was giving them a crowning proof of his disinterestedness. The silence which had lasted while the Prince was speaking, was now broken with loud exclamations that he, their Prince, must remain with them. The Prince replied that he would come back to them, if the National Assembly re-elected him, and were unanimous in their choice; but that if he came back, he would return under very different conditions from those which had led to his abdication. The patriotism with which he avoided all reference to Russia, or even to the Czar, was very remarkable. His self-control and self-forgetfulness throughout the crisis have been extraordinary. Sir Frank Lascelles, who has known the Prince intimately and long, has expressed to me an opinion that up to 1883—the date of the restoration by the Prince of the Constitution of Tirnova—the Prince seemed to listen to everyone and to find in everyone a broken reed; but that since 1883 the Prince has relied upon himself alone, and has hardly ever made a mistake. All who have been with him since his return to Sofia speak of him as one, whose proud confidence in himself is not one jot abated.

On the morning of Tuesday, September 7th, the Prince saw his trusty friend Sir Frank Lascelles first, and then saw the representatives of all the Powers. It was a question whether he should see the representatives of the Great Powers first, seeing that they were signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. He decided upon seeing all the representatives together, and his decision was a wise one, for he thus asserted Bulgaria's independence of all the Powers, great and small. The Prince shook hands with them all, including the Russian agent, who had been significantly absent from his first reception. He apologised to them for wearing a slipper on his right foot, as he had not had his boots off for fifteen days. He then addressed them in French somewhat to the following effect. He had returned, said his Highness, only to leave Bulgaria, but as a friend, and not as an enemy, and in the light of day, and not to be dragged as a malefactor through the mud. (The streets of Sofia had been very muddy from a storm on the night of his abduction.) The Protocol of Constantinople, he continued, had been his downfall, for that Protocol had made him a Turkish official. He would carry with him some unpleasant memories and many pleasant memories; among

the latter would be the recollection of his intercourse with them (the representatives of the foreign Powers). He hoped that his successor might prove more happy, but he did not believe he could prove himself more devoted to the Bulgarian people than he had been. If he had failed, it might be said that his failure was due in part to his own youth, and in part to the inexperience of those who had been called upon to aid him in the Government. But the forces against him had been too great. No speech could have been delivered with more tact and good feeling.

Later on in the same day each of the foreign representatives received a letter from his Highness, enclosing a copy of his manifesto to the Bulgarian people, in which he announced his own abdication and his appointment of Stambouloff, Karaveloff, and Montkouroff as a Regency. The ink was hardly dry on this document before the Russians began picking holes in it, stating that under the Constitution only Bulgarians who have been Ministers of State or members of the High Court of Causation can fill the office of Regent. The Czar forgets that in driving the Prince from the throne he has himself committed an act, which is scarcely Constitutional.

It may be confidently stated that by his abdication the Prince has inflicted on Russia a severer blow than she has yet received in the peninsula. He has stooped to conquer. Every Bulgarian who is not heart and soul a traitor to his country reads between the lines of the Prince's manifesto, that the price of the abdication has not been pension and forgiveness for himself, but peace and union for his country. The conditions the Prince is stated to have obtained from Russia are, that the independence of Bulgaria shall be respected, and that there shall be no interference in her internal affairs, except in the event of anarchy. This exception is ominous enough. The views held by Russia on what is Bulgarian anarchy are peculiar. Still Bulgaria is not in Central Asia; the public opinion of Europe is not now powerless, and there are newspaper correspondents always on the alert to keep that public opinion well informed. Bulgaria has now her destinies in her own hands. After the Russo-Turkish war she received what she had not won for herself—her freedom. The Greeks, and still more the Serbs, had worked out their own salvation, but the Bulgarians had not. The hills of their country are

covered with monuments raised to the memories of the 200,000 Russians, who fell in freeing the Bulgarian from his Turkish oppressor. By the wisdom with which the Bulgarian carried out a bloodless revolution in Eastern Roumelia—by the bravery with which he beat back the Serb invasion, he proved last year that his nation had at length taken her place amid the free nations of Europe; by the loyalty with which he has welcomed back his brave Prince he has shown his fixed determination to remain free. Let him adhere to that decision; for he may rely on it that a people becomes free once, but never a second time.

At four o'clock on the same day (September 7th) the foreign representatives again attended at the palace to bid farewell to his Highness. Those who witnessed the scene say that nothing could have been more touching. The palace and its neighbourhood were thronged, not only with officials, but with all sorts and conditions of Bulgarians. For some miles from his capital on his way to the Danube the Prince passed between long lines of his subjects, who stood with uncovered heads and every sign of grief and respect. At Lom Palanka the Prince embarked on his

yacht, and crossed to Turm-Severin. The yacht then returned to the Bulgarian bank, its flag flying half-mast high, and its band playing a funeral march. If this be defeat, it has an odd resemblance to victory. Had Prince Alexander fallen at Slivnitza, his departure could scarcely have been more glorious. To be mourned thus by a nation is recompense enough for all that he has gone through. He has laid down what was only a crown of thorns. He has refused to receive any pension or allowance from the Bulgarians, but he takes with him into his voluntary exile their gratitude and love. Even Zankoff has admitted that there is now a Party in Bulgaria attached to the Prince, and proud of being his personal followers. Zankoff would never have made such an admission before his Highness's abduction. Zankoff deplores, but his countrymen rejoice over, "the moral triumph of the Prince." Only a few days after the Prince's abdication an address was being signed by the deputies in Sofia, in which, "on this, the *fête* day of his Highness, they offer their hearty prayers to the Almighty for the preservation of his health and life," in which "they deeply grieve his absence from his beloved country, and wish with all their hearts shortly to see among them their

hero and Prince, the defender of the national liberty and independence." Never did the Prince prove himself more worthy of ruling than when he ceased to rule. The Prince, like all men who have left their mark on history, is a great believer in the star of his own destiny. There are those who say that that star has not set, but will shine again over a free, united, and happy Bulgaria.

CHAPTER XIX.

Plevna 1877 — Sofia 1886 — “We Bulgarians do not like Bloodshed” — The Varna Regiment — Lascelles’s Opinion of the Bulgarians — Punishment of the Mutinous Troops—Clement blesses the Standards—Zankoff calls on Lascelles—No Prince, no Loan—“No Highness, only Two Germans.”

“LET Plevna be taken. God save the Czar!” This was the *mot d’ordre* before Plevna on the 11th September, 1877. It was the intention of the Grand Duke commanding the Russian army to take Plevna on that day, and to present it to the Czar as an offering on that his patron saint’s day. What actually happened is well known. The Czar entered the opera-box which had been constructed for him; but, instead of seeing the triumphal entrance of his troops into Plevna, he only witnessed the slaughter of seventeen thousand of these poor fellows. Another patron saint’s day of another Czar has come round, and this Czar has also required his sacrifice. Prince Alexander undoubtedly felt that the choice lay between himself and his country, and he has not hesitated to immolate himself. There can be no question that

after the kidnapping the Prince's position became no longer tenable. He could no more have remained Prince in September, 1886, than in November last he could have pushed on to Belgrade. Had he taken the latter step he would have encountered Austrian troops in front, while the Russians would have occupied Bulgaria in the rear. Had he now remained Prince of Bulgaria he would have been assassinated in a few months, or a rising would have been arranged which would have necessitated a Russian occupation, and cost Bulgaria her independence. The dictum that there is no such word as impossible must be taken by public men with reservations. It would be more accurate to say that what is impossible to-day becomes possible to-morrow. The present tension of affairs cannot survive the German Emperor's death; and when he dies, full of years and honours, Bismarck may find that Russia's advance is not to the advantage of Germany. General Soboleff (when he was here in 1883) told an English officer that the Bulgarians were first-rate military material, and he treated the Bulgarian army merely as a division of the Russian. The Bulgarian is a happy blend between an Irishman and a Quaker. "He does not want to fight, but by

Jingo if he do!" The month of September has in two successive years brought about three revolutions in Bulgaria, and in these three revolutions only three men have been killed. As a Bulgarian statesman said lately, when asked why at least the military conspirators had not been shot off-hand, "We Bulgarians do not like bloodshed." And yet the Bulgarians, who shrink from an act which might fairly be called meting out justice to rebels, are not only brave on the field, but patiently endure the severest hardships of a campaign. It is hardly known in England that when last November the union and independence of Bulgaria hung in the balances at Slivnitza, and when every Bulgarian soldier was wanted at the front, the Varna Regiment marched seventy miles, only halting for a few hours to take food at Sofia, and on arriving at Slivnitza went immediately into action. Now again the union and independence of Bulgaria hang in the balances, but this time the Bulgarians can only save their country by remaining perfectly quiet. Consequently, during the interval between the abdication and the elections there was not a ruffle on the political waters. Europe may be disquieted, but Bulgaria remains calm. The

Bulgarians at least will give the Czar no pretext for dragooning them. They will bide their time. Some of their so-called leaders, taken from the schoolroom, the shop, and even the railway van, to preside over departments in the State, have proved failures; but the Bulgarian people in the lump is good. Not to give merely my own opinion, I may quote the very words of a distinguished foreign representative, spoken in my presence shortly after the Prince's abdication. "I expect more from you," said Sir Frank Lascelles to two Bulgarians who were calling on him, "than from any nation I know, because you are calmer and have more common sense than any nation I know. I had serious doubts about Bulgaria seven years ago, because I did not believe in liberty being given to any country, as I did not think you would value what you had not won for yourselves; but the Bulgarians have made me change that opinion. The present situation is a very grave one, but the Bulgarians will weather the storm."

We may depend upon it that had not the Prince thoroughly believed in the loyalty and patriotism of the common people, he would never have returned from Lemberg. He knew that he had the hearts of all Bulgarians, who earn their bread by

toil, and that (exclusive of the army and the clergy) the disaffected were a mere handful. He returned to brand the conspirators and to vindicate the honour of Bulgaria. He passed no sentences of death, but he did order the standard of the Strouma Regiment to be burnt and its name to be blotted out of the Bulgarian Army List. This has been done; the Strouma Regiment no longer exists. The same punishment has been meted out to the rebellious Artillery brigade. It has been disbanded, and the men distributed among other battalions. It is a curious fact that the cadets of the Military College, though seriously implicated in the kidnapping, refused to take the oath to Zankoff's Provisional Government. The Cadet College resembles our own colleges at Sandhurst and Woolwich, but with a far severer discipline. On the day of his abdication the Prince issued a ukase dissolving the college, and distributing the cadets among the regiments of the army. The cadets will serve out their time as privates in the army, instead of being drilled and lectured in their college. Unfortunately one cadet, and one cadet only, was foolish enough to resist, and wounded an officer of the 1st Regiment, which was employed to carry out the Prince's

order. The militia of Eastern Roumelia was at the revolution of last year formed into four Roumeliot regiments and incorporated into the Bulgarian army. It was arranged that the Prince was to present these regiments with their standards on the 11th September, which (as his name is Alexander) happens to be his name-day as well as the Czar's. After his abdication it was decided by the Regency to make no alteration in the day; but the Russian agent having considered it unadvisable that the standards should be presented on the Prince's name-day, the ceremony took place on the 12th September (Sunday). Nothing can be more admirable than the tact the Bulgarians are showing in humouring the Russians in matters immaterial. The review was a very striking spectacle. But it was not merely the soldierly men who were marching past, and who might be led against any army without fear of the result—it was much more the peculiar circumstances under which that review was held. Here you had troops which had just suppressed a revolution, which had just lost their leader and Prince, and which were hearing all around them rumours of a Russian occupation, going through their manœuvres as quietly as if nothing had happened.

The crowning incident of the scene was the blessing of the standards by the Metropolitan Clement. The arch-conspirator consecrated standards that bore the Royal monogram A. I. (Alexander I.). An Englishman can scarcely believe such a thing possible. Clement had not plotted against his Prince once, but repeatedly, and yet you saw all the loyal soldiers bareheaded to receive the rebel's blessing. There are several reasons for Bulgarians acting thus. First, they are essentially a law-abiding people. Clement was the Metropolitan: it was his duty to bless the standards; and if he was willing to do his duty, it was not for his fellow-countrymen to prevent him. To depart from accustomed forms goes against the grain with Bulgarians, and if such a departure gave offence to Russia, it was also impolitic. The Regency therefore determined to carry through the ceremony just as if the Prince had never been abducted, or had never abdicated. It is also barely possible that Clement may have something of a patriot in him, and that the tone of the Czar's reply to the Prince's telegram may have hurt his national sentiment. However this may be, there was his Eminence, just as if nothing had happened.

After hearing of the part that Clement still takes in public affairs, it is not surprising that Zankoff is at large. In fact, on the 7th September he called on Sir Frank Lascelles, our diplomatic agent here. This was in itself a most impudent proceeding, as he must have known that an English gentleman can hold no social intercourse with such as him. He began by thanking Sir Frank for having indirectly brought about the Prince's abdication. Sir Frank admitted that that was a matter for congratulation, as the abdication had been a moral triumph for the Prince. Zankoff then made the remarkable admission that the Prince had won a moral victory, as he now had a Party in the country, which he never had before. Zankoff held forth on the absolute necessity of altering the Tirnova Constitution (by which in the Prince's time he used to swear), on the inadvisability of electing a new Prince just at present, and on the need of Bulgaria receiving a new Constitution from Europe. He was terrified at the prospect of a Russian occupation, and evidently flatters himself that when he becomes Prime Minister, all fears of Russia will be at an end. "What has the Prince done for Bulgaria?" asked his former Prime Minister. Sir Frank referred to

the Serb campaign. "Oh," exclaimed Zankoff, "it was Providence that protected us against the Serb." One is tempted to ask, what would have become of the Bulgarians had they been led by the general of the Serbs, and their invaders by Prince Alexander? The Serbs would have been not only at Sofia, but at Philippopoli. It is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will have no invading enemy to fight, while their Prince is on his travels. Zankoff himself would then have to acknowledge that Providence requires the arm of flesh.

The Bulgarians have learnt the pecuniary value of their Prince. Just before the conspiracy Karaveloff was on the point of getting a loan at par at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—better terms, in fact, than can be obtained by Russia—but since the abdication the money is only forthcoming on much higher terms. Clemency to civilians may be advisable, but social order can hardly be sustained if mutineers are spared. Captain Dimitrieff, Stoyanoff (of the Strouma Regiment), and Zlatarski (of the rebel artillery brigade) have fled; but Major Grueff and Captain Benderoff are interned at Tirnova, and await a court-martial. From some of the kidnappers the Prince received needlessly discourteous treatment. "This is what you get for not making

me a major," said Benderoff to his prisoner. And when the Prince and his brother reached the monastery of Etropol, at which they made their first halt, the abbot politely expressed his pleasure at receiving a visit from his "Royal Highness." "Oh," said the officer escorting them, "there is no Highness here—only two Germans, whom we are transporting across the frontier." "The German," whom a handful of military conspirators transported, returned amid universal rejoicing. The Foreign Prince has voluntarily abdicated, and by this step has won a heartfelt loyalty, which few, if any, native-born sovereigns inspire. By his abdication the Prince endeavoured to secure from the Czar better terms for his country than could have ever been obtained for her had he remained. The Bulgarians are well aware of this. They are determined to maintain the strictest law and order, and thus give no pretext for Russian intervention.

CHAPTER XX.

Bulgaria a Democracy—The Parliament House—Gadban Effendi—The Meeting of the Deputies—The Regents—Zankoff takes a Back Seat—Karaveloff “a very Common-looking Man”—Karaveloff’s Learning—Worship of Herbert Spencer—Cheers for “the Absent Prince”—The Members’ Roll Call—The Election of the President—The Battenberg Party—The Radical and Zankoffite Point of View—General Kaulbars—The Plot to kidnap the Ministers—Filoff—Loving by Order—The Raid on the Ballot Boxes—The Return of the Prince.

BULGARIA is the most democratic country in the world. All Bulgarians are equal in fact as well as in theory. There is no Court and no *jeunesse dorée*. There is no aristocracy and no plutocracy, no Rotten Row and no Stock Exchange. There is neither Upper House nor Senate. The Bulgarians govern themselves by a Prince elected by a National Assembly, itself elected by universal suffrage. The National Assembly, or Sobranje, consists of three hundred deputies. Ten thousand electors return one member. There are no nominees of the Crown as in Servia, nor anything resembling our former three-corner constituencies. A deputy is paid 15 francs a day, while the House

is sitting, and he must be thirty-one years of age. Stambouloff (one of the present Regency) was younger than that when he entered the House; but, like our own Charles James Fox, he is a Parliamentary prodigy. The Parliament House is one of the first buildings, as you enter Sofia from Ichtiman. Its interior is a large square room, decorated in good taste in white and gold, but with very bad acoustic qualities. Three sides of the chamber are lined with galleries, and on the fourth is the throne. Over the throne hangs a picture of Prince Alexander, in life-size, which, however, is now covered by a blue mourning curtain. During the last Session the pictures of the Czar Liberator Alexander II. and of the present Czar Alexander III. were hanging on either side of the picture of the Prince, but before the beginning of the present Session they had been quietly removed. It is barely credible, but it is a fact that Gadban Effendi, the Ottoman Commissioner in Bulgaria, remonstrated against the removal of the portrait of the Czar! No wonder Turkey is considered a stupid Power.

Two of the galleries are open to the public. The deputies sit in a semi-circle, and their benches descend by steps to the floor of the House, where

the Ministers sit at a red cloth table of their own. The President of the Chamber sits immediately under the throne, and the reporters have their tables behind the deputies and below the galleries. There is no Right and Left among the deputies, but each deputy sits where he pleases. Naturally they group themselves by a process of natural selection, and Turkish hodjas are not found cheek by jowl with Greek priests. At a little after ten in the morning of Monday, September 13th, the deputies began to enter. Unless they are Turks or Greek priests, they do not sit with their hats on. The public galleries were densely crowded, and the English, Austrian, and Greek (but not the Russian or German) representatives were in the diplomatic gallery. I counted thirty peasants, men who had literally left the plough, and would return to the plough as soon as the House rose. Soon, however, a great many more peasant-deputies entered, and there must have been as many peasants' jackets as black cloth coats. Those four peasants in long white woollen coats are Tzinzars—that strange but most interesting race. These Tzinzars come from near Widin, and speak Bulgarian. That deputy dressed in the usual Bulgarian peasant style of baggy breeches,

with scarlet wrap around his loins, comes from the Maritza district, near Tatar Bazardjik. If you knew what that man has gone through, you would better appreciate how the Bulgaria of the present differs from Bulgaria of the past. Before the Russian war the peasants that are represented by this deputy were receiving from the Turks, who owned the land, a few piastres a day, and a portion of black bread. For this pittance they toiled all their lives long, knee-deep in water, in the rice-fields. They were mere serfs, *ascripti glebæ*; now they are freemen and freeholders. This happy change took place only ten years ago. No wonder the peasantry of this Batak district are more Russian than those of any other part, for they fear the Turk more; but even there the Russian rouble has to be used.* They say that the Russian deputies in the late Sobranje numbered about fifty. You can be quite sure that the Turkish deputies would not enter their lobby, for Turks have a knack of voting with the majority. The Russo-Bulgarians cannot, of course, be distinguished like the Turks, as (saving their clerical contingent) they wear no uniform. Zankoff, with

* See, for an instance of this, page 286.

his white hair, was there—in a back seat. Priests are eligible for election, and I counted six in their high black hats. It might have been wiser to exclude them, but the Orthodox priests, who find their way into the Chamber, are required by law to be able to read and write. They are at least not so grossly ignorant as so many of their brethren, who may be able to read an old Russian liturgy, but could not for their lives read a Bulgarian newspaper of the present day. There were twenty-one Turks in fez and turban, two or three of whom were peasants, and two with snowy cloths round their fezzes, hodjas, or priests. There was one very handsome Turk, who sat apart and looked quite the aristocrat of the Chamber. It was pleasant to see one Turkish deputy shake hands with a Greek priest, but as a rule the Turks keep to themselves, both in the House and out of it. There are a few Greek deputies, but no Jewish. There are plenty of lawyers in the House; but no one, be he civil or military, in the receipt of a salary or pension from Government, is allowed to be elected into the Assembly.

The deputies rose to their feet as the three Regents entered the Chamber, and they remained standing, until the Regents had left. It may be

mentioned that the public in the galleries remained standing during the reading of the Throne Speech, and greeted the name of the Prince with deafening applause. The three Regents are Karaveloff, Stambouloff, and Montkouroff. Stambouloff is a young advocate in Tirnova. He may fairly be called the rising man of Bulgaria. He took the initiative, and bore the responsibility of the Prince's return more than any other Bulgarian. He acted as he did of his own head, and not on the suggestion of others. Although a statesman, he is also a great popular orator. Montkouroff is very reserved and taciturn, but honest and firm. As a soldier, he has supported, and will support, Stambouloff. Karaveloff is older than Stambouloff and younger than Zankoff. He is a poor speaker, probably inferior to both his older and his younger rival in that particular; but he is a very able man, experienced in public affairs, and singularly free from the love of money. Unlike Zankoff, he is a student of many literatures. Zankoff is probably a master of Turkish proverbs. He has no lack of vulpine intelligence, and Turkish proverbs are the fitting coin of his mental mint. It used to be the fashion of the Zankoffite Press to sneer at Karaveloff as a mere literary man. Just before

the Prince's abduction, the *Red Bulgarian* of Philippopoli asked what Karaveloff had studied in Russia, and answered its own question. "The law, says one; philology, says another. As a matter of fact, this man (Karaveloff) cannot express himself correctly in any language. To converse with him, to understand him, to make yourself intelligible to him, is a superhuman task. His gibberish is as unintelligible, as his orthography is arbitrary. He begs those with whom he corresponds to burn his letters. He treats syntax, logic, and punctuation as he does the deputies of the Opposition. His appearance is in no sense terrible; he is a very common-looking man." There can be no question that nature has dealt very unkindly with Karaveloff. As he stood by the side of his two co-Regents, no one could fail to be struck by his sallow complexion, shifty eyes, and unpleasing expression. But whatever his rival Zankoff may think, Karaveloff's attainments as a philosopher are something quite exceptional. He has made a close study of Herbert Spencer's works, and understands as well as reads Kant. Karaveloff's literary tastes recommend him to his educated fellow-countrymen. Herbert Spencer seems to be their favourite

English author. One Bulgarian doctor, who had himself studied in France, and married a French lady, told me that Herbert Spencer was the first philosopher in the world, and that, guided by his principles, he had been able to foresee much that had happened in Bulgaria. "Were I a believer in metaphysics," exclaimed the doctor, "I should believe there was something supernatural in Herbert Spencer." I have often had reason to observe that the Bulgarians are neither ashamed of enthusiasm nor of book-learning. It is matter of regret that so gifted a man as Karaveloff should now think of nothing but how best to ingratiate himself with Russia, yet such is the case.

But to return to the National Assembly—the three Regents mounted to the chair of the Knaz (Prince). Here Stambouloff, who took the lead visibly as well as spiritually, took his place in the centre, Karaveloff standing to his right and Montkouroff to his left. The Speech from the Throne was read by Stambouloff in a firm, clear voice. As soon as the Speech had been read, the Regents left the Chamber, and the deputies at once proceeded to business. M. Vultcheff, a deputy from Rustchuk, speaking from his place (and not from the tribune), moved that the oldest deputy should

take the chair until the President had been chosen. He began his speech by exclaiming—"May our first thoughts be for the absent Prince." I never heard a remark more tremendously cheered. There is in fact more of the pugilist in a Bulgarian M.P. than in any other class in Bulgaria. An assault is almost unheard of in town or country, but in the Bulgarian Parliament assaults are by no means so rare. Still in the eventful meeting of that Monday morning (13th September, 1886) all things were done in decency and order. M. Vultcheff moved that the oldest deputy take the chair, till the President was chosen. The senior deputy happened to be a member of Zankoff's Party; but no member of the Nationalist Party thought of departing on that account from the prescribed custom. The temporary President, Bosniakoff, a deputy from Varna, was an aged, toothless peasant. No one heard a word of what he said in the chair, but he unquestionably enjoyed his brief authority. Having said his say, he touched his bell of office, and the chatter among the deputies was silenced. Bulgarian deputies may also be officers of the House, but I do not know whether any of them (except the President) are paid. An officer of the

House read out the list of deputies, and those present answered to their names. It was noticeable that the Turks replied in Turkish "Bourda" (here), while the Bulgarians replied in Bulgarian "Tuka" (here). Two hundred and twenty-one deputies were present. After the roll-call the sitting was suspended for five minutes. On resuming its sitting the House proceeded to the election of its President. The list of deputies was again read out, and as his name was reached each deputy advanced to the ballot-box and dropped in it the name of the candidate for whom he voted. The post of President of the Chamber is a very important one, as the holder of it not only enjoys the ordinary powers of the Speaker, but also the right to vacate the chair and take part in the debate. Stambouloff was the last President of the Chamber. The candidate of the National Party was M. Jifkoff, a deputy for Varna. He has been a professor, and it may be noted that, though the Orthodox clergy are rarely found in the ranks of the Nationalists, they are well replaced by the literary men and by all those who teach the young idea of Bulgaria. The Russian candidate for the post was M. Sukuaroff. He only secured sixteen votes. M. Jifkoff was elected by one

hundred and seventy votes out of two hundred and twenty-one, and as the Zankoffites did their best to carry their own man, their signal defeat is a good omen for this country. M. Jifkoff must be particularly objectionable to the Zankoffites, because he is not only a Nationalist, but an adherent of Stambouloff, who, more than any other Bulgarian, has confounded Zankoff's politics. After M. Jifkoff had taken the chair and thanked the Assembly, business of a formal character was proceeded with. Ten years ago none of these deputies—except the Turks—enjoyed the most ordinary privileges of freemen; now they are managing the affairs of their own nation. Ten years ago many of these deputies were (without exaggeration) suffering from the most degrading oppression. Many of them knew by sad experience only one of the rights of man—the right to die, when he can suffer and bear no longer. Now these same men not only exercise the most complete self-government, but by their votes in the Chamber share in the responsibility of governing others. Ten years ago none of these deputies, save the Turks, were thought worthy of bearing arms in the army of their sovereign, the Sultan; now they direct a native army of their own, which no statesman in

Europe despises. This certainly is a momentous change, and one that might turn their heads. But the Bulgarians carry on Parliamentary government as to the manner born. The elections are regularly held; the business of the country promptly attended to. No one—the Russian Government always excepted—has ever suggested any unfairness in holding the elections, or any tampering with the returns. Nay, more: at a time when Europe was simmering with excitement, and when Bulgaria was the question of the hour, the Bulgarian Parliament transacted its business as calmly, as if nothing unusual had happened during the past week. It is difficult to believe that Bulgaria is crossing streams, when you see the calmness of those who direct her. Paris would be throwing up barricades at far less provocation; but Leon and Alphonse are made of far more inflammable stuff than Petro and Dragan. Happy, indeed, is Bulgaria where law and order rule, even in her most troubled times. Revolutions may come and go; Princes may be elected and may abdicate; Governments may rise and fall, but Bulgaria will continue to advance. She can never lose her freedom and her independence so long as she retains her Peasant Parliament.

More than a month has passed since the events above related happened, and in a few days' time another Sobranje will be opened at Tirnova. The statesmen of every country and every Party have now learnt, that the Bulgarians will not voluntarily surrender their independence into the hands of Russia. It is said by some that the Czar will next spring embark his troops at Reni, and, landing them at Silistria, occupy Bulgaria. Others say that, adhering to the policy of sap and mine, the Czar will endeavour to make all government in Bulgaria impossible. But whatever successes Russia may gain in Bulgaria in the future, she has recently only met with rebuff and discredit there. Nothing can be more galling to the Czar than the personal popularity of his cousin, Prince Alexander. No one has had more to do with this singular development in Bulgarian public opinion than the Czar himself. There is now a Loyalist or Battenberg Party in Bulgaria. It consists of officers and soldiers, who took no part in the conspiracy, and who regard the Prince as the truest friend and bravest leader the Bulgarian army will ever have. They insist on saying that their Prince has not left them, but has only taken leave of absence. No doubt their loyalty has some root

in self-interest. They must feel that, if Russia occupied Bulgaria, their own services would be dispensed with. The Battenberg Party also consists of civilians, and includes both Conservatives and Liberals, who reason thus—With the Prince, Bulgaria could maintain her independence; without him, she runs the gravest risk of losing it.

It is noticeable that while the Radical paper—*Independent Bulgaria*—recently started, refers to the Prince as “our dear Prince;” the Zankoffite paper, also recently started, curtly calls him “Battenberg.” General Kaulbars, on the other hand, is dubbed by the Radical paper “a peripatetic liar.” In the recent elections the Conservatives and Radicals sank their differences, in order to secure the return of candidates pledged to support Bulgarian independence; and the result of their union was an overwhelming victory for the National cause. The Zankoffites and Russophiles were not merely second, but nowhere. So effectually has General Kaulbars convinced the Bulgarians that the Czar’s little finger will be thicker than the Sultan’s loins.

The fact that the Bulgarians may elect another Prince to succeed Prince Alexander proves nothing. If they proceed to an election at all, it

will be at the bidding of the Russians; and they will elect the nominee of Russia as their Prince. The Bulgarians are perfectly well aware that whoever may be their new Prince, he will by the force of circumstances develop not into a Russian, but a National Prince. The Russians are equally well aware of this, and are determined, by fair or by foul means, to secure the actual government of the country in the hands of Russophil Ministers before the election of a new Prince is proceeded with. It was therefore of extreme importance for them to kidnap the existing Ministry before the meeting of the newly-elected Sobranje; and this would actually have been done, had not the officer in command of the Widin garrison disclosed the plot. The conspirators had arranged to seize the Ministers and Regents (excepting Karaveloff) on their way through Lom Palanka to Tirnova, and to send them in a boat down to Reni. This conspiracy throws light on the persistent attempts of the Russian Government to tamper with the Bulgarian commander (Filoff) at Rustchuk. Four days before the arrival of General Kaulbars at Rustchuk, the Russian Consul at Widin came to Rustchuk and told Filoff to raise an *émeute* against the national government; if he did so, he

said, Russia would make him a general; but if he refused, Russia would occupy Bulgaria. Filoff declined the proffered bribe. Two days later the Russian Consul at Rustchuk made the same proposals, and met with the same refusal. Immediately on his arrival General Kaulbars wrote to Filoff, and ordered him to call on him. Filoff went, and Kaulbars told him plainly that his choice lay between being made a general or being degraded to a sergeant. The Minister for War had forbidden Filoff to call on General Kaulbars. For breach of this order Filoff was arrested, and there can be no question the Government were justified in taking this step. It is believed that the Russian Commissioner merely visited Rustchuk in order to gain over to Russia the garrisons at Varna, Shumla, Widin, and Tirnova. Were the Bulgarians free agents, they would be practically unanimous in re-electing Prince Alexander. Perfect love, we know, casteth out fear; but so far is Russia from inspiring this love, that the only sentiment she excites in the breast of the average Bulgarian is intense fear. The shadow of the knout (*nagrika*) has already fallen on the land.

If the Russian is feared, the Russophil Bulgarian is despised. The 150 peasants, who

marched into Sofia on the Sunday of the elections (October 10th), and after listening to the eloquence of the Russian Consul, made a fruitless raid upon the ballot-boxes, left the capital under a strong military guard. They pleaded that they came into the town, without knowing for what object they were sent, but under the threat of their local judge, that those who did not march into Sofia, would be fined three roubles. Never in history have diplomatists behaved, as the Russian representatives in Bulgaria are now behaving. The result of their active electioneering cannot, however, be satisfactory to their imperial master. Their speeches, their bribes, their threats, their free drinks, and their free newspapers, have not only secured the triumph of the National Party, but have done much to make the National identical with the Battenberg Party. The stick has long been considered the privilege of the marriage state, but General Kaulbars has imported it into the period of courtship. Its introduction seems premature. Bulgaria likes not this Petruchio wooing. We cannot love by order, and the Bulgarian, who is bid to love the Czar, loves his exiled Prince. This feeling is by no means restricted to the educated inhabitants of the

towns, but permeates (as was proved at the elections) the whole country. I am told that the peasant is firmly convinced of his Prince's return. Probably Prince Alexander will become the subject of many a legend, and the Bulgarian of the future will sing to the mournful notes of the gusla, how the hero of Slivnitsa never died, but slumbers in a mountain, awaiting his country's call. Thus it is that the spirits of the brave live after them.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bulgarians Great Readers—Slaveikoff—"Russian has not improved my style"—His Favourite Novels—The Destruction of his Library—What the Turks have done for the Bulgarians—The Macedonian Question—Slaveikoff's Translation of the Bible—Slaveikoff and Stambouloff—Russia's Claim on Bulgaria's Gratitude—Is Russia wise?

DURING my present and my previous visit to Bulgaria (seven years ago) nothing has struck me more than the love of reading evinced by educated Bulgarians. That class of the British aristocracy, who (according to Disraeli) never read, are absolutely unrepresented here. If a Bulgarian boy receives a good education, as a man he is more or less a bookworm, and likes to converse about his favourite authors. Indeed, in no country are Adam Smith, Buckle, and Herbert Spencer more frequently discussed than in Bulgaria; and their works seem as constantly in the hands, as their names in the mouths of their admirers. The Bulgarians have, as a rule, too much sense to be humbugs; and when a Bulgarian expresses admiration for Herbert Spencer, he could probably

pass a good examination in his works. This admiration for the works of foreigners—especially English—must, it is feared, have a tendency to sap the originality of the Bulgarian literary mind. That deceptive will-o'-the-wisp, the desire to know all knowledge, has undoubtedly misled many among them; but there are a few wise enough to know that the proper study for Bulgarians is Bulgaria. At the head of these must be reckoned P. R. Slaveikoff, the father of Bulgarian literature. Slaveikoff is a peasant's son, and was born at Travna (near Great Tirnova). He ranks probably the first of peasant poets in the world. His poems were literally Songs before Sunrise, for they were written before the independence of his country. He is also a novelist and a humorist, a lexicographer and a translator of the Bible into his own tongue. He may therefore be said to be the Tyndale, Burns, Dr. Johnson, and Dickens of his country. Not content with playing so many parts in literature, Slaveikoff has played a prominent, if not a leading, part in public affairs. He was President of the first National Assembly that met at Tirnova. He is a staunch Nationalist, and held a portfolio in Karaveloff's Ministry.

After the Prince's abduction he was named one of the Regents by Stambouloff. The Prince thought of naming him in the present Regency, but out of consideration for his advanced age he was passed over.

Slaveikoff is in appearance a very hale old man, with bright black eyes and good-humoured face. His features are not of an intellectual type, but they are full of life and character. Born in a peasant's hut, his closing years are spent in his son's house at Sofia, surrounded by European comforts. His son has been mayor of Sofia, and, unlike his father, knows English thoroughly. I found on his drawing-room table three books, all English, and two of them volumes of Swinburne's poems. Slaveikoff apologised to me for his ignorance of Western languages; all his time had been taken up by his own, and by Greek and Turkish. He had learnt Russian late in life, but (he added) "that has not improved my style." He regretted that Bulgarian authors were learning Russian, as their study of the Russian literature was making their own style less original. He had himself only read Shakespeare and Milton in Russian translations three or five years ago. He is now reading the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

He considers them epic rather than realistic, and as beautiful for their imagination rather than for their truth to nature. He admitted, however, that his Russian translators did Scott but scanty justice. His favourites are "Quentin Durward" and "Ivanhoe." He has not read either the "Heart of Midlothian" or "Pickwick." Of Dickens he would express no opinion, as he had only read "Bleak House" and his Christmas Stories in poor Russian translations. He then began to speak of the great misfortune of his life. In 1877 his library at Eski Zagra was burnt by the Turks. This has proved an irreparable loss to Bulgaria, and, indeed, to Slav literature. The library contained thirty-five copy-books, in which Slaveikoff had collected all the local traditions and superstitions of his race. Being fifty years of age he had gathered them from the lips of aged peasants, and the copy-books which contained this priceless unwritten lore were all burnt. Their memory has perished as a comedy of Menander. He had also collected two thousand Bulgarian folk-songs and four hundred national stories, while up to the present time he has only been able to collect six hundred. A collection of national proverbs, which was destroyed

by the Turks, he has been able to replace. This calamity naturally depressed him, and even after a lapse of nine years the venerable old man could scarcely refer to it without tears. He added that the Turks had done the Bulgarians some good, for they had welded them into a nation. I remarked that the Turks had done exactly the same good service to the Greeks. "The difference between the Greeks and ourselves," said Slaveikoff, "is that the Greeks can never be a solid nation; for, like the Jews, where they can make money, there they remain. If a nation ceases to be agricultural, it ceases to be a nation." This remark was intensely Bulgarian. The Bulgarians are agriculturists and stay-at-homes. They are not cosmopolitan, and wish to be nothing better than Bulgarian. It is this national common sense that makes the National Party extremely averse to a spirited foreign policy. They do not wish the Macedonian question reopened at present. They are perfectly satisfied with what Europe has given them, and do not hunger after more land. The Russian Party, on the contrary, wish to reopen the Macedonian question, as they know that disturbances in Macedonia will be followed by a Russian occupation — possibly a joint Russo-

Turkish occupation—of North and South Bulgaria. Not that the National Party have in any sense forfeited or abandoned Bulgaria's heritage in Macedonia, any more than the Serb National party has abandoned Servia's heritage in "Old Servia;" but the Nationalists of both countries feel that this is not the time to extend their borders, and that they had far better let sleeping dogs lie.

Slaveikoff is now engaged on a Bulgarian dictionary. He is acknowledged to be the greatest master of the language; and in Bohemia, where they are fond of paying homage to Slav genius, his birthday was kept last year with public honours. Four years of Slaveikoff's life—1865 to 1868—were devoted to the translation of the Bible into Bulgarian. It is the work of four translators, and is much esteemed. "We are not coiners of words," said Slaveikoff, "and our language was already in its decline. There are several Russianisms in our translation of the Bible." The correspondent of a Russian newspaper, who had just called, remarked, "But are there not several Turkish words in your language?"—as if that were a good reason why the language should be further corrupted by Russian words. Slaveikoff

did not look pleased at the interruption, and made no reply to it. Slaveikoff bids fair to become as unpopular with Russian Panslavists as Karadjitch himself. The Russian Press used to heap taunts on Karadjitch, and to charge him with treason to the Slav cause, simply because he did all in his power to make the Serb language a classic. We did not feel justified in staying longer, and respectfully shook hands with the venerable Slaveikoff. He is blessed with a good constitution, and there is every reason to hope that he may long be spared. What Stambouloff is doing in the Senate, that Slaveikoff is doing in his study. Slaveikoff and Stambouloff are the fitting complement to each other. The work of the statesman is to keep the country free from all foreign influence; the work of the man of letters is to keep the Bulgarian language pure and undefiled. The work of both is being done quietly and effectually. The Bulgarian of the future will remember the immense debt of gratitude he owes to both. For while to Stambouloff, and to the loyal men who support him, he will owe his individual freedom and his national independence; to Slaveikoff he will owe the purity of his Bulgarian tongue.

No one can now feel more disappointed with the conduct of the Czar than Slaveikoff himself.

All Bulgarians old enough to remember what Bulgaria was before the last Russo-Turkish war, must have tried hard to remain grateful to Russia. But the Russians are like the man, who having saved a butcher's life, used always to help himself to joints without paying for them. At last the butcher protested that both his stock of gratitude and meat were exhausted, and that he preferred to be ungrateful. An army of 100,000 men may possibly be sufficient to occupy Bulgaria, but the question for Russian statesmen to consider is whether such a game is worth the candle. Setting aside the drain on her resources such a step would entail, it would cost Russia her reputation for fair and honourable dealing—even with her most ardent supporters. If Russia conquers a Slav race, she will lose for ever her claim to rank as the protector of oppressed Slavs. She will become in the eyes of every Balkan Slav what she is already in the eyes of the Pole—the embodiment of brute force. He cannot be called an enemy of the Russian people, who warns them against so fatal a policy. On the other hand, he is no friend to Russia, who encourages her in a course of action, which will assuredly end in her own overthrow. It is never wise to cut off the branch on which you sit.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Robinson Crusoe of Europe—Rate of Wages—Cost of Living—Razors, but no Pipes—A Courteous Peasantry—An Educational Crisis—Religion in State-supported Schools—A Bulgarian and a Greek Visit to the Churchyard—Land to be bought cheap—Virgil and Horace on the Balkans—Ovid in the Dobratcha—Dobratcha inhabited by Bulgarians—Derivation of *Dōbrāčha*—Bulgaria and Roumania—Winter Climate—Treatment of Travellers—Treatment of Cattle—A Village *Fête*—Greek Patriotism contrasted with Bulgarian—“We are doing this for *our* Soldiers”—Newspapers—The Custom of *Prestana*—English Sympathy with Bulgarians of old date.

THE Bulgarian peasant is the Robinson Crusoe of Europe. From the *kalpach*, or woollen cap, to the sandals of raw cowhide (*tzarvool*), everything he wears is home-made. As he is clothed to-day, his ancestor was clothed when Constantinople fell before the Turks. If you enter his cottage, you are reminded of Pope’s “worst inn’s worst room;” but in this squalid abode plenty abounds as in a king’s palace. The European may not relish the wine, cheese, pickles and black bread, which form the staple of a Bulgarian’s diet; but the peasant has neither tasted nor desires anything

better. Meat is no rarity at a villager's table, but when he is so disposed he kills a lamb and distributes it among his neighbours. A larder is not an institution of Bulgaria, and milk is a luxury. There are herds of cows over the country, but all the milk seems to be taken for cheese or by the Europeans. A Bulgarian calls all foreigners (except, of course, Turks) Europeans. But you can very well dispense with milk or any other luxury, if you remember that you are travelling through a country where every native eats his two meals a day regularly. This reflection should cheer the fasting stranger on his way; if he still prefers his own dinner *à la carte*, he can return to Vienna. It is not every one who cares for the society or the life of a Robinson Crusoe.

There are three millions of Bulgarians in North and South Bulgaria. They inhabit a country that could easily support ten or twelve millions. The average taxation of the North Bulgarians is 14 to 15 francs per head. The average taxation of the Southern Bulgarian is somewhat higher. The average taxation of the English is about £2 per head. Having regard to the price of necessaries, the rate of wages is very high. A day-labourer—even a gipsy—receives at harvest-time 3 francs

a day. The men employed in repairing the roads and on the railroad receive from 3 to 4 francs a day. They say the rate of wages might even be higher, if it were not for the women, who will work for 1 franc a day. Women are alleged to be more industrious than men; and if you meet a husband and wife on the road with a horse, it will be the man who rides and the woman who walks. A labouring man can very well live in the country on 1 franc a day. A turkey or goose only costs him 1s., and a quart of common wine 2*d.*, while a quart of the best wine would only cost 4*d.* The wine can be bought even cheaper, if bought wholesale. If he be extravagant, he can indulge in the (Bulgarian) luxury of a pound of spring snails for 4*d.* But extravagance is not a Bulgarian vice. Economy must have much to do with the absence of smokers in this country. It is strange that he should waste his time and his money on razors, yet such is the case. A bearded Bulgarian peasant is absolutely unknown. He would no more let his beard grow than his parish priest would shave his off. He is economical to the extent of penuriousness. It is a common occurrence for employers to complain that their workmen have

been unable to do their work from having taken insufficient diet. If you walk through the streets of any of their towns, you will have evidence of their cautious, not to say suspicious, character. All the houses that are insured bear the plate of the Datchia Roumania. The Bulgarians will insure in no other office, because that office alone is guaranteed by the Bulgarian Government. The suspicion of everything European (Russian included), and the determination to keep everything Bulgarian for Bulgarians, is very marked. The Russians have always been blind to this, and their agents have consequently made little headway. It will be more to the blindness of these gentry than to any other cause that the Bulgarians of the future will owe their independence. A Russian official or officer treats a Bulgarian so rudely, that one would imagine the Russian was descended from a different and superior kind of monkey to the Bulgarian.

It must not be supposed that because a Bulgarian is cautious, he is therefore discourteous. This peasantry is one of the most courteous in Europe. If you enter a Bulgarian village and say "Good day," the women spinning at their doors rise from their seats and return the salutation. I have met

with gross rudeness in the Bois de Boulogne, but, after travelling in most parts of the Balkan Peninsula, I may say that I have never received rude treatment from a peasant (Bulgarian or Serb). It is to be hoped that the rising generation will sustain the national reputation, for they are enjoying educational advantages which their ancestors did not. In Turkish times some of the peasants learnt to read and write, but not many: there was then only one shop—a stationer's—at Philippopoli, where books could be bought; and it was not till 1865 that the Bulgarian translation of the Bible was begun.

At present there is an educational crisis in the country. In 1879 I visited the Government gymnasium at Lom Palanka, and found not only the ordinary studies pursued, but German, natural science, and drawing. I asked the Bohemian schoolmaster at this gymnasium whether he found the Bulgarians intelligent. He made this remarkable reply—"The Bulgarian youth are not intelligent, but they wish to be intelligent." Only last year this gymnasium had 280 students, but this year it has only 140. A proportionate decrease has taken place in the other gymnasia. The

Government Gazette has taken up the subject, and invited discussion on it. In a paper published at Philippopoli, the librarian of that town (Mr. E. S. Yovtcheff) traces the decline in the number of school attendants to the fact that there are no openings for well-instructed men, outside Government employment. The Bulgarians are so excessively practical that they would value nothing, not even instruction, if it had not a money-value. Education is free and compulsory both for boys and girls from seven to thirteen years of age; and there is not a village either in North or South Bulgaria without its school. The Orthodox catechism is taught in schools attended by the Orthodox; but not in those attended by children of other sects. There is no religious difficulty in Bulgaria.

No Government statistics of the schools in South Bulgaria have been taken since 1867; but I have the authority of the ex-Minister for Education in Eastern Roumelia for stating that no advance has been made in the education of this province since. The following table (for which I have to thank M. Yovtcheff) will show how carefully the religious scruples of the inhabitants

are protected in the State-supported schools of South Bulgaria :—

	Primary Schools.	Pupils.	Teachers.
Bulgarian Orthodox	852	50,184	1,300
Bulgarian Catholic	10	780	27
Bulgarian Protestant	4	124	4
Turkish .	763	27,113	788
Greek . . .	48	3,471	83
Armenian . .	5	201	8
Jew	14	918	32

There are two higher schools or gymnasia in South Bulgaria — at Philippopoli and Slivno. The course of education in these higher schools is for seven years. The number of students in 1883 was 1243. The girls also have two high-class gymnasia at Philippopoli and Eski Zagra. There were in 1883 three hundred and eight girl-students, whose course of study continues for six years. The entire item for education in the Budget of Eastern Roumelia for 1883 was 11,421 Turkish liras.

The Bulgarians are not too practical to enjoy a

holiday. The Bulgarian women have a custom of holding a picnic every Saturday in the churchyard. This is not generally a doleful spot, but merely a green sward covered with stones. The Greeks in South Bulgaria have a custom, which is not so pretty. A year after the interment of a relation they visit his grave, take out the corpse, clean the bones, and place them in a sack. This they do to protect their deceased relation, and more especially themselves, from vampires. If they do not find the bones in a fit state for the picking process, they replace them in the grave and renew their visit a year later.

The old grudge between Bulgarians and Greeks is on a fair way to mend, though the Greeks maintained their practice of abstention from voting during the last election. Probably Russia has had something to do with this better state of things, as the Greeks of Southern Bulgaria would relish a Russian occupation as little as the native Bulgarians. The Turks still continue to leave South Bulgaria. Some allege that they do not receive even-handed justice from the Procureur-General (a Bohemian) in Philippopoli. Be this as it may, Turkish villages in lovely districts of the Balkans can now be purchased for a mere

song. A village (abandoned by its Turkish inhabitants) with four thousand cultivated acres was sold for sixteen hundred pounds. Is not this better than going to the Far West? It is fair, however, to add that the Russian is not the only foreigner Bulgarians dislike. The English settler would not meet with a cordial welcome. The only fault to be found with this beautiful country is that the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy of the peasants is rapidly disforesting it. If this is not stopped, the Morava will dry up in summer, and the heat will become tropical. As it is, the summer climate at the foot of the Balkans must have much changed since Virgil uttered his famous wish to be placed under the cool shadows of the Hæmus (the Balkans). Horace also refers to the "cool Balkans" (*gelidove in Hæmo*); but he does so in the same passing manner as Virgil, and neither he nor his great contemporary really knew anything about the Balkans. If you except frequent poetical allusions to the Hæmus, as the place of Orpheus's mythical death, there are no references to Southern Bulgaria in Latin classic authors (prior to Pliny's Letters), though Ovid has made that part of North Bulgaria, which is known as the Dobratcha, as

familiar to us as the Campagna itself. A statue is at last to be raised at Kustendji (Ovid's Tomi) to the most delightful poet, that ever grieved, sang, and died on Bulgarian soil. Eighteen hundred years had to pass before another foreign poet, greater than Ovid both in his works and in his death, visited the Balkan Peninsula to die there. Byron also has his monument at Missolonghi; but he needs it not, for his memory is enshrined in the heart of every Greek patriot. Byron is by far the most famous man that has actively participated in furthering the growth of freedom in the Balkan Peninsula.

To return to Ovid's burial-place. When the Dobratcha formed part of the Turkish Empire, and since the commencement of the present century, the predominant element in its heterogeneous population may have been Tartar. The Tartar emigration from the Crimea began about the year 1829, and received a great impetus after the Crimean war. Beyond the force of imitation there seems to have been no particular reason for this exodus, any more than there has been for the departure of the Tartars since the incorporation of the Dobratcha with Roumania. Strange to say, since the Dobratcha ceased to be a portion of Bulgaria,

the Bulgarian element has become quite the strongest element there. This has been the result of the Tartar emigration from the Dobratcha, to Asia Minor. In the villages on the Southern or Bulgarian banks of the Danube there has also been for at least a century a large Roumanian population, mainly fishermen, who fled from Roumania (among other reasons) to escape the serfdom which existed in that country even so late as the Crimean war. There is also a Cossack population at the mouths of the Danube, which have come from Russia for similar reasons. Ovid has been suspected of exaggeration in describing the Dobratcha, much as our travellers describe the Arctic regions; but my friend, Mr. George Barkley, tells me that he has himself seen the sea at Kustendji frozen three miles out from land. Even at Varna, which lies about eighty miles south of Kustendji, the harbour is sometimes so blocked with ice, as to make navigation difficult. A common English delusion about the Dobratcha is that it is a swamp. The fact that fever was formerly prevalent there is proof to some that the land is (as they declare it to be) one great marsh. So far from this being the case, the northern portion of it is hilly, as is shown by the Turkish

name Babadagh (Father Mountain) borne by its highest mountain. The marshy land only commences, when you have left the Dobratcha to the south of you. At Kustendji Mr. Barkley tells me they sank a shaft one hundred and twenty feet without coming on water; but there are some who would still call the Dobratcha a marsh, though the sections of the Kustendji railway were produced to them. *Dobra* means "good" in Bulgarian, and *tchia* means "pasturage" in Turkish. *Dobra* is about the only Bulgarian word habitually used by the Turks of Europe; and this accounts for the union of a Turkish and Bulgarian word in the term *Dōbrātcha*. There is also a large village in the Dobratcha called Omertcha, meaning "Omer's pasturage." It can not be supposed that the incorporation of the Dobratcha—which every Bulgarian regarded as part of his own country—in Roumania by the Treaty of Berlin tended to produce friendship between the two nations. Unfortunately, there had long been an unfriendly feeling between Roumanian and Bulgarian. The Roumanian (if not himself a peasant) looked down on the Bulgarian as a mere gardener and pig-driver; while the Bulgarian returned his scorn with interest. But what we have observed in Servia we also

observe in Roumania. The abdication of Prince Alexander has opened the eyes of that great statesman and patriot, M. Bratiano, to the terrible dangers the small States run, unless they can form a close alliance together. It is singular that the attempted assassination of the Roumanian Prime Minister (Bratiano) followed close on the heels of the kidnapping of Prince Alexander. Nothing has done more to efface any old soreness against Roumania, that lingered in the minds of Bulgarians, than the magnificent reception the Roumanians gave Prince Alexander on his return from Lemberg to Rustchuck.

Although the winter temperature south of the Balkans is somewhat warmer than it is north of the Balkans, yet the winters, even in Philippopoli, can not be called mild. An English friend of mine, who by a curious chance two years running crossed on Christmas-day the Balkans north of Sofia, tells me that the midnight cold was so intense that it drew tears from his travelling companion in spite of sheepskin and furs. How Gourko's soldiers survived crossing the Balkans in mid-winter is simply marvellous. In such weather shelter is grateful, even though it be a cowhouse and the charge be a napoleon for the

night. It must be admitted that Bulgarian inn-keepers retain their presence of mind and spoil the Egyptians. I am told by those who travelled in Bulgaria before the Russo-Turkish war that this used not to be so, and that the prices used to be moderate, until the Russian officer—the American tourist of the Balkans—spoil all with his extravagance. I myself have heard in Philippopoli five francs asked for a bottle of beer, but I may add that it was not paid. It is to be regretted that the quality and number of hotel comforts have not kept pace with the growth of their charges. The charges are Parisian, but the comforts are Bulgarian.*

It may be mentioned here that the contrast in the treatment of cattle in the west and east of the peninsula is very remarkable. Nowhere in the peninsula do they use horses for ploughs, and a Bulgarian or Serb would be as much astonished to see a horse drawing a plough, as an Englishman would be to see a dromedary drawing one. Thus much time is wasted in ploughing with slow-moving cattle. While in Bosnia they use bullocks;

* These remarks do not apply to a modest restaurant kept by a German (formerly butler to the famous General Gordon) at Tirnova-Semlin.

in Bulgaria they use buffaloes. The buffalo is as sluggish as the bullock, and cannot be worked either in the height of summer or winter. This is not for want of any care in the Bulgarian. If you are travelling in summer through Bulgaria, you will see the poor buffalo in some stream with the water and mud up to his nostrils; while in winter the buffalo is kept in a very warm out-house, and (when taken out at all) is taken out with clothes on, just as if he were a valuable horse. It is the Bulgarian practice to hang up their sheep in winter to the roof of their cowhouses. The Bosnians, on the other hand, have no farm-houses or conveniences for their beasts in the winter, and are thus far behind the Bulgarians in practical humanity. Bosnians, Serbs, and Bulgarians are all equally ignorant of the uses of manure. The only notion they have of scientific farming is the now exploded notion of letting the land lie fallow.

On the Sunday following the Prince's return (his last Sunday in Bulgaria) I was present at a village *fête* at Douanli. This village and a few in its neighbourhood under the Balkans near Philippopoli are inhabited by Catholics. The Bulgarians call them Pavlikan, and it is a question

for the learned to decide whether these Catholics are the descendants of the Paulicians or Bogomils (the early Puritans of the peninsula, who were so cruelly persecuted by the Orthodox), or whether they are the descendants of converts to Catholicism. They are easily distinguished from their Orthodox fellow-countrymen, for their men wear a woollen girle (*poiass*) dyed black instead of scarlet, and their women place no flowers in their hair. The Catholic peasant is far more sober in his colours than the Orthodox. He is in fact more Bulgarian than the Bulgarian. I have seen the daughter of a Catholic merchant from Philippopoli with her head bare, while her Orthodox friends around her, who belonged to the same station in life, were wearing European bonnets. A Protestant Bulgarian told me that in his opinion the Catholic peasantry are more moral than the Orthodox, because their priests are better educated; but the Orthodox, he added, are more progressive. Another Bulgarian, a Doctor from Stanimaka, said to me—"I am no Protestant, but I should like to see all Bulgaria Protestant; for I see no connection between one particular religion and nationality." He meant to say that whatever religion was the best, that was in the best sense

the most national. Happily, the Bulgarians are a tolerant people. The festival at Douanli was given in honour of the opening of a Catholic church. Four thousand peasants were fed with soup, bread, and wine. The hospitality of the Catholics was open to all Bulgarians alike, Catholic or non-Catholic; and when the hora, the national dance, was danced, it was danced by the members of both Churches. A lunch was given to the European visitors. The Catholic Bishop presided at one end of the table, while an Orthodox priest presided at the other. This was a very pleasing spectacle. Throughout the hot hours and until the sun set the peasants kept up the hora, to the monotonous sound of the bagpipe and the gusla. But I saw no drunkenness, and heard not one rude word.

The Bulgarians are not a generous people in their ordinary social relations, but no one can charge them with want of patriotism. When their country needs their help, they become most liberal. Rich in kind rather than money, they could not subscribe for their sick and wounded as the Greeks did. Philippopoli is in many parts of it a Greek city, and in the whole of South Bulgaria there are forty thousand Greeks. The

Greeks of Philippopoli subscribed £4,000 for the Greeks wounded in the recent fighting on the frontier, while the Bulgarians of the same city only subscribed £250 for their own sick and wounded in the Serb campaign. One Greek barber brought two pounds, and said he would bring more as soon as he had sold his house. But if the Bulgarian townsman be not as freehanded as the Greek, the Bulgarian peasant has nobly sustained his country's reputation. The open-handed patriotism of the peasant—when you remember the penury in which he lives—was something quite astonishing. He gave his corn, the miller ground it, and the baker baked it gratuitously for the Government. An eye-witness has told me how the peasants brought their horses into Sofia, and shouted impatiently to the *Préfet*, because he could not accept the horses as quickly as they were offered to him. The same gentleman related to me how, during the fighting at Slivnitza, the buffalo-waggon would go creaking along the road at the rate of one mile an hour. The waggon were loaded with food for the army. "What do you get for this?" said my friend jestingly. "What pay do you receive?" The peasant gave him a long stare, and at length

opened his mouth. "We are doing this for *our* soldiers." He did not condescend to say he gave his buffalo, cart, and time gratis; the notion of being paid for serving your own was too preposterous. A great many Bulgarians served as volunteers in the Serb campaign. If Russia purposes to annex this country, she will find it a harder nut to crack than ever was Poland or the Caucasus. The army is based on the system of the Germans, and (exclusive of officers) is entirely composed of paid conscripts. Every man is liable to serve for three years in the infantry, or for a longer period in the cavalry and artillery. But if a man serves in the two latter army divisions, he is liable for a shorter period in the reserve. The conscription is not unpopular in the country, and does not appear to press heavily on the peasantry. On the whole a Bulgarian peasant leads a happy life. He has plenty to eat and drink, congenial work, and frequent feast days. He troubles himself little with politics, and still less with journalism. "Newspapers in this country do not pay," said a Bulgarian journalist to me; "and that is why so many fall into the hands of the Russians, who finance them."

In the villages the boys marry between fifteen and eighteen, the girls between eighteen and twenty. A husband is nearly always younger than his wife, in order that the wife may be the better able to help her husband in field labour when they start their housekeeping. It would be false delicacy to omit all reference to the primitive custom of *prestana*. If Jack and Jill have made up their minds, they quit the village, or rather Jack makes a pretence of carrying off Jill by force from her home, and on their return they are married by the priest. Such a thing as desertion by the man is absolutely unknown, and a man who did not go before the priest on his return would be shot before sunset. His life would be forfeit both to the law and the public opinion of his country. If parents arrange a marriage that does not recommend itself to either of the parties chiefly interested, the objecting party has only to act in the approved fashion of *prestana* for the parents to give their immediate consent to his or her marriage with some one else. Even when the son and daughter do approve of the marriage arranged for them, they generally consummate it in the national fashion. This ancient custom of carrying off the

woman he wishes to marry has a firm hold on the Bulgarian. *Mariages de convenance* are the rule with most European peasants, but the Bulgarian marries for love. No wonder his sons are big, hardy, and strong, and that on the battle-field they hold their own.

The Bulgarians certainly cannot complain of the notices that have appeared of them in our Press. English travellers and English journalists have done them justice. The writer of the oldest pamphlet on the Balkan Peninsula describes them not inaptly as "of a natural fierceness, yet patient of toil and labour." What they were two hundred years ago, that they are to-day. Remarkably gentle and tractable when guided by their own people, they become stubborn and intractable on the slightest suspicion of foreign interference. The thistle, rather than one of their own roses, should be Bulgaria's emblem.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sofia—The Consular Quadrilateral—Philippopoli—Its Mixed Population—The Modern Esther—Love of Music—Public Libraries—"Southern Bulgaria"—Barracks and Jail—Jobbery—Cafés—"Business stands paralysed"—Bad Trade—"The Law's Delay"—The Want of Railways—"Stop and do not reason"—The Russian Eagle—The Forces of the Unseen Time.

WHEN you leave the country and enter a Bulgarian town, you certainly find yourself in a less congenial atmosphere. It is not that the two capitals of North and South Bulgaria, Sofia and Philippopoli, have not made immense progress in the last seven years. An English traveller, who visited in the 17th century the desolate plateau on which Sofia is built, has left a far too favourable account of it. "Seated," he says, "in a long and fruitful valley three miles distant from a high mountain, covered with snow all the year, it is beautified with many fair hahns and baths, a stately college, and fair mosques." Sofia has now almost entirely lost its Eastern aspect; and no Turks remain, save those too poor to go away. There is an air of pretension about Sofia, which earns for it the title of "Humbugopolis." It is

an infant capital with a Court, a Parliament, and (unfortunately for Bulgaria) Foreign Consulates. Sofia was too obviously selected as the capital of this new State for political reasons for one to believe that it will permanently remain the capital. Nature has not been kind to Sofia, save in the matter of a cool temperature; but the Bulgarians have made the modern improvements of the town with their usual thoroughness. The Palace of the Prince is decidedly superior to that of King Milan in Belgrade, and the capital of Bulgaria is far better paved than its older and better known rival on the Danube. After the Palace and the Parliament House, the most conspicuous buildings as you enter Sofia on the Ichtiman road are the Austrian and Russian Consulates. The Austrian Consulate is the handsomer, but the Russian is the larger building of the two, and its construction cost a huge sum of money. The two Consulates stand almost back to back to each other, while across the road stand the more modest Consulates of Germany and England, thus forming a species of architectural, if not political quadrilateral. From my bed-room window in the English Consulate I overlooked the large court-yard of the Russian Consulate, in which bread and brandy were distri-

buted to the disturbers of Bulgarian peace, the special *protégés* of the Czar. The Consulates are so close together, that no wonder the walls of the English and German Consulates bear the bullet-marks of the fray. Unfortunately, all the recent reports from Bulgaria sustain the evil repute of Montenegrins as the most venal of Russia's venal crew. While the Bulgarians have the best of characters, both at home and abroad, for frugality and industry; the Montenegrins, when they cease to breathe the invigorating air of the Black Mountain, rapidly degenerate into the Bashi Bazouks of the Czar. The Bulgarians are welcomed in neighbouring countries, as the planters of gardens, but the Montenegrins are shunned, as robbers and cut-throats.

If Sofia is one of the least attractive of capitals, Philippopoli is one of the most attractive. If Sofia is pretentious and dull, Philippopoli is unassuming and interesting. Philippopoli (the Tremontium of the Romans), with its granite hills and leafy thoroughfares, is (when looked at from a height above the town) a beautiful city. The Bulgarian name for Philippopoli is Plovdir, and this may have been the Thracian name. In Roman times Philippopoli must have been a very flourish-

ing city, as in the reign of the Emperor Decius the Goths crossed by the Schipka Pass, sacked the city, and are stated to have slain one hundred thousand of its inhabitants. The southern slopes of the Balkans have attracted the barbarian of the north from the dawn of history. The present population of the town is only about thirty thousand, but with this small population there is an infinite variety. There is a gipsy quarter which is worse than dirty; there is an Armenian quarter, planted here by the Emperor Justinian. The Armenians of the town are well-to-do; not so the Jews, who carry on peddling trades and are poor. The three leading races—Bulgarian, Greek, and Turk—live in perfect harmony together, which may in some measure be owing to M. Demetroff, the Prefect of the District, one of the most enlightened and impartial officials it has ever been my good fortune to meet. To the credit of Bulgarians be it said, they neither persecute Jews nor Armenians. To Armenians they should indeed be grateful, for it is to the Armenians in their midst that they owe the growth of Bogomilism. Throughout the Middle Ages, as is well known to students of theology, Armenia was the cradle of heresy. Few visitors to Tirnova, as they

gaze on the ruins of the Palace of Bulgaria's Czars, remember that a Jewess Empress once trod those halls. This modern Esther was, however, baptized a Christian, and is famous in monkish history as the founder of churches and convents. Strange to say, in the reign of her husband (about 1355) the Jews were deprived of some of their civil rights. Happily, there is no trace of *Judenhetze* in the modern Bulgarian character. The growth of freedom on the Balkan Peninsula has not been accompanied by persecution of the Jews—that dark stain on the history of their more civilised neighbours. The dislike of Bulgarian for Greek is of old standing, and can be traced back to the rivalry between Czar Simeon and the Eastern Emperor in the ninth century. There can be no question that, in the Middle Ages, the Greeks and Hungarians were Bulgaria's bitterest enemies. The ill-feeling between Slav and Hellene had almost died out, when it was revived in its full intensity by the establishment of a Bulgarian Exarchate, independent of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople. The Sultan's Firman establishing the Bulgarian Exarchate was issued on the 28th February, 1870. This was the result of an agitation led by Zankoff, and actively sup-

ported by Russia. However much we may regret the renewal of this ancient grudge, none can deny that the revival of the National Church fanned the flame of Bulgarian independence, as nothing else had done.

All who have had much to do with the Slavs of the peninsula must have been struck with their love of music. In driving once with an official of high standing across a lonely plain, I requested him to sing a verse of the National song—the *Maritza*. With great good-nature he did so, and when he had finished, our coachman (with that sense of equality which exists between Bulgarians of every grade), remarked—"Pretty well sung." Major von Huhn, in his account of the Serbo-Bulgarian campaign, comments on the prominence given to military bands, even with storming parties, at the battle of Slivnitza. If it be true (as Euripides says) that in moments of sadness we most feel the need of music and crave her divine aid, the Bulgarians should be one of the most musical of nations, for their history is one of the saddest.

Both Sofia and Philippopoli have public libraries: that of Sofia has about 25,000 volumes, that of Philippopoli about 15,800 volumes. The librarian of Philippopoli tells me that they have

on an average sixty-five readers a day. There are about four thousand English works; and I observed not only works on the Eastern Question, but works of a general or scientific character, such as Mr. J. S. Cotton's Book on India, and Mr. Romanes's on Animal Intelligence. The building intended for the Eastern Roumelian Parliament in Philippopoli is now used as the public library. The Bulgarians of South Bulgaria know full well that when their deputies cease to attend a Parliament of the whole nation in the national capital, Parliamentary government in Bulgaria will itself be a thing of the past. The term "Eastern Roumelia" is now never used in Bulgarian official documents: the term "Southern Bulgaria" is always made use of. Like that strange word "suzerain," the term "Eastern Roumelia" has much to answer for. It is now dead, and will, let us hope, soon be buried.

Prince Alexander is, in the opinion of competent judges, a military genius of a very high order. Probably this had much to do with the Czar's determination to get rid of him in view of future complications. The removal of Prince Alexander has left the Bulgarians as sheep without a shepherd. The army had, however, been

placed on an admirable footing, both as to equipment and commissariat. Both Sofia and Philippopoli have commodious barracks. There is of course the jail, that mournful product of progress and poverty. There is another establishment that not unfrequently accompanies progress and poverty, which is somewhat conspicuous in Philippopoli (still an Eastern city), though it is often erroneously supposed not to exist in lands where polygamy is in vogue.

As Philippopoli is largely a Greek city, it may be pertinent to say that the Bulgarian is much less ready with the knife than the Greek. The high rate of murder in Greece is truly alarming. If the same number of stabbing cases occurred in London, in proportion to its population, as in Greece, all other questions—even the Irish question—would have to be shelved, so terrible should we regard the epidemic. The more sluggish Bulgarians resemble ourselves, and are not adepts either at murder or suicide. They seem more disposed to indulge in the lucrative vice of jobbery. The Lyceum is a wretched building, which actually cost the rate-payers of Philippopoli £20,000, and in the public garden there is a small hot-house, with nothing growing

in it, which cost £120. Apparently the municipality had £120 of other people's money to give away, and the glass man was lucky enough to secure it. The public gardens of both capitals are disappointing, when you remember the fame of the Bulgarians as gardeners. Judging from the number of its cafés, there must be an immense flow of gossip in Philippopoli. The Greeks have their café, the Nationalist Party their café, and the Zankoffites their café. The two latter cafés are as near together as the Reform and the Carlton; nor is the custom of breaking up the meetings of your opponents absolutely unknown in Philippopoli. It must be gratifying to a cynic to find that the Bulgarian is not absolutely perfect. Formerly, when the Nationalists held meetings to protest against the intrusion of Russia into the affairs of Bulgaria, they never mentioned her name, but contented themselves with declaiming against foreign interference—it being well known that only one Power meddled with Bulgaria. The worm will turn at last; and General Kaulbars has maddened the Bulgarian into both feeling and expressing a hatred for Russia, which no one credited him with. A highly-educated Roumeliot (an old "Bob" from Robert's College) writes

me as follows, under date of the 5th of October, 1886:—"General Kaulbars has caught the Tartar with his bombastic mission. We expect as a nation that soon the Russian will find out that we are not *mujiks* as the most of them. The people here (Philippopoli) is prepared to give him a more disheartening reception than he had in Sofia. Everything, therefore, goes peaceably; and you may be sure that the Bulgarians will not give a chance for occupation. The Consulate (Russian) here is doing its best to excite some movement. Three times it published revolutionary appeals to the public, but so many times it was disappointed. The anniversary of the 18th of September (the Philippopoli Revolution of 1886 uniting North and South Bulgaria) was splendidly celebrated. The people shows that it is not tired in its national cause.* Many of those who were hidden in the Russian Consulate (the Zankoffites) have come out. Business stands paralysed." And no one can wonder that it does. Russian interference, which leads to paralysis of local trade, cannot be welcome

* This is verbatim, as my correspondent wrote, who (though an excellent scholar) not unnaturally treats people as a singular noun. In one sense he is right, for the Bulgarian people are acting like one man in this matter.

to the Greeks of Philippopoli. The Russians may be reckoning on their support, and on that of other alien races in Bulgaria. If so, they are reckoning without their host, for the Greek element exists only in Southern Bulgaria, and there only in Philippopoli, Stanimak, and Kavakly. Everything comes, they say, to the man who waits; but a man may wait too long. The Greek in Southern Bulgaria is like the rustic waiting for the river to flow by. His day of dominion on the Balkans is passed. Should a "Conqueror of the Bulgarians" again arise, he will not be a Basil, nor will he conquer for and with the Greeks. The Greeks of Bulgaria may not love their Slav neighbours much, but they love the Slavs of the north less. They know that if Russia once occupies Bulgaria, the city of the Sultan will never become the capital of a Greek Empire. For this reason, if for no better, no Greek wishes to see the Russian in Bulgaria.

The same questions that require an answer in the ancient capitals of Europe, require it in Philippopoli. As every man can have his rood of ground and more, and as the completest social as well as political equality exists, you do not find the disputes of capital and labour, but you do find the same complaints of bad trade and lack of

employment for educated men. The Bulgarian character does not lend itself to commerce as well as the Greek, for he is too suspicious to sell goods on credit. The cobbler wants some leather, but the merchant will only sell for cash, and the cobbler is too poor to buy for cash. The consequence is that the Bulgarian of the town, who wears boots, generally buys them of the foreigner. The same story can be told of other ordinary articles of trade. Then, too, the law of the land is in a most unsatisfactory condition. The foundations of a new Court of Justice have been laid at Sofia. There is great need of it. I have never heard more bitter complaints of the law's delay than at Philippopoli. One Bulgarian was telling me of a three-years' litigation he had been engaged in, about a wall, and the two years it had taken him to enforce his judgment. He referred regretfully to the Court of the Turkish Cadi, and to his practice of beating debtors who could pay and would not pay. Then, too, commerce suffers more than agriculture from the political troubles of the time. It is well known that the Russian Government induced the Prince to delay the construction of the railway from Tatar Bazardjik to the Serb frontier, as they do not wish to see a railway between

Vienna and Constantinople. This delay in completing a Balkan railway undoubtedly injures the peasant, for it delays the transport of his wheat; but it injures the merchant even more. The conduct of Turkey at this crisis has been foolish in the extreme. The Turks have stopped the trains running beyond Adrianople, so that all passengers and goods into South Bulgaria have to come by carriage from Adrianople to Tirnova-Semlin—a long day's journey. This was positively cruel in the month of September, when the Bulgarian wheat harvest was just over, and there were no trains to carry the grain to the sea. The Bulgarian peasant felt this a severe loss, and he is told by the Russian Agents that if he becomes a subject of the Czar, he will be protected from all persecution, commercial or otherwise, by the Turk. I informed Gadban Effendi, the Ottoman Commissioner in Sofia, that Turkey could have taken no step more in the interests of Russia, or less in her own. When will the Turks learn that it is not to their interest to truckle to Russia. Desirable as the withdrawal of the Turks from Europe would be, it would be purchased at too great a price, if purchased at the price of Bulgarian and Serb independence. Happily, Bulgaria is proving

something stronger than a buffer State, and may more aptly be described as a *cheval de frise*. The Bulgarian likes a foreigner, as he likes the devil. Whether he be Turk or Russian is a mere matter of detail. The Russian Agents tell him he must be grateful to the Czar, but the Bulgarian knows perfectly well that there are some sacrifices, which not even gratitude requires. His very faults lead him to maintain his national independence. Everyone who has followed a Russian army must have heard the expression, "Maltchat ne rajroojdat" ("Stop and do not reason"), so frequently used by Russian officers to their inferiors and to civilians. "We dread this expression," said a Bulgarian to me, "worse than the pestilence." Bulgaria will not stop on the path of freedom and union on which she has entered at the bidding of Russia. As I drove across the rich alluvial plain which forms Southern Bulgaria, eagles were soaring in the air, and brought to mind the words of our own Shakespeare:—

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the flapping of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody."

The Russian eagle is less magnanimous than Shakespeare's, but he is also less powerful. To stint Bulgaria's melody is above his might. The Bulgarians are free, and free they will remain.

My concluding paragraph is written in the blackest hour of Bulgaria's history, yet no one need despair of her future. Bulgaria cannot be conquered, save with the consent of Austria, and that consent will never be given. Should Austrian statesmen sanction a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, or console themselves by an Austrian occupation of Servia, they can roll up the map of the Dual Empire. If Russia once stretches her empire from the White Sea to the Ægean, Austria is lost. Her Slav Provinces will join Russia, her German Provinces Germany, while Hungary will become an independent State. The House of Hapsburg, with all the glamour of its historic past, will have become a thing of no account. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is a porcelain vase, which Russia strikes at through Bulgaria. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and those same stars now fight against Russia. Thousands of brave men have not fought and bled merely to add another province, another

recruiting ground, to an Empire already overgrown. There is some design in history; there are some results from honest work. To believe that the heroism of the patriot, the suffering of the martyr are only to lead to the exchange of one master for another, is to believe in the final victory of evil. During the present century the growth of freedom on the Balkans has been slow, but sure. There is a tide in the affairs of men, and this tide is rising and not ebbing on the peninsula. The beneficent Gulf stream in the moral world, which some call civilisation and some call progress, has at length visited her shores. Her people have gone, and will yet go, through the furnace of affliction. They will be purified by blood and fire. They have now to pass through what will be to their race the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but they will pass through it more than conquerors, and will stand on the Beulah hills of Peace and Freedom.

APPENDIX I.

THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

THE following clauses relate to the subject of this book:—

ARTICLE I.—Bulgaria is constituted an autonomous and tributary Principality under the suzerainty of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan; it will have a Christian Government and a national militia.

ARTICLE II. defines the frontiers of Bulgaria.

ARTICLE III.—The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Port, with the assent of the Powers. No member of the Reigning Dynasties of the Great European Powers may be elected Prince of Bulgaria.

In case of a vacancy in the princely dignity, the election of the new Prince shall take place under the same conditions and with the same forms.

ARTICLE IV.—An Assembly of Notables of Bulgaria, convoked at Tirnova, shall, before the election of the Prince, draw up the Organic Law of the Principality.

In the districts where Bulgarians are intermixed with Turkish, Roumanian, Greek, or other populations, the rights and interests of these populations shall be taken into consideration as regards the elections and the drawing up of the Organic Law.

ARTICLE V.—The following points shall form the basis of the public law of Bulgaria:—

The difference of religious creeds and confessions shall not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions and honours, or the exercise of the various professions and industries in any locality whatsoever.

The freedom and outward exercise of all forms of worship are assured to all persons belonging to Bulgaria, as well as to foreigners, and no hindrance shall be offered either to the hierarchial organisation of the different communions, or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ARTICLE VI.—The provisional administration of Bulgaria shall be under the direction of an Imperial Russian Commissary until the completion of the Organic Law. An Imperial Turkish Commissary, as well as the Consuls delegated *ad hoc* by the other Powers Signatory of the present Treaty, shall be called to assist him so as to control the working of this provisional *régime*. In case of disagreement amongst the Consular Delegates, the vote of the majority shall be accepted, and in case of a divergence between the majority and the Imperial Russian

Commissary or the Imperial Turkish Commissary, the Representatives of the Signatory Powers at Constantinople, assembled in Conference, shall give their decision.

ARTICLE VII. limits this provisional administration to a period of nine months.

ARTICLE VIII.—The Treaties of Commerce and of Navigation, as well as all the Conventions and arrangements concluded between Foreign Powers and the Porte, and now in force, are maintained in the Principality of Bulgaria, and no change shall be made in them with regard to any Power without its previous consent.

No transit duties shall be levied in Bulgaria on goods passing through that Principality.

The subjects and citizens and commerce of all the Powers shall be treated in the Principality on a footing of strict equality.

The immunities and privileges of foreigners, as well as the rights of Consular jurisdiction and protection as established by the Capitulations and usages, shall remain in full force so long as they shall not have been modified with the consent of the parties concerned.

ARTICLE IX.—The amount of the annual tribute which the Principality of Bulgaria shall pay to the Suzerain Court—such amount being paid into whatever bank the Porte may hereafter designate—shall be fixed by an agreement between the Powers Signatory of the present Treaty at the close of the first year of the working of the new organisation. This tribute shall be calculated on the mean revenue of the territory of the Principality.

As Bulgaria is to bear a portion of the Public Debt of the Empire, when the Powers fix the tribute, they shall take into consideration what portion of that debt can, on the basis of a fair proportion, be assigned to the Principality.

ARTICLE X. relates to the Rustchuk-Varna Railway Company.

ARTICLE XI. provides for the immediate withdrawal of the Turkish army from Bulgaria.

ARTICLE XII.—Mussulman proprietors or others who may take up their abode outside the Principality may continue to hold there their real property, by farming it out, or having it administered by third parties.

A Turco-Bulgarian Commission shall be appointed to settle, within a period of two years, all questions relative to the mode of alienation, working, or use on the account of the Sublime Porte, of property belonging to the State and religious foundations (*vakoufs*), as well as of the questions regarding the interests of private persons engaged therein.

Persons belonging to the Principality of Bulgaria, who shall travel or dwell in the Ottoman Empire, shall be subject to the Ottoman authorities and laws.

ARTICLE XIII.—A province is formed south of the Balkans which will take the name of "Eastern Roumelia," and will remain under the direct political and military authority of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, under conditions of administrative autonomy. It shall have a Christian Governor-General.

ARTICLE XIV. defines the frontiers of Eastern Roumelia.

ARTICLE XV.—His Majesty the Sultan shall have the right of providing for the defence of the land and sea frontiers of the province by erecting fortifications on those frontiers, and maintaining troops there.

Internal order is maintained in Eastern Roumelia by a native gendarmerie, assisted by a local militia.

In forming these corps, the officers of which are nominated by the Sultan, regard shall be paid in the different localities to the religion of the inhabitants.

His Imperial Majesty the Sultan undertakes not to employ irregular troops, such as Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, in the garrisons of the frontiers. The regular troops detailed for this service must not in any case be billeted on the inhabitants. When they pass through the province they shall not make a stay there.

ARTICLE XVI.—The Governor-General shall have the right of summoning the Ottoman troops in the event of the internal or external security of the province being threatened. In such an eventuality the Sublime Porte shall inform the Representatives of the Powers at Constantinople of such a decision, as well as of the exigencies which justify it.

ARTICLE XVII.—The Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia shall be nominated by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers, for a term of five years.

ARTICLE XVIII.—Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty, a European Commission shall be formed to arrange, in concert with the Ottoman Porte, the organisation of Eastern Roumelia. This Commission will have to determine, within three months, the powers and functions of the Governor-General, as well as the administrative, judicial, and financial system of the province, taking as its basis the various laws for the villayets and the proposals made in the eighth sitting of the Conference of Constantinople.

The whole of the arrangements determined on for Eastern Roumelia shall form the subject of an Imperial Firman, which will be issued by the Sublime Porte, and which it will communicate to the Powers.

ARTICLE XIX.—The European Commission shall be charged to administer, in concert with the Sublime Porte, the finances of the province until the completion of the new organisation.

ARTICLE XX.—The Treaties, Conventions, and international arrangements of any kind whatsoever, concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and Foreign Powers, shall apply in Eastern Roumelia as in the whole Ottoman Empire. The immunities and privileges acquired by foreigners, whatever their *status*, shall be respected in this province. The Sublime Porte undertakes to enforce there the general laws of the Empire on religious liberty in favour of all forms of worship.

ARTICLE XXI.—The rights and obligations of the Sublime Porte with regard to the railways of Eastern Roumelia are maintained in their integrity.

ARTICLE XXII.—The strength of the Russian corps of occupation in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, which shall be composed of six

divisions of infantry and two divisions of cavalry, shall not exceed 50,000 men. It shall be maintained at the expense of the country occupied. The army of occupation will preserve its communications with Russia not only through Roumania, in accordance with arrangements to be concluded between the two States, but also through the ports of the Black Sea, Varna and Bourgas, where it may, during the period of occupation, organise the necessary depots.

The period of the occupation of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria by the Imperial Russian troops is fixed at nine months from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty.

The Imperial Russian Government undertakes that within a further period of three months the passage of its troops across Roumania shall cease, and that Principality shall be completely evacuated.

ARTICLE XXIII.—The Sublime Porte undertakes scrupulously to apply in the Island of Crete the Organic Law of 1868 with such modifications as may be considered equitable.

Similar laws adapted to local requirements, excepting as regards the exemption from similar taxation granted to Crete, shall also be introduced into the other parts of Turkey in Europe, for which no special organisation has been provided by the present Treaty.

The Sublime Porte shall depute special Commissions, in which the native element shall be largely represented, to settle the details of the new laws in each province.

The schemes of organisation resulting from these labours shall be submitted for examination to the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the Acts for putting them into force, shall consult the European Commission instituted for Eastern Roumelia.

ARTICLE XXIV.—In the event of the Sublime Porte and Greece being unable to agree upon the rectification of frontier suggested in the 13th Protocol of the Congress of Berlin, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia reserve to themselves to offer their mediation to the two parties to facilitate negotiations.

ARTICLE XXV.—The Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary. The Government of Austria-Hungary, not desiring to undertake the administration of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, which extends between Servia and Montenegro in a south-easterly direction to the other side of Mitrovitza, the Ottoman Administration will continue to exercise its functions there. Nevertheless, in order to assure the maintenance of the new political state of affairs, as well as freedom and security of communications, Austria-Hungary reserves the right of keeping garrisons and having military and commercial roads in the whole of this part of the ancient Villayet of Bosnia. To this end the Governments of Austria-Hungary and Turkey reserve to themselves to come to an understanding on the details.

ARTICLE XXVI.—The independence of Montenegro is recognised by the Sublime Porte, and by all those of the High Contracting Parties who had not hitherto admitted it.

ARTICLE XXVII. provides for religious liberty in Montenegro, and is identical with Article V. (*mutatis mutandis*).

ARTICLE XXVIII. defines the new frontiers of Montenegro.

ARTICLE XXIX.—Antivari and its sea-board are annexed to Montenegro under the following conditions:—

The districts situated to the south of that territory, in accordance with the delimitation above laid down, as far as the Boyana, including Dulcigno, shall be restored to Turkey.

The Commune of Spizza, as far as the southernmost point of the territory indicated in the detailed description of the frontiers, shall be incorporated with Dalmatia.

Montenegro shall have full and complete freedom of navigation on the Boyana. No fortifications shall be constructed on the course of that river, except such as may be necessary for the local defence of the stronghold of Scutari, and they shall not extend beyond a distance of 6 kilometers from that town.

Montenegro shall have neither ships of war nor flag of war.

The port of Antivari and all the waters of Montenegro shall remain closed to the ships of war of all nations.

The fortifications situated on Montenegrin territory between the lake and the coast shall be razed, and none shall be rebuilt within this zone.

The administration of the maritime and sanitary police, both at Antivari and along the coast of Montenegro, shall be carried out by Austria-Hungary by means of light coast-guard boats.

Montenegro shall adopt the maritime code in force in Dalmatia. On her side Austria-Hungary undertakes to grant Consular protection to the Montenegrin merchant flag.

Montenegro shall come to an understanding with Austria-Hungary on the right to construct and keep up across the new Montenegrin territory a road and a railway.

Absolute freedom of communication shall be guaranteed on these roads.

ARTICLE XXX.—Mussulmans or others possessing property in the territories annexed to Montenegro, who may wish to take up their residence outside the Principality, can retain their real property either by farming it out, or by having it administered by third parties.

No one shall be liable to be expropriated otherwise than by legal process for the public welfare, and with a previous indemnity.

A Turco-Montenegrin Commission shall be appointed to settle, within a period of three years, all questions relative to the mode of alienation, working, or use, on the account of the Sublime Porte, of property belonging to the State and religious foundations (*vakoufs*), as well as of the questions regarding the interests of private parties engaged therein.

ARTICLE XXXI.—The Principality of Montenegro shall come to a direct understanding with the Ottoman Porte with regard to the establishment of Montenegrin Agents at Constantinople, and at certain places in the Ottoman Empire where the necessity for them shall be admitted.

Montenegrins travelling or residing in the Ottoman Empire shall be subject to the Ottoman laws and authorities according to the general principles of international law, and the customs established with regard to Montenegrins.

ARTICLE XXXII. provides for the evacuation of Turkish territory by Montenegrin, and of Montenegrin territory by Turkish troops.

ARTICLE XXXIII.—As Montenegro is to bear a portion of the Ottoman Public Debt for the new territories assigned to her by the Treaty of Peace, the Representatives of the Powers at Constantinople shall determine the amount of the same in concert with the Sublime Porte on an equitable basis.

ARTICLE XXXIV.—The High Contracting Powers recognise the independence of the Principality of Servia, subject to the conditions set forth in the following Article.

ARTICLE XXXV.—In Servia the difference of religious creeds and confessions shall not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions and honours, or the exercise of the various professions and industries, in any locality whatsoever.

The freedom and outward exercise of all forms of worship shall be assured to all persons belonging to Servia, as well as to foreigners, and no hindrance shall be offered either to the hierarchical organisation of the different communions, or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ARTICLE XXXVI. defines the new frontiers of Servia.

ARTICLE XXXVII.—Until the conclusion of fresh arrangements no change shall be made in Servia in the actual conditions of the commercial intercourse of the Principality with foreign countries.

No transit duties shall be levied on goods passing through Servia.

The immunities and privileges of foreign subjects, as well as the rights of Consular jurisdiction and protection, as at present existing, shall remain in full force so long as they shall not have been modified by mutual consent between the Principality and the Powers concerned.

ARTICLE XXXVIII.—The Principality of Servia takes the place, so far as it is concerned, of the Sublime Porte in the engagements which the latter has contracted, as well towards Austria-Hungary as towards the Company for the working of the railways of Turkey in Europe, in respect to the completion and connection, as well as the working of the railways to be constructed on the territory newly acquired by the Principality.

The Conventions necessary for settling questions shall be concluded immediately after the signature of the present Treaty between Austria-Hungary, the Porte, Servia, and within the limits of its competency, the Principality of Bulgaria.

ARTICLE XXXIX.—Mussulmans possessing property in the territories annexed to Servia, who may wish to reside outside the Principality, may retain their real property, either by farming it out or by having it administered by third parties.

A Turco-Servian Commission shall be appointed to settle, within a period of three years, all questions relative to the mode of alienation, working, or use, on the account of the Sublime Porte, of the property belonging to the State and religious foundations (*vakoufs*), as well as of the questions regarding the interests of private persons engaged therein.

ARTICLE XL.—Until the conclusion of a Treaty between Turkey and Servia, Servian subjects travelling or residing in the Ottoman Empire shall be treated according to the general principles of international law.

ARTICLE XLI.—The Servian troops shall be bound to evacuate within fifteen days from the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty the territory not comprised within the new limits of the Principality.

The Ottoman troops shall evacuate the territories ceded to Servia within the same term of fifteen days. A supplementary term of an equal number of days shall, however, be granted to them, as well for evacuating the fortresses and withdrawing the provisions and material of war as for drawing up the inventory of the implements and objects which cannot be removed at once.

ARTICLE XLII.—As Servia is to bear a portion of the Ottoman Public Debt for the new territories assigned to her by the present Treaty, the Representatives of Constantinople shall fix the amount of it in concert with the Sublime Porte on an equitable basis.

ARTICLE XLIII.—The High Contracting Parties recognise the independence of Roumania, subject to the conditions set forth in the two following Articles.

ARTICLE XLIV. is the same (*mutatis mutandis*) as Articles V. and XXXV., with the following rider:—"The subjects and citizens of all the Powers, traders or others, shall be treated in Roumania, without distinction of creed, on a footing of perfect equality."

ARTICLE XLV.—The Principality of Roumania restores to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia that portion of the Bessarabian territory detached from Russia by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, bounded on the west by the mid-channel of the Pruth, and on the south by the mid-channel of the Kilia Branch and the Stary-Stamboul mouth.

ARTICLE XLVI.—The islands forming the Delta of the Danube, as well as the Isle of Serpents, the Sandjak of Toultscha, comprising the districts (*cazas*) of Kilia, Soulina Mahmoudié, Isaktcha, Toultscha, Matchin, Babadagh, Hirsovo, Kustendje, Medjidié, are added to Roumania. The Principality receives in addition the territory situated to the south of the Dobratscha as far as a line starting from the east of Silistria and terminating on the Black Sea, south of Mangalia.

The frontier line shall be determined on the spot by the European Commission appointed for the delimitation of Bulgaria.

ARTICLE XLVII.—The question of the division of the waters and the fisheries shall be submitted to the arbitration of the European Commission of the Danube.

ARTICLE XLVIII.—No transit duties shall be levied in Roumania on goods passing through the Principality.

ARTICLE XLIX.—Roumania shall have power to make Conventions to determine the privileges and attributes of Consuls in regard to protection within the Principality. Existing rights shall remain in force so long as they shall not have been modified by the mutual consent of the Principality and the parties concerned.

ARTICLE L.—Until the conclusion of a Treaty between Turkey and

Roumania, fixing the privileges and attributes of Consuls, Roumanian subjects travelling or residing in the Ottoman Empire, and Ottoman subjects travelling or residing in Roumania, shall enjoy the rights guaranteed to the subjects of other European Powers.

ARTICLE LI.—With regard to public works and other enterprises of a like nature, Roumania shall be substituted for the Sublime Porte as regards its rights and obligations throughout the ceded territory.

ARTICLE LII.—In order to increase the guarantees which assure the freedom of navigation on the Danube which is recognised as of European interest, the High Contracting Parties determine that all the fortresses and fortifications existing on the course of the river from the Iron Gates to its mouths shall be razed, and no new ones erected. No vessel of war shall navigate the Danube below the Iron Gates, with the exception of vessels of light tonnage in the service of the river police and Customs. The “stationnaires” of the Powers at the mouths of the Danube may, however, ascend the river as far as Galatz.

ARTICLE LIII.—The European Commission of the Danube on which Roumania shall be represented is maintained in its functions, and shall exercise them henceforth as far as Galatz in complete independence of the territorial authorities. All the Treaties, arrangements, Acts, and decisions relating to its rights, privileges, prerogatives, and obligations are confirmed.

ARTICLES LIV., LV., LVI., and LVII. relate to the European Commission of the Danube.

ARTICLE LVIII. relates to the Asiatic territory ceded by Turkey to Russia.

ARTICLE LIX.—His Majesty the Emperor of Russia declares that it is his intention to constitute Batoum a free port, essentially commercial.

ARTICLE LX.—The valley of Alaschkerd and the town of Bayazid, ceded to Russia by Article XIX. of the Treaty of San Stefano, are restored to Turkey.

The Sublime Porte cedes to Persia the town and territory of Khotour, as fixed by the mixed Anglo-Russian Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of Turkey and of Persia.

ARTICLE LXI.—The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out, without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds.

It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application.

ARTICLE LXII.—The Sublime Porte having expressed the intention to maintain the principle of religious liberty, and give it the widest scope, the Contracting Parties take note of this spontaneous declaration.

In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall difference of religion be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to the public employments, functions and honours, or the exercise of the various professions and industries.

All persons shall be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals.

The freedom and outward exercise of all forms of worship are assured to all, and no hindrance shall be offered either to the hierarchical organisation of the various communions or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

Ecclesiastics, pilgrims, and monks of all nationalities travelling in Turkey in Europe, or in Turkey in Asia, shall enjoy the same rights, advantages, and privileges.

The right of official protection by the Diplomatic and Consular Agents of the Powers in Turkey is recognised both as regards the above-mentioned persons and their religious, charitable, and other establishments in the Holy Places and elsewhere.

The rights possessed by France are expressly reserved, and it is well understood that no alterations can be made in the *status quo* in the Holy Places.

The monks of Mount Athos, of whatever country they may be natives, shall be maintained in their former possessions and advantages, and shall enjoy, without any exception, complete equality of rights and prerogatives.

ARTICLE LXIII.—The Treaty of Paris of March 30, 1856, as well as the Treaty of London of March 13, 1871, are maintained in all such of their provisions as are not abrogated or modified by the preceding stipulations.

ARTICLE LXIV.—The present Treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Berlin within three weeks, or sooner if possible.

In faith whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed it, and affixed to it the seal of their arms.

Done at Berlin, the thirteenth day of the month of July, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(L.S.)	(Signed)	BEACONSFIELD.
(L.S.)		SALISBURY.
(L.S.)		ODO RUSSELL.
(L.S.)		AL. CARATHÉODORY.
(L.S.)		MEHEMED ALI.
(L.S.)		SADOULLAH.
(L.S.)		v. BISMARCK.
(L.S.)		B. BÜLOW.
(L.S.)		HOHENLOHE.
(L.S.)		ANDRÁSSY.
(L.S.)		KÁROLYI.
(L.S.)		HAYMERLE.
(L.S.)		WADDINGTON.
(L.S.)		SAINT-VALLIER.
(L.S.)		H. DESPREZ.
(L.S.)		L. CORTI.
(L.S.)		LAUNAY.
(L.S.)		GORTCHACOW.
(L.S.)		SCHOUVALOFF.
(L.S.)		P. D'OUBRIL.

APPENDIX II.



AUSTRIAN PROGRESS IN BOSNIA.

THE *Times* of the 24th of September, 1886, contains the following extract of a letter to their correspondent at Rome, from an educated Dalmatian who (their correspondent states) is “an entirely trustworthy man, whose relations with the annexed provinces are intimate and continuous.” By a slip of his pen the *Times* correspondent speaks of the occupied provinces as “annexed.” It would be well, if they were so. If the statements of this Orthodox Dalmatian are only half true, there is still much need of reform in the Austrian administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The letter runs as follows :—“When Austria occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina, the *employés* sent to those provinces were Croats and Dalmatians recommended by the Catholic priests and friars, who persuaded the Austrian Government that only the Catholics of Bosnia and Herzegovina desired the Austrian occupation, or were sincere friends of the monarchy. Besides this, they invented all kinds of calumnies against the Orthodox Christians, or, as they called them, ‘Non-conforming Greeks,’ ‘Eastern Greeks,’ ‘Schismatics,’ &c., to put in stronger contrast the goodness and fidelity of the Catholics, in order to induce the Government to leave the priests and their friends, the *employés*, free to make a Catholic propaganda. With the cunning in which the Jesuits and their pupils are

rich, they convinced the Austrian Government that it can only be tranquil in the possession of the two provinces when Catholicism is the dominant religion, so that it has allowed full liberty to the Catholic Archbishop of Serajevo, Monsignor Stadler, to do what seemed best to convert the Orthodox Christians and Mahomedans. The excellent Orthodox Archbishop of Serajevo, Sava Kosanovitch, and other defenders of the religion of their fathers, protested against these things. The poor Archbishop Sava has become the victim of his zeal; the Government obliged him to tender his resignation, giving him a pension, which, however, has now been withdrawn. Other priests were whipped, though under pretexts which hid the true reason. And they go on building Catholic churches and founding convents and Catholic colonies, under the direction of clever friars, in villages where hitherto have been only Orthodox and Mussulmans. Then the public works, the only means of gain, are given to these Catholic colonies; and they say to the Orthodox, 'See, in holding to your false belief you lose not only your souls, but your bodies. Submit to the Holy Catholic Church, the only true one, and you will save your souls, and will be in the goodwill of the Emperor and King.' They go about shamelessly repeating these insults to the Orthodox, and whoever dares to oppose them is called to the tribunal, and imprisoned and punished as disturber of the peace. Send secretly, dear Sir, some good friends who understand such matters into different parts of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in order that they may examine carefully, without their object being known, how the Catholic propaganda persecutes the Orthodox, and how it employs the most dishonourable methods to succeed in converting some unfortunates; in this way you will have the clearest proof of the survival of the barbarous Inquisition of the Middle

Ages, with which the history of the Roman Catholic Church is defiled. The letters which I receive from those parts are painful; the persecutions which the Orthodox suffer are desolating. I cannot doubt of the truth of what is written to me, because it is written by men of unquestionable honesty; and I cannot believe that it is exaggerated, because I can give proofs of what is done in Dalmatia by persons favoured by the Austrian Government. . . . Who knows these facts cannot believe to be exaggerated what is reported from Bosnia and Herzegovina. . . . I even believe that the least possible is said of these things by the people for fear of being discovered and thrown by night into some river. In this way have come to an end many patriots, since Austria has been in these provinces; and then they report through the country that the poor martyr was drunk, and so fell in and was drowned . . . and that such horrible deeds are perpetrated, you, Sir, might also know, because there have been reported in several journals, and even those devoted to the Austrian Government (probably not knowing the gravity of the incidents), facts which were connected with these doings. In a word, Europe has entrusted to Austria the maintenance of order in these two unfortunate Serb provinces; and Austria has sent and keeps there the dregs of Catholic fanaticism, the worst forms of the police of mediæval terrorism. Europe must not be surprised if one day a rising in these provinces shall show that the Turkish Government was more enduring and more generous than this, when we consider the degree of culture. Let impartial men like yourself come and see the country, and they will see how much ill seed is planted and what a reaction is preparing. The people suffer and will suffer; and when the cup is overflowing, woe to the oppressor! Do not go into the larger cities, where they take precautions in the presence of strangers, but into

the Orthodox and Mussulman villages, and there you will see what order the Austrian Government keeps. Probably the Government does not wish this evil; probably it does not know what things its functionaries do; perhaps it believes the priests and friars honest in their propaganda—perhaps so; but the people suffer most unjust inflictions, and chafe, and will end by revolting. This is what Europe will have as the result of Austrian order.”

It is only fair to add that, since the proof-sheets of this work left my hands, a far more favourable account than is given in the above letter of the present state of the Occupied Provinces has reached me from a gentleman (not an Austrian), for many years resident in Bosnia. He informs me that there is less discontent than formerly—that the condition of the peasants has vastly improved—that the Mussulmans are convinced that the country will never again be subject to the Porte, and that they regard the Austrian occupation as the best alternative. He admits, however, that the Orthodox in Herzegovina have a strong leaning to Montenegro. Bosnia and Herzegovina are now practically incorporated in the Empire, as for some years past they have formed part of the Customs Union, and the transit of all goods and produce both in and out is free of any duty. English and other foreign trade has therefore been replaced by Austrian trade. Legal proceedings are much more expeditious than formerly. The number of lawyers is now restricted, and only such as have passed all the necessary examinations in Austria allowed to practise. An especially good institution is the “Bagatelle-Gericht,” which has jurisdiction over all suits up to *fl.* 50. It is presided over by an Austrian judge (*Richter*) and a few native assessors. No lawyers are allowed in the Court; the fees are most trifling, and the aim of the Court is always to effect an amicable arrangement between the

parties, in which case they are not put to a farthing's expense. "I have often," writes my friend, "assisted at the proceedings in these Courts, and have been much interested and pleased with the manner in which they are conducted." There is such a Court in every district (*Bezirk*).

The class of Austrian officials in Bosnia is far superior to what it was, and the black sheep are being gradually eliminated. All *employés* were formerly considered and even styled "provisional." Now the Bosnian service has been made a fixed service, the members of which are entitled to a pension after fifteen years' service, and all officials employed in these provinces must decide by the end of the year 1888 whether they will remain permanently in the service. If they then decline, they must then return to their former posts in Austria-Hungary. Consul Anger is now chief of the judicial department of the local government (*Justiz-Abtheilung der Landes-Regierung*). The Chief Judge is Lt.-Colonel Auditor Schöller. The Director of Police (Oliva) is dead, and the post has been abolished. The town police is subordinate to the Municipality in all towns, and there is a very well organised Gendarmery Corps. The Governor-General of Bosnia still has a Military Adlatus. The post of Civil Adlatus has been abolished, and Baron Nicolitch leaves in a few days. This, I hear, will make no difference in the administration of the country, as Baron Kutschera (Administrative Director) has always been the working man. As the wife of Baron Nicolitch has been mentioned as a Catholic, it may be added that she has become Orthodox.

My friend writes that "the country was unsafe during the insurrection in 1882, but is safe enough now (November, 1886), and the Austrians have combated brigandage most successfully. No brigand bands now exist—at the most, a

stray robber here and there; but they are unremittingly hunted down by the gendarmes and the "Streif-Corps." This latter is composed of a few hundred picked men from the military garrison, and have done excellent service." He also combats the statement of M. de Laveleye, that the ranks of the insurgents are recruited from Orthodox Christians.

The post from Serajevo to Mostar goes in one day in summer: it used to take two.

Coal mines in several parts of the country are at length being worked—notably at Zenica, on the Brod-Serajevo line; salt mines, at Tuzla; chrome and manganese, at several places, by a privileged company called the "Bosnia." Concessions are easy to obtain.

A railway was opened this year from Doboj to Tuzla; last year from Mostar to Metcovich; and a line is in course of construction from Serajevo to Mostar.

In Serajevo many good buildings have been built since 1882; and there are two very fair hotels, besides inferior ones, such as the Hôtel d'Orient. There is a tramway through the town to the railway station.

The teaching in all schools is now conducted in Slav. This is even the case in the gymnasium at Serajevo.

In the opinion of my friend, the land question in Bosnia is practically settled. When the Austrians first came into the country, there was a great talk about the "Agrarfrage," but experience has shown the present arrangement between Aga and Kmet (landlord and tenant), when honestly carried out, to be an exceedingly just one, and advantageous rather to the tenant than the landlord. There is no longer any talk of making any change in this respect, and the law which regulates the relations of Aga and Kmet is the Turkish law of the 14th Sefer, 1276 (A.D. 1858), which is impartially administered by the Austrians.

APPENDIX III.

TABLE OF DATES OF SOME OF THE LEADING EVENTS IN THE
HISTORY OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

- A.D.
500. Advance of the "Sclavonians and Bulgarians" across the Danube.*
559. Advance of the Bulgarians on Constantinople, and their defeat by Belisarius.
- 610-642. Settlement of the Serbs south of the Danube in the reign of Heraclius.
- 679 (about). Settlement of Bulgarians in Eastern Moesia.
864. Conversion of Bulgarians to Christianity.
- 893-927. Simeon, Emperor of Bulgaria. "In his reign Bulgaria assumed a rank among the civilised Powers of the earth."
—(Gibbon.)
941. Russians besiege Constantinople.
970. Russian invasion of Bulgaria under Svjatoslav.
1018. Conquest of Bulgaria by Basil II., and its incorporation in the Eastern Empire. "Since the time of Belisarius, the most important triumph of the Roman arms."—(Gibbon.)
1141. Conquest of "Rama" (Bosnia) by Geiza II. of Hungary.
1168. Ban Culin holds Bosnia as a fief of Hungary—golden age of Bosnia and of the Bogomile movement.
1186. Revolt of the Bulgarians, and foundation of second kingdom under Asan.
1222. Coronation of first King of Servia.
1346. Coronation of Stephen Dūshan, "Emperor of the Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks"—"one of the most prominent individualities of his century."—(Kallay's 'History of Servia.')
1353. The Turks cross the Hellespont.
1355. Death of Stephen Dūshan on his march to Constantinople, followed by anarchy in Servia.

* According to Gibbon, the same century (A.D. 545) saw the first advance of Bulgarians and Turks into prominence. "Europe felt the shock of a revolution, which first revealed to the world the name and nation of the Turks."—(Vol. vii., p. 286, Milman's Edition.)

1363. Adrianople taken by the Turks.
- 1389, *June 15th*. Battle of Kóssovo, death of Lazarus, last Serb Czar, and conquest of Servia.
1393. Storming of Tirnova and conquest of Bulgaria by the Turks.
- 1453, *May 29th*. Constantinople taken by the Turks.
1456. Conquest of Athens and part of Greece by the Turks.
1463. Conquest of Bosnia by the Turks.
1527. Capture of Jaycze and remaining towns of Bosnia by the Turks.
- 1687-1715. The Morea conquered by the Venetians under Morosini, "the last great man who has acted a part in the public affairs of Greece."—(Finlay.)
- 1516-1697. Montenegro ruled by elective Vladikas.
- 1697-1851. Montenegro ruled by hereditary Vladikas.
1764. "The intrigues of Russia, which have inflicted many misfortunes on the Greeks, were actively commenced in 1764."—(Finlay.)
1804. Serb rising under Karageorge.
1813. Flight of Karageorge into Austria, and reconquest of Servia by Turks.
1815. Serb rising under Milosch.
1817. Milosch proclaimed Prince by Skuptschina.
1821. Greek War of Independence.
1824. Death of Lord Byron.
1828. Battle of Navarino won by English, French and Russian fleets.
1829. Independence of Greece acknowledged by the Porte.
1832. Otho of Bavaria made King of Greece.
1839. Death of Sultan Mahmud, the last of the great Sultans, "an energetic, if not a great man."—(Finlay.)
1839. Abdication of Milosch.
1842. Abdication of Milosch's son Michel, and accession of Karageorge's son.
1851. Danilo Petrovitch recognised as Prince of Montenegro by Russia.
1858. Cession of Ionian Islands to Greece.
1860. Death of Milosch and accession of Michel.
1860. Assassination of Prince Danilo and accession of his nephew, Prince Nicholas.
1862. Deposition of Otho, King of Greece.
1863. Prince George of Denmark becomes King of Greece.
1867. Final withdrawal of Turkish troops from Servia.
1868. Assassination of Prince Michel and accession of his grand-nephew, Prince Milan.
1876. First Serb campaign against Turkey.
- 1877, *March*. Peace with Turkey.
- 1877, *April*. War declared by Russia against Turkey.
- 1877, *December*. Second Serb campaign against Turkey.
- 1878, *March*. Treaty of San Stefano.
- 1878, *July*. Independence of Servia declared by Treaty of Berlin.
- 1878, *July*. Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia created by the Treaty of Berlin.

- 1878, *July*. Occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary authorised by the Treaty of Berlin.
- 1879, *February*. First Bulgarian Parliament opened at Tirnova and new constitution brought forward.
- 1879, *April*. Election of Prince Alexander of Hesse as first Prince of Bulgaria.
1882. Prince Milan proclaimed King of Servia.
1882. Peaceful extension of Greek territory in Thessaly.
- 1885, *September*. Philippopoli Revolution and Union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia proclaimed.
- 1885, *November*. Serbo-Bulgarian Campaign.
- 1886, *September*. Abdication of Prince Alexander.

APPENDIX IV.

A SPECIMEN OF THE RUSSO-BULGARIAN PRESS.

THE revilings of Prince Alexander in the Russo-Bulgarian Press used frequently to be unfit for publication; but the following is a translation of an extract from *Suedinenia*, published in Philippopoli, June 26th (O. S.), 1886, which is less offensive:—

“ True patriotism and high political considerations impose upon us to-day the sacred duty of stopping to occupy ourselves with notices and vague speeches about the position of things in our country, which is to-day on the incline of a great ravine; to call things by their proper name and to strike just there where, until now, we, out of politeness and respect, did not venture to do so. However unpleasant it may seem to some who seek the cause of all evil in the wrong direction, however great the risk on our part, we as conscientious journalists, shall not hesitate to express our humble opinion, although we know beforehand that it would be very bitter for many blinded people. Be this as it may, for us and for all honest folk, it would be a great sin to hide the truth at a time when the country is on the threshold of a great danger. We are seeking in vain for the actual evil in Karaveloff's Ministry or in some Government, Radical or ultra-Radical Party. No, the evil lies elsewhere. Karaveloff and Company only get their instructions from the source of

the evil. Yes, the source of the evil is found in the Palace of the Bulgarian capital—the evil is in that sacred and unapproachable *Person*, whom we had the great misfortune to elect for our Prince. In the small head of that German creature are planned all the hellish plans for that country which received him poor, and raised and exalted him so high. No Karaveloffs, no Stoyanoffs, and no Rizoffs are fit to tie the shoes of this cunning, iniquitous, and sly man, who is called by the name of Battenberg, and who is not only Prince of Bulgaria and Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, but is also despot of the first and tyrant of the latter. Whatever might be said or conjectured, Karaveloff, Stoyanoff, and Rizoff shall always be Bulgarians; whatever bad plans we may ascribe to them, whatever selfish or self-praising motives, still they can never go so far as to wish to sell their own country, their own homes, and their own children. No, that is not possible: it is not in the nature of the Slav races. Foolishness they may do, their obstinacy may be great and might drive them into mistakes as public men, but wilful and conscious treason to their country they are not able to do; this is at least the opinion of the writer of these lines. It is quite contrary with the Bulgarian ruler. A foreigner by birth, a fanatic, and of another religion, raised accidentally to an undeserved post, he can have no bond with the Bulgarians, whom from the very first he used to call *un peuple de canailles*. He not only hates everything Bulgarian, but tries to root out every good thing from us, and wishes to make us Germans in the Balkan Peninsula. His very arrival amongst us was signalised by bad omens for our future; fire and flames rose up wherever he set foot—fire continues to this day to destroy our country in every respect. He spared nothing, all laws and order were destroyed and outraged by him; Constitution, personal

liberty, national ideals, national attachment and gratitude, everything sacred to the Bulgarians has been, and is, trodden under foot by this unbearable monarch, whose last act of violence was shown upon the National Assembly, the only place from which we could expect to have our deplorable condition improved. From the loftiness of the throne, for which we made him worthy, he unceremoniously throws down falsehoods, which God only knows what they may cost Bulgaria. Now tell us, for God's sake, could an impartial man seek the source of the evil elsewhere; and tell us then is such a foreign Prince of any good to Bulgaria? Who can say that to-morrow any of his favourites may not turn the whole country into a Chifbik (farm) and enslave all the people, a thing which they never have been before? What is the guarantee against this; is it the Constitution or the National Assembly? But this very Constitution and this very Assembly are already in his clutches, and he manages them in a thousand ways in order to draw the more from the people. What will happen to-morrow when he puts forth his hand and removes them to escape all further disturbance? He did so once; we doubt not he will do it the second time and the third time, until he succeeds in removing them. What would the people do then? Will they keep silent and spare the evil; or will they rise like one man to defend their rights and make their voice, which is the voice of God, be heard? He who spared nothing that is sacred to the Bulgarians, and with one adventurous enterprise broke the bonds between two brother-nations—the bonds between liberators and liberated—should not be spared; he deserves no mercy. We speak this from the depth of our heart; we speak it openly and with no circumlocutions, being ready to put down our heads for our opinions. If the 'Independent Party' have any principles, or at least possess

sufficient consistency, then they would not be angry with us for the comments we make upon the public acts of the person around whom they have the high, but not coveted, privilege to find themselves. Let no one suppose for a moment that the Prince of Battenberg is offended with the Bulgarians, or that he is dissatisfied with the salary he receives, and that therefore he tries to blot them out from the face of the earth and to strike out Bulgaria from the map of the Balkan Peninsula. No, his hatred to the Bulgarian is hidden in the depths of his un-Slavonic origin; were he to receive a salary of ten millions, he would be just the same. The German cannot love the Slav—the German is never capable of love; even if he has some sympathy towards anybody, he is capable of expressing it only under the influence of beer and pork. Let the Prince, we say, keep such affections to himself. We elected him with acclamation. We loved him, carried him on our hands; and, in return, received from him contempt, scolding, and systematic revenge. Not a single act, not one of his deeds, looked into impartially, would give us reason to believe that he ever had a drop, if not of love, at least of respect, towards the people who brought him before the world, and who gave him the opportunity of being useful to his own family. Let those condemn us who like; but we are Bulgarians, and can no longer endure the insults, which have for five years been heaped upon us, nor the losses—the heavy losses, which are daily falling on our unfortunate country. They may do what they wish with us—they can annihilate us; but we fear nothing, and will proclaim our opinions loudly, with the deep conviction that in doing so we are fulfilling one of the most sacred duties we owe our country. Indeed, what would it matter if one more sacrifice were to be asked of Bulgaria, since she already made so many with unheard-of bravery

and self-denial in the late war. As if it were not enough to break the bonds with Russia—not enough to offend the most sacred things of our liberators; but for a climax to all they must needs go now, and, in a hypocritical way, seek reconciliation with them. Let Karaveloff and Stamboulloff go and seek such reconciliation; so long as this Prince remains, there can be no reconciliation between Russia and Bulgaria. The Prince is the acme of all evil to Bulgaria—he is the cause why the Parties among us cannot unite or agree together on a single question. Reconciliation with Russia is essential to us, because we are constantly in need of her help and her defence. This reconciliation we demand, and shall continue to demand it in the name of the people. Do away with the Prince, and rule according to your will as long as you like and in the way in which you like; we are more inclined to trust you, Karaveloff, but when you stand by the Prince we distrust you also for his sake.”

	Territory in Europe.	Population in Europe.		National Debt.	
	English square miles.	Total.	Population to the square mile.	Total Nominal Amount.	Amount per head of population.
Russia . .	2,095,500	87,105,000	42	£ 523,400,000	£ s. d. 5 15 0
Austria . .	116,000	22,145,000	191	229,000,000	10 6 8
Hungary . .	125,000	15,640,000	125	87,500,000	5 11 8
Servia . .	18,800	1,900,000	101	8,000,000	4 4 4
Roumania .	45,600	5,073,000	111	27,300,000	5 7 6
Bulgaria (North and South) . }	37,900	2,824,000	75	None	
Montenegro .	3,500	250,000	70	153,000	0 12 3
Turkey . .	87,400	6,000,000	68	210,000,000	9 9 9
Greece . .	25,100	1,980,000	79	18,000,000	9 1 9

Revenue.		Railways in Europe.	Army in 1885.	Navy in 1885.	REMARKS.
Total.	Amount per head of population.	English miles.	In time of war.	Ironclads (and exclusive of all other kinds of ships of war).	
£ 87,000,000	s. d. 19 0	15,600	3,200,000 (including militia untrained and levied only in time of war)	33 ironclads	Military service compulsory on all (no substitution allowed).
42,000,000	38 0	8,200	1,071,034	10 ironclads	{ Military service compulsory on all (no substitution allowed).
27,500,000	34 0	5,400			
1,600,000	16 9	155	200,000	None	Divided into three classes — the standing army, reserves of the first and second class — all must serve.
5,200,000	20 6	1,400	150,000	None	The active army is divided into permanent and territorial, with its reserve, in one of which every Roumanian must serve.
2,000,000	14 2	405	62,370 (exclusive of Eastern Roumelia, but including the reserve and the Landsturm)	None	Military service compulsory on all.
40,000	3 3	None	21,850	None	No standing army, except lifeguards of the Gospodar numbering 100 men; all liable to serve, except Mahomedans of Dulcigno.
14,000,000	13 6	500	565,122 (including Landsturm)	Fifteen	Compulsory service of all Mahomedans — substitution allowed — non-Mahomedans pay an exemption tax
3,000,000	30 0	400	See Remarks	One	The standing army in 1884 amounted to 28,691 men. "On the war footing, the strength could be mobilised to 100,000 men. The reserve forces alone give a total of 104,500 men, and behind these is what is called the territorial army, numbering 146,000 men" (<i>Statesman's Year Book</i> , 1886). Military service compulsory on all.

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